May 5, 1962

THE NEW YORKER

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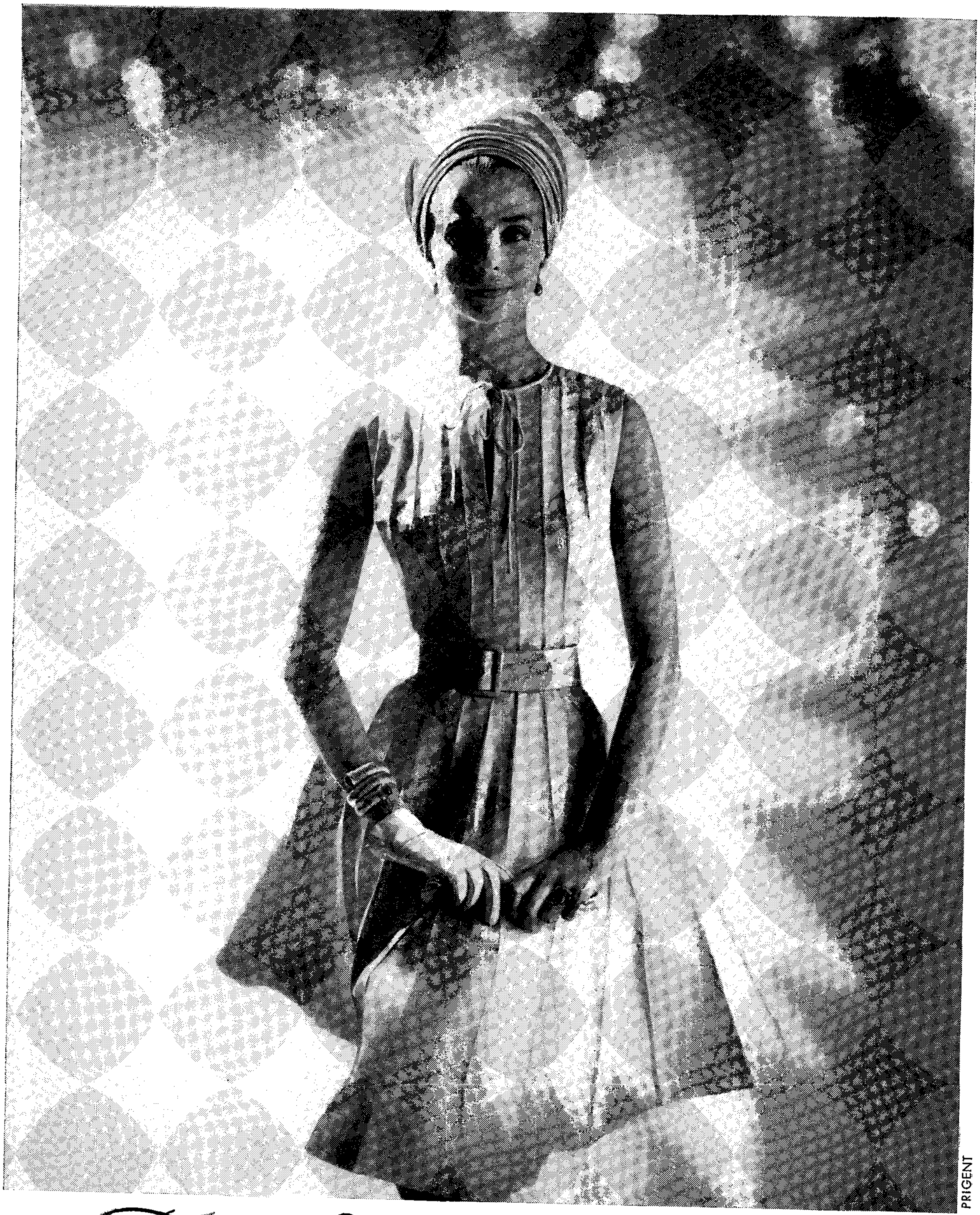

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Gideon—This Paddy Chayefsky drama about the way things were when God was making a famous warrior out of the celebrated Old Testament herdsman is intermittently entertaining. Douglas Campbell and Gerald Hiken are in the central roles. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Gift of Time—Henry Fonda turns in a highly capable performance as a writer doomed by an incurable cancer, but the play itself, adapted by Garson Kanin from a book by Lael Tucker Wertenbaker describing the details of her husband's death, is not as moving as the theme might lead you to expect. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

A Man for All Seasons—An English drama, by Robert Bolt, that is far and away the best play around. Witty, literate, and captivating, it outlines some high points in the career of the sixteenth-century Roman Catholic martyr Sir Thomas More, who, as played by Paul Scofield, is an enormously interesting character. George Rose, Thomas Gomez, Albert Dekker, William Redfield, Keith Baxter, and David J. Stewart are of great help in the cast. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

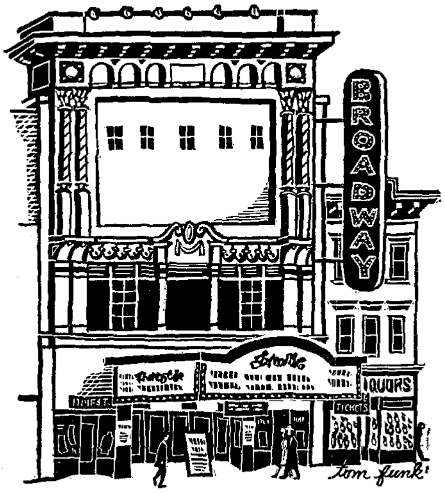
The Night of the Iguana—Tennessee Williams occasionally gets in some telling dramatic licks in this play about a clutch of queer people holed up in a fleabag on the west coast of Mexico, but it is for the most part fragmentary and aimless. Margaret Leighton, Patrick O'Neal, Shelley Winters, and Alan Webb head the able cast. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Passage to India—A dramatization by Santha Rama Rau of E. M. Forster's masterpiece dealing with the difficulties that the Indians and British had in establishing empathy with each other back in the early part of the century. Not up to the original, but an interesting play for all that. Eric Portman, Gladys Cooper, Zia Mohyeddin, and Anne Meacham, who take the leading roles, are all splendid. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Purlie Victorious—Ossie Davis and Ruby Dee in Mr. Davis's farce about some spirited Negroes and their obsolete white boss on a plantation in Georgia. As a playwright Mr. Davis is uneven, but as an actor he is fine. Miss Dee does some expert clowning as a wide-eyed country girl. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Ross—John Mills does a good job of portraying Lawrence of Arabia from his days of triumph in the desert to the period when he was a humble airman, but the Terence Rattigan drama, despite some effective scenes, never really resolves the puzzle of Lawrence's personality. (Hudson, 44th St., E. JU 6-2237. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

A Shot in the Dark—Harry Kurnitz's adaptation of Marcel Achard's "L'Idiote," which turns on the question of who murdered a Spanish chauffeur during a moment of dalliance with a steamy maid. The scene is the chambers of an examining magistrate in Paris, and while the question-and-answer business has a lulling effect at times, Julie Harris (the maid), William Shatner (the magistrate), and Walter Matthau and Louise Troy (Miss Harris's employers) are pretty droll when they get a chance. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Friday, May 11, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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Sunday in New York—A lot of useless palaver (should a girl remain virginal and scare off the boys, or surrender and lose her self-respect?) mars the first act of this play by Norman Krasna, but in the second act things improve for about a quarter of an hour, when mistaken identity is introduced, with some wild consequences. Pat Stanley, Robert Redford, Conrad Janis, and Sondra Lee are among those present at the debate. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Take Her, She's Mine—This comedy, by Phoebe and Henry Ephron, about the agitation of a West Coast father who doesn't quite know what his daughter is up to at an Eastern college, and suspects the worst, is as fragile as standard television stuff, but Art Carney and Elizabeth Ashley are attractive as the father and daughter. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

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A Thousand Clowns—Jason Robards, Jr., as a fugitive from Madison Avenue who finds that he may have to go back to the cave of the winds if he is to continue to serve as guardian of a beloved twelve-year-old nephew. As written by Herb Gardner, this is a rather loose-hinged but funny enough affair, and it fortunately has splendid performances by Mr. Robards, Sandy Dennis, Barry Gordon, A. Larry Haines, William Daniels, and Gene Saks. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—Come Blow Your Horn: A comedy about a couple of young men who prefer play to the work (making artificial fruit) that their father wants them to do. With Hal March, Joel Grey, Lou Jacobi, Pert Kelton, and Arlene Golonka. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **Mary, Mary:** Barbara Bel Geddes, Barry Nelson, Edward Mulhare, and John Cromwell are in this Jean Kerr comedy about an estranged couple trying to get back together. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, May 6.)

MUSICALS

All American—Ray Bolger, penetrably disguised as a refugee professor at a Southern football college, gets a few chances to give his old, soft shoes a workout. Nevertheless, the show is strident and unappealing, in spite of Mr. Bolger, some pleasant songs by Charles Strouse and Lee Adams, and some handsome sets by Jo Mielziner. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—Abe Burrows, Frank Loesser, and a couple of collaborators are responsible for this funny show about a young man determined to reach the top of the ladder in the business world. Robert Morse gives a galvanic performance as the ambitious youth, and Rudy Vallée is hilarious as the president of World Wide Wickets, Inc., a citadel of industry. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I Can Get It for You Wholesale—A funny and exciting show that mirrors the cutthroat excitement of the life in the garment district. Jerome Weidman has done his own adaptation of his novel about the rapid ascent of a pushy young crook; Harold Rome has written lively and melodic songs to go with it; and a couple of newcomers (Elliott Gould and Barbra Streisand) and a trio of veterans (Harold Lang, Bambi Linn, and Lillian Roth) play the principal Seventh Avenue types. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Milk and Honey—Eight widows, all eager to take another plunge into matrimony, on the loose in Israel. Their adventures are hardly enthralling, but there is a lot of boisterous folk dancing by the natives. The book was written by Don Appell, and the music and lyrics—pleasantly rendered by a cast that includes Robert Weede, Mimi Benzell, and Molly Picon—are the work of Jerry Herman. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at

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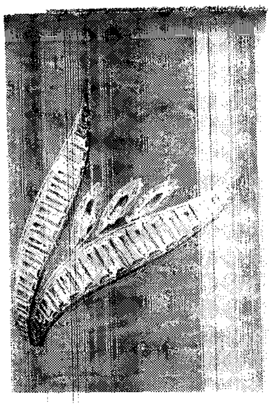

MODERN DESIGN IN DIAMONDS

Do clips belong in your diamond wardrobe?

Diamond clips are treasures that have a place in your life as well
as your heart. Dramatic by day, scintillating by night,
they can be constant delights in your diamond wardrobe.

On your little black dress or on your red or beige (or on their counterparts years from now) a diamond clip can be your spark of genius, the bright note of individuality that makes you feel and look delightfully distinguished.

One of the joys of a diamond clip is that it is so wearable. Right for the little lunch or the big dinner, it's a touch of glory that's becoming, and beguiling, in your own living room or anywhere in the world.

Your favorite jeweler can give you suggestions that will set your mind a-whirl: new pieces from his selection, design ideas for a dramatic diamond clip that he can make up especially for you.

DOUBLE CLIP, WEAR AS ONE PIECE OR TWO

One lovely idea is the double-clip. It's ingeniously planned so you can wear it as one big showpiece or separate into two sparkling adornments. With a little encouragement, your jeweler will be happy to show you how a diamond clip can star on a necklace or bracelet, how two little clips can grace your neckline and double as earrings and hair ornaments.

Just looking at diamond jewelry, or trying it on, is an exciting experience. Explore for yourself, every once in a while, how diamond jewelry can help to express your flair for the beautiful. Then decide what is right for you, in diamond clips, or other jewel pieces that will make up your diamond wardrobe.

Other diamond wardrobe ideas:

RING . . . a flashing right-hand solitaire, or a cocktail or dinner ring of intriguing design.

BROOCH OR PIN . . . bold and modern, feminine and dainty, or classic and elegant, it should be very personally yours.

EARCLIPS . . . these can match or complement your clip or brooch, be pure flattery in diamonds.

BRACELET OR WRIST WATCH . . . or both. A diamond wrist watch can become a diamond bracelet by adding a diamond at a time to a paneled metal band.

NECKLACE . . . this may be a breath-taking, many-jeweled masterpiece. Or it may have a small beginning, with a single diamond on a slender chain. Diamonds can then be added from time to time.

Acquired one by one over the years, and usually on gift occasions, the jewel pieces in your diamond wardrobe will be treasures to cherish. Such a collection may be started modestly, of course. But modest or splendid, each jewel will have a lasting value.

Shown are designer's sketches, ideas in diamonds.

DRAMA IN DIAMONDS AND GOLD

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

No Strings—The music of Richard Rodgers, the choreography and direction of Joe Layton, the scenery of David Hays, and the presence and voice of Diahann Carroll, as a model for Paris *Vogue,* combine to make this show a thing of beauty. Only the weakness of the book, which deals in part with the who-cares literary frustrations of an expatriate American novelist (Richard Kiley), prevents it from being a joy forever. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Subways Are for Sleeping—A soporific, concocted by Adolph Green and Betty Comden, and numbering Orson Bean, Phyllis Newman, Carol Lawrence, and Sydney Chaplin in its cast. The music, which isn't memorable, was composed by Jule Styne, and the sets, which are lively, were designed by Will Steven Armstrong. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**CAMELOT:** With William Squire, Patricia Bredin, and Robert Goulet. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **CARNIVAL:** Tent shows, jugglers, puppets, an embittered puppeteer, and a lovely waif. With Susan Watson, Pierre Olaf, Jerry Orbach, Henry Lascoe, and Kaye Ballard. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MY FAIR LADY:** Michael Evans and Margot Moser are the principals in this musical version of Shaw's "Pygmalion." (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **THE SOUND OF MUSIC:** Martha Wright in a Rodgers and Hammerstein confection based on the escape of the famous Trapp family from Austria just after Hitler moved in. Donald Scott is Papa Trapp. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—Zero Mostel in a musical with a book by Burt Shevelove and Larry Gelbart and music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim. The producer is Harold Prince, the director George Abbott. Previews Thursday and Friday, May 3-4, at 8:30; Saturday, May 5, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Monday, May 7, at 8:30. Opens officially on Tuesday, May 8. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

The Blacks—Jean Genêt ferries us, by means of symbols, rituals, and masks, into a kind of state of mind—the excruciating state of mind that separates the Negro and the white. The play is too long, but Gene Frankel, despite some excited direction, handles the all-Negro cast well. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Brecht on Brecht—Lotte Lenya, George Voskovec, Dane Clark, Viveca Lindfors, Anne Jackson, and Michael Wager in excerpts from the writings—public and private—of Bertolt Brecht. Mr. Brecht's words are, for the most part, quite brilliant, and the actors' performances are entirely worthy of them. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

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A Chekhov Sketchbook—A tramp on his way to Siberia, a dried-up deacon with a juicy wife, and a mild, henpecked husband are the roles that Joseph Buloff plays—and occasionally overplays—in an amusing trio of farces adapted from short stories by Chekhov. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. MU 6-9630. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Fly Blackbird—A spirited musical comedy whose theme is civil rights for Negroes but whose tone is frisky almost throughout. Avon Long is especially frisky as the cagey father of the first Negro girl to run the student council at Sarah Lawrence. C. Jackson and James Hatch wrote the music, lyrics, and book. Their songs are varied and pleasant, and a lot of their jokes pay off. (Mayfair Theatre, 235 W. 46th St. CI 7-6180. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

The Golden Apple—A revival of the John Latouche-Jerome Moross musical. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Hostage—Geoff Garland, as a Cockney soldier held captive in a Dublin lodging house, is especially good in this revival of Brendan Behan's wild, poignant comedy. (One Sheridan Square, between Sixth and Seventh Aves. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

In the Penal Colony and **Come Out, Carlo!**—Two one-act plays, the first a dramatization by Bunker Jenkins of a short story by Franz Kafka, the second an original comedy by Mr. Jenkins. Opens Thursday, May 3. (41st Street, 125 W. 41st St. BR 9-3631. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8.)

King of the Whole Damn World!—A cheerful, if somewhat overendearing, musical that is set on Bleecker Street in 1940. The principal characters are a kind but foggy cop and a small boy who chalks the word "cat" on the head of a smaller boy. George Panetta adapted the book from his own play "Comic Strip." The songs, which are pleasant enough, are by Robert Larimer. Tom Pedi is as funny as ever as the policeman, and Alan Howard and Sheldon Golomb do well as the sprats. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 4 and 8:30.)

Little Mary Sunshine—This benign spoof of the defunct art of operetta doesn't score heavily as parody, but it is very comic just the same. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-3951. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad—A new playwright named Arthur Kopit has made a Surrealist comic strip out of the violent story of a hateful, possessive mother and her miserable son. The staging, by Jerome Robbins, is all that any playwright, new or old, could wish for, and the performances, by Jo Van Fleet, Austin Pendleton, Sandor Szabo, and especially Barbara Harris, are highly satisfactory. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

A Pair of Pairs—A repertory of four plays. "Deuces Wild," two plays by Holly Beye: Tuesdays and Thursdays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 3. . . . ¶ "Charlatans," two plays by Claude Fredericks: Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 10. (Vandam Theatre, 15 Vandam St. CH 3-0153.)

Plays for Bleecker Street—Thornton Wilder's triptych of new one-acters, directed by José Quintero. In "Childhood," a near triumph of sleight of hand for both playwright and players, a father assumes a role in his children's fantasy. "Infancy" is a serious farce, in which two grown men appear as raging infants in perambulators, and, not surprisingly, a Father Francis is the leading character of a rather frail work called "Someone from Assisi." (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 9:30; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Rosmersholm—With Nancy Wickwire, as Rebecca West; Donald Woods, as Rosmer; Patrick Waddington, as Professor Kroll; and Bramwell Fletcher, as Brendel. All of them are admirable in David Ross's admirable production. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. AL 4-7954. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

This Side of Paradise—An impressionistic play based on Fitzgerald's novel about undergraduate days at Princeton and post-graduate days among the débutantes, during and after the First World War. Paul Roebling, as Amory, and the other members of the cast perform ably under Herbert Berghof's imaginative and light-fingered direction. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

This Was Burlesque—The return of Ann Corio, as M.C., star turn, and director of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of strip teasers. Much of the material is funny in an earthy kind of way, but it is also awfully gamy for all but the most insensitive palates. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 11:25. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Note—Four characters in search of an author are meanwhile writing their own skits, often as they go along, throughout the casually entertaining potpourri at the Premise, an orderly little coffee-and-pastry shop at 154 Bleecker St. LF 3-5020. The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, May 3: "Swan Lake," "Waltz and Variations," "Illuminations,"

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and "Western Symphony."...¶ Friday evening, May 4: "Episodes," "Prodigal Son," "Pas de Deux," and "Waltz and Variations." ...¶ Saturday matinée, May 5: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony."...¶ Saturday evening, May 5: "Donizetti Variations," "Illuminations," "Allegro Brillante," and "Symphony in C."...¶ Sunday matinée, May 6: "Con Amore," "Scotch Symphony," "Interplay," and "Donizetti Variations."... ¶ Sunday evening, May 6: "Prodigal Son," "The Cage," "Allegro Brillante," and "Waltz and Variations."...¶ Tuesday evening, May 8: "Agon," "The Cage," "Orpheus," and "Apollo."...¶ Wednesday evening, May 9: "Scotch Symphony," "Ivesiana," "Allegro Brillante," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Thursday evening, May 10: "La Sonnambula," "Apollo," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Symphony in C."...¶ Friday evening, May 11: "La Sonnambula," "Orpheus," "Interplay," and "Waltz and Variations."...¶ Saturday matinée, May 12: "Swan Lake," "Agon," "Pas de Deux," and "Firebird." ...¶ Saturday evening, May 12: "Scotch Symphony," "Ivesiana," "The Cage," and "La Valse." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, May 13.)

Ukrainian Dance Company—A troupe of a hundred dancers, plus a symphony orchestra, appearing here for the first time. (Metropolitan Opera House. OX 5-6157. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays, Sundays, and Wednesday, May 9, at 2:30. Through Saturday, May 12.)

Nora Kovach and Istvan Rabovsky—With their company, in a program of Russian ballet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, May 5, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Everything but the canvas top. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Mondays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées daily at 2. Through Sunday, May 13. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around among the sideshows and the menagerie in the basement.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—An entrance hall to end all entrance halls. The enterers are piped aboard by Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra, which are on the dead run all the night. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Happily, the new baby revue in the Cotillion Room rapidly abandons its effort to digest its plot line (something about the folkways of Madison Avenue) and lets its principals get to work on the essentials—Patricia Bright on her parodies (Siobhan McKenna, for a

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noble novelty), Patricia Marand on her ballads, and Harrison and Fisher on their disrespectful paraphrase of all ballroom dance teams. The rest of the time, plenty of dance music is dealt by Stanley Melba's orchestra and Phil Wayne's trio. The revue occurs at dinner and supper during the week, and only at dinner on Sundays. Mondays are nights off for all hands and all feet....¶ The Café Pierre, from cocktails through supper, is a bustling spa in which Stanley Worth's minuscule group of musicians extends invitations to the dance all week long. An able substitute fills in on Mondays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Like a lot of other Italian tenors, Enzo Stuarti, who now arrives in the Persian Room at dinner and supper, is given to playing with fireworks, but harm comes to no one, and the noise mostly attains the level of splendor. Emil Coleman's big dance band, which can lay great emphasis, and Mark Monte's set of eager beavers look after the customers' maneuvers. Closed Sundays....¶ Love-letter piano, by Kurt Maier, is performed every afternoon but Monday in the Palm Court from four to six-thirty and again in the Edwardian Room from seven-thirty to nine-thirty....¶ The pomp-and-circumstance Rendez-Vous is a playground for the small dance bands of Payson Ré and Nick D'Amico. Closed Mondays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Jerry Wald's orchestra is poised on the brink of one of the largest breathing spaces left in town—the dance floor of the Grill. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Health, wealth, and happiness (or maybe it's *wealth*, health, and happiness) are the basis of the impeccable Maisonette, whose stately walls ring to the whirligig breathings of Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a small assemblage of musicians. Georges Ulmer, the singer of the occasion (he checks in twice a night), comes from Denmark by way of Paris; the dabs of mustard he applies to his ditties come from Dijon. On Thursday, May 10, he'll be supplanted by a fellow townswoman, Patachou, who (as we all know) sings, too. Closed Sundays....¶ In the minute and adjoining La Boite, where dinner for two can seem like a state banquet, a piano indulges in a number of fancy arias and graces right through suppertime. Closed Sundays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The moon shines bright on the old and feudal castle called the Columns, where Gunnar Hansen's circumspect trio lilts for the diners (no dancing) from six to nine-thirty. No activity of any kind on Sundays. ...¶ In the Savoy Room, a dim and glorified forest of rosewood trees, Ray Hartley's piano parses the phrases of our favorite arias in a grammar that is pleasurably his own. He's around from cocktails through supper every night but Sunday.

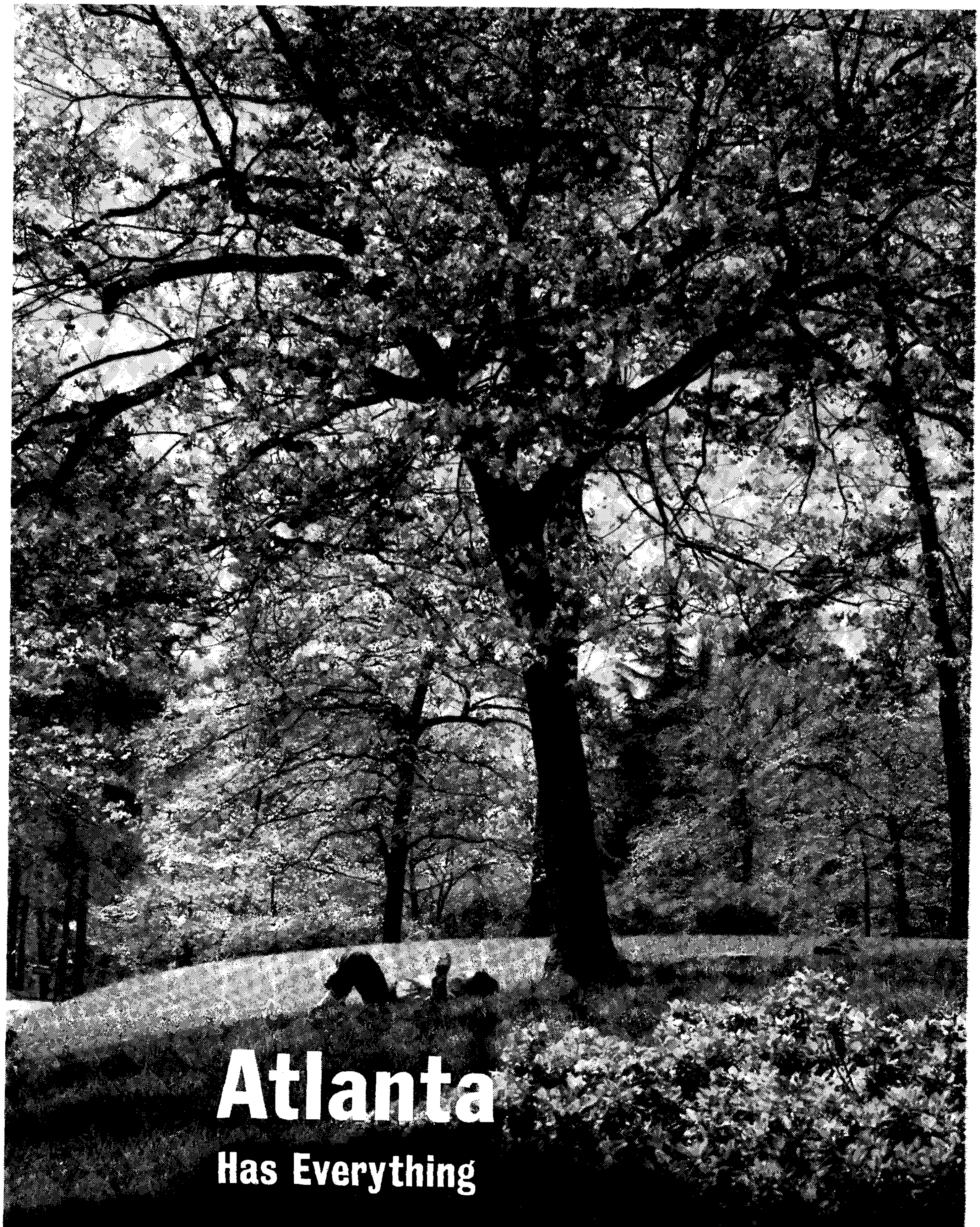
Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The tomorrow-we-fly set, which is definitely not open stock, infiltrates the Embassy Club (where, from eight-thirty to two, Lazaro Quintero's orchestra speaks with a Latin accent and Roger Steele's orchestra sounds just plain *norteamericano*), and the Knight Box (where Jani Sarkozi's violin begins a vigil at eight). Both arenas are closed on Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Just as each of the practical jokes Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy play seems to dwindle to the status of what-the-public-wants, the turn of a small screw converts the whole thing into merry mockery. This sleight of thought is performed during dinner and supper in the Empire Room. Milt Shaw's and Emery Deutsch's orchestras play on, play on for the guests' exercises. Closed Sundays....¶ Joan Bishop, modest violet, toys with Peacock Alley's piano between five and twelve-thirty every night but Sunday.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): Doctors, lawyers, merchant chiefs, and the rest of us sit shoulder to shoulder at bar and table. Budd Gregg plays piano after eight. Closed Mondays.... **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): This, the third of Mr. Hawkins' playgrounds for children, is providing its guests with the same fare as before: the romantic piano of Bob Printz from five-thirty to eight; the romantic piano of Wayne Sanders or Mr. Hawkins from eight until midnight; then busting-out-all-over double piano from Mr. S. and Mr. H. Closed Sundays.... **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): One end of the bower is presided over by a flourishing green bay tree, and the other by Cy Walter, who has an even-tempered clavichord at the tips of his eloquent fingers. His music is on tap at cocktails, dinner, and supper. Forrest Perrin is the Sunday and Monday handyman.... **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Puccini, Leoncavallo, and the rest of their mob dined here and wrote down tunes on the table cloth, which is now ensconced on the music rack. The principal boy is Aldo Bruschi, who doubles on piano, concertina, oboe, and basso profundo. The resolute little opera company goes through hell and high water, Italian sector, every night, and Mr. B.'s dance trio operates after ten Thursdays through Sundays. Closed Mondays.... **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): An almost incurable case of flamenco, done from the heart. Dancing for the customers, too. Closed Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Cast out the moat in the eye of the beholder as he crosses the drawbridge into this toyland, and you have an up-to-date restaurant, whose tables are circumnavigated by Norbert Faconi's Casanova violin. No music Sundays.... **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A companion piece to the



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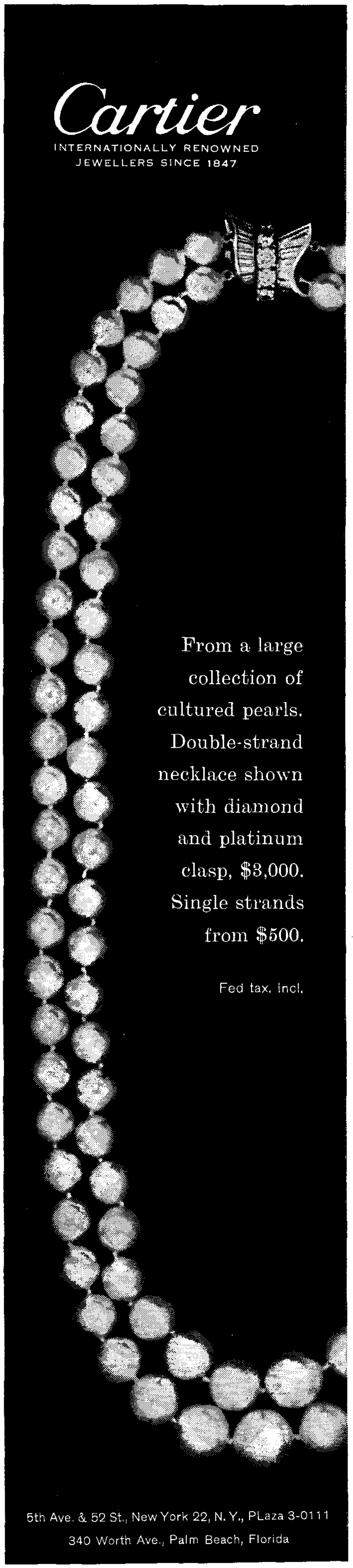

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Château Henri IV (q.v. *supra*) and, like it, decorated in a fashion that is full of the oddest bodkins. From throne room to pavilion and back again, a violinist and a pianist are steadily on the go. No music Sundays. . . . **WALLDORFKELLER**, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): A hunting lodge in the Austrian Tyrol, staffed all evening by a chef who believes that calories can be fun, by a zither man who loves to pull strings, and (after ten) by Greta Keller, whose songs and manner are both *echt Wien*. Closed Sundays. . . . **MALMAISON**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Any number of three-hours-for-dinner clubs are apt to be in conference. To help the talk along, Jules Kuti plays conversational piano from five to eleven in the bar. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Midsummer nights in a long-lost but awfully happy Budapest, where silence is a vacuum abhorred not only by the singers (one is the feminine, feminine Lili France) but by the massed voicings of fiddles and zimbalons. On Tuesday, May 8, Laureanne Lemay, who switches back and forth with Mlle. France, switches again. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A seat of the mighty, and suitably upholstered. The Cinzano-with-lemon-peel is interlaced, between eight-thirty and maybe two, by George Feyer's pin-the-tail-on-the-donkey piano. On Thursday, May 10, Karl Inwald assumes Mr. Feyer's portfolio. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Somewhere within a thicket of Moorish arches and columns is a piano that's casually stroked by Conrad Monjoy. In addition, on Fridays and Saturdays, Eddie Lane's trio plays for dancing from ten until one. Silence on Sundays. . . . **RITZ BAR**, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): On the quarter-deck of the ship-of-state bar in the Carlton House sits Victor del Monte, who placidly addresses his piano between cocktails and one in the morning. No music Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Appian as the day—or, rather, the night—is long. Up and down the Way wanders a stream of earnest violinists, trailed (at a respectful distance) by two accordionists. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the unassuming bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a sentimental gentleman, applies his piano to the London airs he brought over the ocean with him and to the tunes he's picked up in this country. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The eighth hill of a famous city on the Tiber. The music, which, like the cuisine, is wholly regional, comes from a closely knit group of melodists who operate from six until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The vast acreage embraced by the Casino-on-the-Park offers, between cocktails and supper, Steven Weltner's piano, a judicious mixture of sentiment and science. His night off is Sunday. . . . **LA ZAMBRA**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Hard-core but soft-pedal Madrid, which doesn't really come to life (i.e., guitar, piano, song, and flamenco footwork) until long after sunset. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIBORIO**, 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): No Spanish moss grows under the feet of the Andalusian singers and dancers who find their way to the tiny stage now and then. Between their eruptions, a piano muses in a corner. Saturdays and Sundays there's tea dancing from two to seven. . . . **CAFÉ PICARDIE**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Fasts can be broken here in elaborate surroundings from six in the evening until one, and often to the tune of Marty Berns' warmhearted piano. No music Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): A very small package, and a new one, whose purpose is to nourish the inner customer while piano and guitar whisper at one another. Once in a while, Rita Dimitri, who gave up musical comedy to become a homebody, runs a duster casually across a stack of songs. Closed Mondays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE**, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Décor of the even-in-your-wildest-dreams kind is the major amusement of this cubbyhole bar, though there's also piano of sorts from nine-thirty to one every evening but Monday. . . . **CAFÉ DE LA PAIX**, 50 Central Park S. (PL 5-5800): Jimmy Lyons' piano brightens this corner of the St. Moritz more or less from dinner through supper. Sundays and Mondays are his nights off.

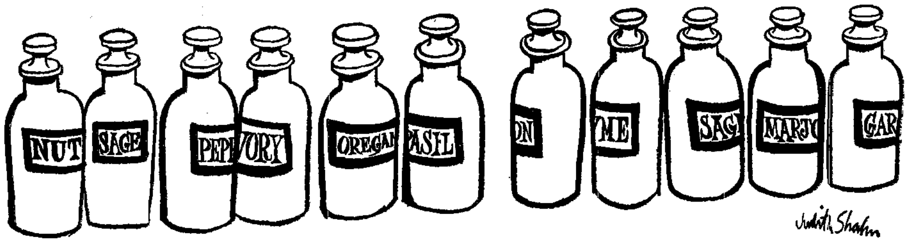
BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): *La dolce vita* in a climate so salubrious that the young ladies can go about in whatever they happen to have, or not have, on. Some of them—the Wallenda aerial ballerinas—float in midair; the rest are all down-to-earth. This approximation of Polynesia is also peopled by Rudy Cardenas, a juggler who makes the impossible look like a cinch, and by Gene Barry, who has retired as Bat Masterson and been reborn as a song-and-dance man. They withdraw, by the way, on Tuesday, May 8; next evening's accessions will include Patrice Wymore, who has put Hollywood behind her and carolling before her. Dancing. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Everyone loves Peggy Lee in the springtime, when she sizzles. She drizzles an appropriate tear, too, for her sad songs. This ambidexterity and the outfielding of Benny Carter's sturdy band make her just about perfection. Closed Sundays.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Dave Astor, of the give-and-take, shoot-from-the-hip delegation, is one of our best Broadway wise guys, and Carol Sloane is an oriole who's helping to give stylized jazz singing a good name again. Her manna from heaven is Bill Rubenstein's background piano. The rest of the piano comes from Otis Clements. Also on hand is the team of Inman and Ira, folk singers, who have arrived from Chicago with excellent letters of reference. . . . ¶ After ten, the lounge is devoted to the we're-all-friends-here soirées of Bobby Short, whose ballads and piano are full of abiding joy until dawn's early light. He stays home Saturdays so that he can do a Sunday matinée from five to eight. Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan are the valiant participants in his trio. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Julius Monk's newest report to the nation, the revue known as "Seven Come Eleven," covers a multitude of sins, human and inhuman, in the course of an extremely sly ninety-minute catechism. The leading narrators are Ceil Cabot and Mary Louise Wilson, both of them sharp as needles; their new and brisk aides are Rex Robbins, William Bogert, Donna Sanders, and Steve Roland. It goes on at nine-fifteen and midnight. Carl Norman and Sam Pottle are the life-giving piano accompaniment. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): A smaller Monk revue happens twice a night, too, and three times on Fridays and Saturdays. The central heating is the work of a girl gazelle named Freddie Weber; the touch of Venus is the work of a doe named Lovelady Powell; the efficient male hustle-and-bustle comes from Jim Sheridan and Dick Riddle. Double piano is set forth by Robert Colston and Robert



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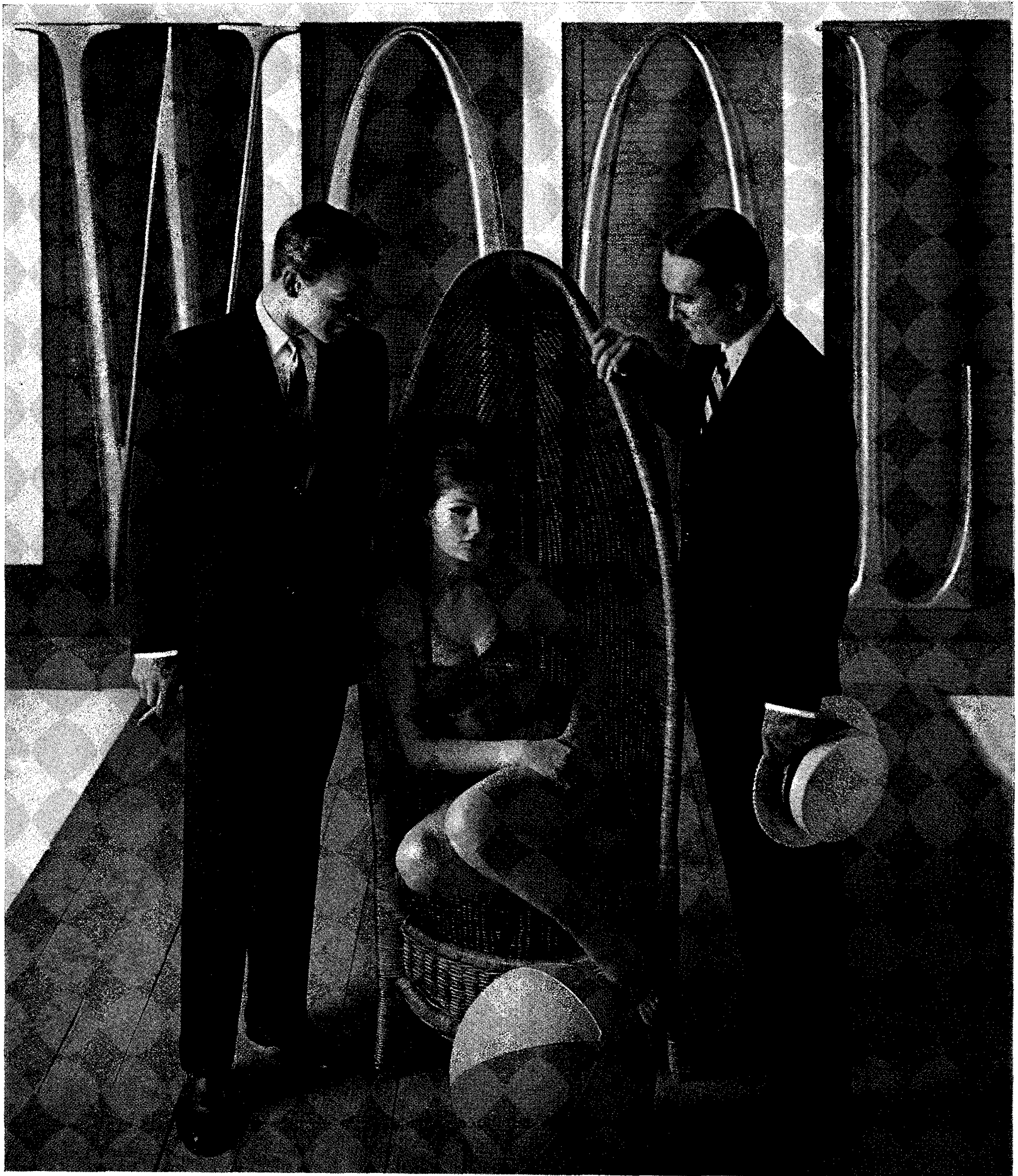

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Milrad betweentimes, and this music begins around nine. Closed Sundays. . . . **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB**, 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): The second folio of "Time. Gentlemen Please!," a splendidly mounted re-creation of Victorian London night life, mingles respect for tradition with the proper amount of archness. A perfect master of ceremonies, Fred Stone, is supported by a cast, all from London's Players Theatre, in which Sheila Bernette and Archie Harradine are exceptional. There are performances Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine; Fridays and Saturdays at eight-forty-five and eleven-forty-five; and Sundays at seven-thirty. In the bar, there is piano by Fred Silver from seven until nine and after-the-theatre piano by Stan Freeman. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Angel Mancheno, a proud little lighter-than-air missile, is the premier danseur of the crack regiment of Latins now in residence, and with good reason. The dancing of the customers, which is practically compulsory when Pupi Campo's band really warms up, is an extra dividend. The Sunday *thés dansants* defy both description and the law of gravity. . . . ¶ Off the bar is a retreat so tiny that thirty's a most matey crowd, and herein flamenco songs by José Moreno and flamenco guitar by Pedro Cortes thrive abundantly. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Carmen Amaya and her natives—all of them Spanish and flamenco—are being restless again on an enormous stage in an enormous cavern. Closed Mondays. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Henny Youngman is an archive devoted to the preservation of venerable jests. Because of the loving way he dishes them out, though, none of his gags are too old to work. He becomes only a memory on Sunday, May 6; Tuesday, May 8, brings on Louis Nye, who used to banter on the air with Steve Allen and who has now decided to face reality. Tiger Haynes (sometimes known as Antic Haynes) and his Three Flames produce a plenitude of mock music and song. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): An old Condon alumnus, Tony Parenti, is running the quintet that's in residence. Sammy Price, who's on piano, is another Condon graduate. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The song of the turtle and other evidences of a welcome spring are now heard in this land, courtesy of Anita O'Day. The sextet run by Al Grey and Billy Mitchell is likewise in view. An extra session meets on Sundays from four-thirty to seven, but nothing doing Mondays. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Wild Bill Davison's horn, a magnificent ordeal by fire, rouses his band (Vic Dickenson, Dick Wellstood, and Buster Bailey are three of its reliables) to the defense of music as it was in the beginning. Closed Mondays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Bill Evans, who plays piano in the trio behind the big old bar, finds the *mot juste* for every turn of phrase that makes up his modernist vernacular. Chuck Israel is his bassist. Howard Reynolds, the intermission pianist, never spoils the prevailing mood. No sound on Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): The heavy artillery of Gene Krupa's drums overpowers everything else, including his band. A new group called the Dixiemets is also devoted to the remembrance of things past. Guests work this street on Sundays. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday nights, there's Twist music, and the tribal rites that go with it, upstairs in the haymow. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): The living and listening are easy here these nights, because of (a) the sextet of Charlie Mingus, an explorer to whom there is no such thing as a lost chord; (b) the quartet of Sonny Stitt, blowing away for dear life and other valuable considerations; and (c) the trio of Junior Mance, whose piano is busting out all over. Extracurricular sessions Mondays, when the regulars cut out. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The crew headed by Zoot Sims and Al Cohn is back at its rural shack. Closed Mondays. . . . **JAZZ GALLERY**, 80 St. Marks Pl., west of First Ave. (AL 4-4242): Sunday, May 6, is the last night for Horace Silver's tremulous quintet, Ray Bryant's close-coupled trio, and Aretha Franklin's collection of songs. On Tuesday, May 8, Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers (thunder and lightning) and Cal Tjader's quintet (onward, ever onward into the future) will come aboard. There are, for those who are behind in their nightwork, extra sessions Sundays from four to seven. Mondays are for visiting musicians. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): A manual for the instruction of the young in the ways of traditional thinking and playing. On Friday and Saturday, May 4-5, the crew of instructors should include Jo Jones, Sidney de Paris, Edmond Hall, Tyree Glenn, Buck Clayton, Cutty Cutshall, Eddie Barefield, and Panama Francis. Dancing. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): Roy Haynes' trio and Roland Kirk's quartet have the run of the place. They'll be succeeded, piecemeal, by Randy Weston's quintet on Monday, May 7, and by the Jazz Trio on Tuesday, May 8. . . . **SNIFFEN COURT INN**, 540 Third Ave., at 36th St. (LE 2-2128): Chris Rayburn, a fine little snapdragon, starts singing at ten every night but Monday.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Lawrence Alma-Tadema (1836-1912)—An exhibition of paintings commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of his death; through Saturday, May 12. (Isaacson, 22 E. 66th St.)

Enrico Baj and Gastone Novelli—Two Italians, the former showing assemblages and collages, the latter abstract canvases; through Saturday, May 5. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

Renato Birolli (1906-1959)—Abstract oils by this Italian painter; through May 19. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Julius Bissier and Roger Bissière—Abstract paintings by both of these contemporary artists, the first German and the second French; through Saturday, May 12. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Open Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday evenings until 10.)

Ralph Blakelock (1847-1919)—Paintings by Blakelock, supplemented by the works of such contemporaries as Albert P. Ryder and Louis Comfort Tiffany; through Saturday, May 5. (Lewison, 50 E. 76th St.)

Arbit Blatas—Interiors and landscapes done in Venice, Paris, and New York in the past two years; through May 19. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Hans Boehler (1884-1961)—Late drawings by this Austrian-born artist; through May 22. (Artists', 853 Lexington Ave., at 65th St. Closed mornings.)

Martin Chirino—Forged-iron sculptures by a Spanish artist; through Saturday, May 5. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Robert D'Arista—Still-lifes; through Saturday, May 5. (Grippi, 905 Madison Ave., at 73rd St.)

Stuart Davis—Abstract paintings, 1958-62; through May 19. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

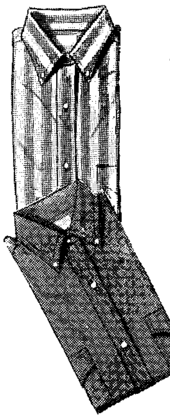
Marina Nuñez del Prado—Sculptures, in basalt, onyx, and wood, by a Bolivian artist; through Saturday, May 12. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Open Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday evenings until 10.)

Nicolas de Staël—Collages being shown here for the first time; through May 31. (Chalette, 1100 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.)

Lin Emery—Abstract sculptures; through Saturday, May 5. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Philip Evergood—Two exhibitions of recent paintings and drawings. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St. Through Saturday May 12. . . . ¶ Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Through May 19.)

Oronzo Gasparo—Oils, water colors, and drawings (1918 to the present) by an Italian-born American painter; through May 15. (Tutti,



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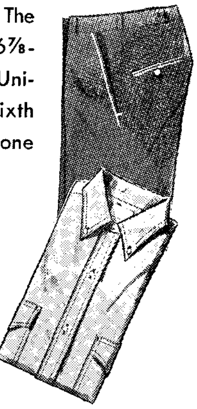

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

45 Canal St. Open Sundays; closed Mondays.)

Grigory Gluckmann—Ballet dancers, nudes, and landscapes; through Saturday, May 12. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Grillo—Abstractions; through May 26. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

John Hultberg—Landscapes and cityscapes with figures, in gouache; through May 26. (Anderson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Dong Kingman—Twenty-five water colors (of New York, San Francisco, Hong Kong, Taipeh, Paris, and Rome) by the Chinese-American artist; through Saturday, May 5. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Walt Kuhn (1877-1949)—Drawings and water colors not previously exhibited here; through Saturday, May 12. (Walker, 117 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sidney Laufman—A retrospective, 1927-62, entitled "Art of the Landscape;" through May 21. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Ernest Lawson (1873-1939)—Landscapes; through Saturday, May 5. (Zabriskie, 36 E. 61st St.)

René Magritte—Oils, gouaches, and collages (1960-62) by the Belgian Surrealist; through May 19. (Iolas, 123 E. 55th St.)

Seong Moy—Abstractions from nature; through May 16. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

Reuben Nakian—Terra-cotta and bronze sculptures, most of them revolving around Greek legends; through May 19. (Egan, 313 E. 79th St. Closed noon to 2.)

Eduardo Paolozzi—Abstract bronzes mostly, by the British sculptor; through Saturday, May 12. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

Picasso—Nine galleries are participating in an exhibition (ending Saturday, May 12) of more than three hundred American-owned paintings, drawings, and sculptures, in celebration of Picasso's eightieth birthday and for the benefit of the Public Education Association—At the **knoedler**, 14 E. 57th St.: 1895-1909. . . . **saidenberg**, 10 E. 77th St.: Cubism. . . . **rosenberg**, 20 E. 79th St.: The Twenties. . . . **duveen brothers**, 18 E. 79th St.: The Classical Phase. . . . **perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: The Thirties. . . . **staempfli**, 47 E. 77th St.: The Forties. . . . **cordier & warren**, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: The Fifties. . . . **new gallery**, 50 E. 78th St.: Drawings. . . . **gerson**, 41 E. 57th St.: Sculptures.

Camille Pissarro (1830-1903)—Drawings of figures and landscapes from the collection of Lucien Pissarro; through Saturday, May 5. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

Reginald Pollack—Semi-Surrealist, fanciful paintings; through Saturday, May 5. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

George Rátkai—Semi-abstract paintings; through Saturday, May 5. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Theodore Roszak—Welded-metal abstractions; through Saturday, May 5. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Manmohan Samant—Abstract canvases by a young Indian; through Saturday, May 12. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Open Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday evenings until 10.)

Kurt Schwitters—Fifty collages by one of the originators of the method; through Saturday, May 5. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

William Sebring and James Mellon—Abstract paintings; through May 25. (Terrain, 20 W. 16th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 6; Thursday evenings, 8 to 11.)

Richard Stankiewicz—Welded-metal sculptures; Saturday, May 5. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St.)

Peter Takal—Drawings of landscapes, birds, and so on; through Saturday, May 12. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Ruth Todd—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, May 5. (Bodley, 223 E. 60th St.)

Robert Vickrey—Landscapes, figure studies, and portraits; through Saturday, May 5. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

Jean Xceron—Abstractions, 1929-62; through May 19. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Stravinsky and the Dance—A loan exhibition in honor of Igor Stravinsky's eightieth birthday, comprising nearly two hundred paintings and drawings of stage and costume designs for such ballets as "Firebird" and "Petrouchka," as well as numerous portraits, by Berman, Cocteau, Tchelitchew, and others. For the benefit of the Dance Collection of the New York Public Library. Through June 2. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.) A good complement to this exhibition is the Stravinsky showing at the New York Public Library, Fifth Ave., at 42nd St.

Americans; Group Shows—At the **brandt**, 11 E. 57th St.: "Young Artists of Promise," a show consisting of thirty-two works (ranging in style from realism to abstraction) by as many painters. Among the primarily American artists are Stephen Kuzma, Kendall Shaw, and Francis Jennings. Through May 31. . . . **graham**, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: "Paintings and Sculptures of the Old American West," by Albert Bierstadt, Frederick Remington, Charles Russell, and others; through Saturday, May 12. (Closed Mondays.). . . **10/4 group**, 73 Fourth Ave., at 10th St.: Paintings, collages, and wood sculptures, by seven guests, including Augustus Goertz, Saul Fuerstein, and William Kent; through May 20. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **american federation of arts**, 41 E. 65th St.: Victor Pasmore, Kenneth Martin, Mary Martin, Anthony Hill, Stephen Gilbert, and John Ernest are represented in a travelling exhibition called "British Constructivist Art;" through Monday, May 7. (Closed Saturday.). . . **bayer**, 51 E. 80th St.: Old-master engravings of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries by, for instance, Mantegna, Rembrandt, and Cranach; through May 26. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.). . . **loeb**, 12 E. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Dufour, Lanskoy, da Silva, and other Paris artists; through May 26.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—English drawings and water colors lent from British collections. 1750 to 1850 is the period covered, and the artists include Constable, Turner, and Cozens. Through June 3. . . . ¶ "The Art of Fabergé," a loan collection of turn-of-the-century precious objects (Easter eggs, miniature articles of furniture, carved figures, and such) designed by the Imperial Russian Court jeweller. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Two hundred and fifty drawings by Frank Lloyd Wright—perspective renderings, elevations, designs for automobiles and coffee cups, and so forth—make up a restrospective of his work from 1895 to his death in 1959; through Sunday, May 6. . . . ¶ Drawings from Brazil, France, Germany, Guatemala, Poland, and the United States, with examples by, among others, Redon, Picasso, Boccioni, and Miró; through Aug. 12. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The Thirteenth National Print Exhibition, consisting of examples by about a hundred and twenty-five artists from every section of the country; through June 3. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"Gods of Asia," an exhibit of sculptures and paintings from India, Japan, and China, gathered from American sources and having to do with the gods and goddesses whose legends inspired the artists of ancient Asia; through July 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—"French Masters of the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries," a loan exhibition of paintings and drawings by artists ranging from Théodore Géricault (who died in 1824) to Picasso and Braque; through June 9. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Large abstract paintings by Antoni Tàpies, one of the younger Spanish artists; through May 13. . . . ¶ Paintings (mostly abstract works) and drawings done since 1941 by Philip Guston, a leader of the New York School; through July 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Morgan Library, 33 E. 36th St.—"Manuscripts, Letters, and Books of Henry David Thoreau," an exhibition commemorating the hundredth anniversary of his death; through June 1. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave., at 42nd St.—A display of related materials from the New York Public Library Dance Collection that is running simultaneously with the "Stravinsky and the Dance" exhibition at Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through June 30. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—"Geometric Abstraction in America," a show of paintings, sculptures, and hanging constructions, dating roughly from 1930 to the present, by seventy artists, including Stuart Davis, I. Rice Pereira, and Sidney Gordin; through May 13. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460 and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting—Thursday, May 3, at 8:30; Friday, May 4, at 2:15; Saturday, May 5, at 8:30; and Sunday, May 6, at 3 (no soloists). . . . ¶ After a week's hiatus, the orchestra will present the final concerts of the season Thursday through Sunday, May 17-20.

Ars Nova Orchestra—Robert Mandell directing an all-Brahms program, with Ellen Faull, soprano; Norman Atkins, baritone; and the Glee Clubs of Fordham University and the College of New Rochelle. The last in a series of concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 11, at 8:30.)

Glee Club of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick—George Mead directing. (Town Hall. Friday, May 4, at 8:30.)

New York Choral Society—Martin Josman directing, with an orchestra and soloists. (Town Hall. Sunday, May 6, at 8:30.)

Oratorio Society of New York—Virgil Thomson and T. Charles Lee directing, with the Boys' Choir from the Little Church Around the Corner and the Symphony of the Air. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, May 8, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Beaux-Arts String Quartet—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, May 3, at 8:30.)

Piano Trio Series—Three concerts by Isaac Stern, violin; Leonard Rose, cello; and Eugene Istomin, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, May 3; Sunday, May 6; and Thursday, May 10, all at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

Rudolf Serkin—Piano. A benefit for the Benno Lee Graduate Scholarship in Music. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, May 5, at 8:30.)

Richard Dyer-Bennet—Folk singer. (Town Hall. Wednesday, May 9, at 8:30.)

Music in Our Time: 1900-62—The last in a series of concerts, each followed by a discussion period, generally with several composers present. This one will involve, among others, Patricia Neway, soprano; the Contemporary String Quartet; and composers Billy Jim Layton and Virgil Thomson. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Wednesday, May 9, at 8:30.)

Composers' Showcase—Arthur Weisberg conducting a program of electronic and chamber music by Bülent Arel, George Perle, and George Rochberg, performed by Janice Harsanyi, soprano; Walter Trampler, viola; Samuel Baron, flute; and a string quartet. The final concert of the season. (Museum of Modern Art Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. Thursday, May 10, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Benefit Concert—Alfred Heberer directing the Liederkranz Symphony Orchestra and several choruses, with Blanche Thebom, mezzo-

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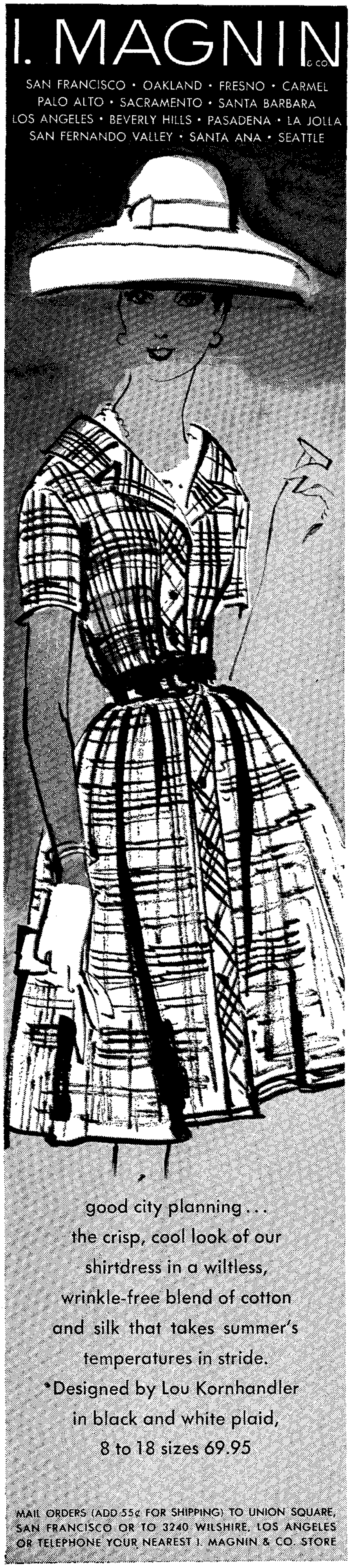
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

soprano; Gerhard Pechner, bass-baritone; and others. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 4, at 8:30.)

Jazz Concerts—A program of music by Duke Ellington, played by Clark Terry, Bob Brookmeyer, Sonny Greer, Zoot Sims, and others. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Sunday, May 6, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call IV 9-9602.) . . . ¶ A concert in memory of Billie Holiday, performed by, among others, Sonny Rollins, Chris Connor, Slide Hampton, Billy Taylor, Zoot Sims, Al Cohn, and Charlie Mingus. A benefit for the West Side Narcotics Committee. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, May 7, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Washington, Saturday, May 5, at 2, and Sunday, May 6, at 2 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Boston, Tuesday, May 8, at 8, and Wednesday, May 9, at 2. . . . POLO GROUNDS: Mets vs. Milwaukee, Friday, May 11, at 8, and Saturday, May 12, at 1 (doubleheader).

Crew—Blackwell Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Yale. (Philadelphia. Saturday, May 5.) . . . ¶ Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, M.I.T., and Princeton. (Princeton. Saturday, May 5.) . . . ¶ Goes Trophy Regatta: Cornell, Navy, and Syracuse. (Ithaca. Saturday, May 5.) . . . ¶ Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Annapolis, Md. Saturday, May 12.) . . . ¶ Carnegie Cup Regatta: Cornell, Princeton, and Yale. (Derby, Conn. Saturday, May 12.)

Golf—Long Island Golf Association Richardson Memorial Tournament. (Seawane Club, Hewlett. Friday through Sunday, May 4-6.)

Horse Shows—Sugartown Horse Show. (Newtown, Pa. Saturday, May 5.) . . . ¶ Keswick Hunt Club Horse Show. (Keswick, Va. Friday through Sunday, May 11-13.)

Hunt Racing—Virginia Gold Cup Association. (Warrenton, Va. Saturday, May 5.) . . . ¶ Radnor Hunt Club. (Malvern, Pa. Saturday, May 12.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Thursday, May 31. The Carter Handicap, Saturday, May 5; the Idlewild Handicap, Wednesday, May 9; and the Withers, Saturday, May 12. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 2:30; last day Wednesday, May 30. (A train leaves Penn Station at 11 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.) . . . CHURCHILL DOWNS, Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, Saturday, May 5.

Track Meet—Metropolitan Intercollegiate Track and Field Association Outdoor Championships. (Downing Stadium, Randall's Island. Saturday, May 12, at 11.)

Trapshooting—Amateur Championships of America, sponsored by the New York Athletic Club. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. Friday, May 11, at 11 and 2; Saturday, May 12, at 10; and Sunday, May 13, at 11.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Saturday, May 19. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 6:43 and 7:06, and Saturdays at 6:43.)

FOR CHILDREN

Stage Shows—By CAVKAP PRODUCTIONS: "The Prince and the Pauper." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0282. Saturdays at 1, 2:15, and 3:30, and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . CHILDREN'S FINE ARTS GUILD: "Beauty and the Beast." (Masque Theatre, 442 W. 42nd St. CH 4-1350. Saturday, May 5, at 1 and 3.) . . . MERRI-MIMES: "The Littlest Tailor." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4.) . . . MERRYMAKERS: "The Sorcerer's Apprentice." (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3224. Saturdays at 1 and 2:30, and Sundays at 1.) . . . MUSIC BOX THEATRE FOR CHILDREN: "Tom Sawyer." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 6-3707. Saturdays at 2.) . . . POCKET PLAYERS: "Emil and the Detectives." (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. MU 4-8312. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:30.) . . . TOM TICHENOR AND HIS PUPPET PEOPLE: "The Bremen Town Musicians." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Saturdays at 11 and 12:30, and Sundays at 12:30 and 2.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"How to Look at Sculpture," an exhibit of more than a hundred works, dating from early Egyptian times to the twentieth century, together with displays demonstrating the sculptor's basic materials and techniques. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The new show is called "Space Age Astronomy." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.) . . . ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

Children's Zoos—In CENTRAL PARK: Little ones who wish to escape the gross realities of the big Zoo—elephants, hippos, lions, and that sort of thing—can retreat next door into the familiar realm of Mother Goose. There's a Noah's Ark, a Jonah's Whale (with an aquarium inside), a storybook castle, and so on, plus an assortment of affable animals. (Daily 10 to 5. Except on Mondays, adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.) . . . ¶ At the BRONX ZOO: Lambs, geese, crows, a baby llama, and other non-terrifying fauna to be admired and even patted. (Open, weather permitting, weekdays 10:30 to 4:30 and Sundays 10:30 to 5. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

Movies—"I Remember Mama," with Irene Dunne and Barbara Bel Geddes. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Saturday, May 5, at 1:30. Admission is free.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Art Tours—Three private art collections will be open to the public on Tuesday, May 8, from 1:30 to 5, in a benefit exhibition arranged by the Manhattan Chapter of the American Association for United Nations. The collections shown will be those of Mr. and Mrs. David Finkle, former Governor and Mrs. Averell Harriman, and Mr. and Mrs. Fernand Leval. (For information about tickets, call OX 7-3232.)

Gardens—Some of the city's private gardens and penthouse terraces will be open to the public on Tuesday, May 8, from 2:30 to 6, in a benefit exhibition arranged by the City Gardens Club. Those on display belong to Mr. and Mrs. Alexander M. Arnstein, 1070 Park Ave.; Mrs. James E. Kiernan, 1136 Fifth Ave.; Mr. and Mrs. Earl T. Risser, 56 E. 81st St.; Dr. and Mrs. William H. Button, 172 E. 71st St.; Colonial Dames of America, 421 E. 61st St.; and Mr. and Mrs. John Kuneau, 235 E. 57th St. (For information about tickets, call TR 9-0173 Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 1 and 2 to 4.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday, May 4, at 1:45: Chinese art, jades and other semiprecious carvings, early dynastic pottery, decorated porcelains, snuff bottles, and Japanese paintings and prints; the property of Noah Bushell and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 5, at 1:45: Meissen, Chelsea, and other cabinet porcelains; French furniture; decorative objects; paintings; tapestries; and Oriental rugs. From several collectors, among them Warren Clements. . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 8, at 1:45: Book sets in fine bindings on history and literature and Limited Editions Club publications;

from the estate of Fannie Brown and from other sources.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

Automobile Racing—At INDIANAPOLIS SPEEDWAY: May 30. . . . BRIDGEHAMPTON RACE CIRCUIT, Bridgehampton, L.I.: June 2-3.

Baseball—At the POLO GROUNDS: May 13, May 15-16, May 30-31, June 1-3, and June 15. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: May 18-20, May 22-27, and June 5-13.

Crew—Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges Championship Regatta. (Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester, Mass. May 19.) . . . ¶ Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London. June 16.)

Dog Shows—Ladies Kennel Association of America. (Garden City. May 19.) . . . ¶ Greenwich Kennel Club. (Greenwich. June 9.)

Golf—Sectional qualifying rounds for the U.S.G.A. Open Championship. (Montclair Golf Club, Montclair, N.J. June 5.) . . . ¶ U.S.G.A. Open Championship. (Oakmont Country Club, Oakmont, Pa. June 14-16.)

Horse Shows—Devon Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. May 26 and May 28-June 2.) . . . ¶ Fairfield-Westchester P.H.A. Show. (Stamford, Conn. June 3.) . . . ¶ Upperville Colt and Horse Show. (Upperville, Va. June 8-10.) . . . ¶ Helping Hand Horse Show. (Old Westbury. June 9.) . . . ¶ Sands Point Horse Show. (Port Washington. June 10.) . . . ¶ Ox Ridge Hunt Club Horse Show. (Darien. June 14-17.)

Hunt Racing—Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Media, Pa. May 19.) . . . ¶ Adjacent Hunts Racing Association. (Purchase. May 26.)

Racing—At PIMLICO, Baltimore: The Preakness, May 19. . . . BELMONT: June 1-30. The Belmont, June 9. . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: June 1-Aug. 4. . . . EPSOM, England: The Derby, June 6.

Soccer—International Soccer League at Downing Stadium, Randalls Island: May 20, 27, and 30, and June 3 and 10.

Tennis—Church Cup Matches. (Baltimore Country Club, Baltimore, Md. June 8-9.)

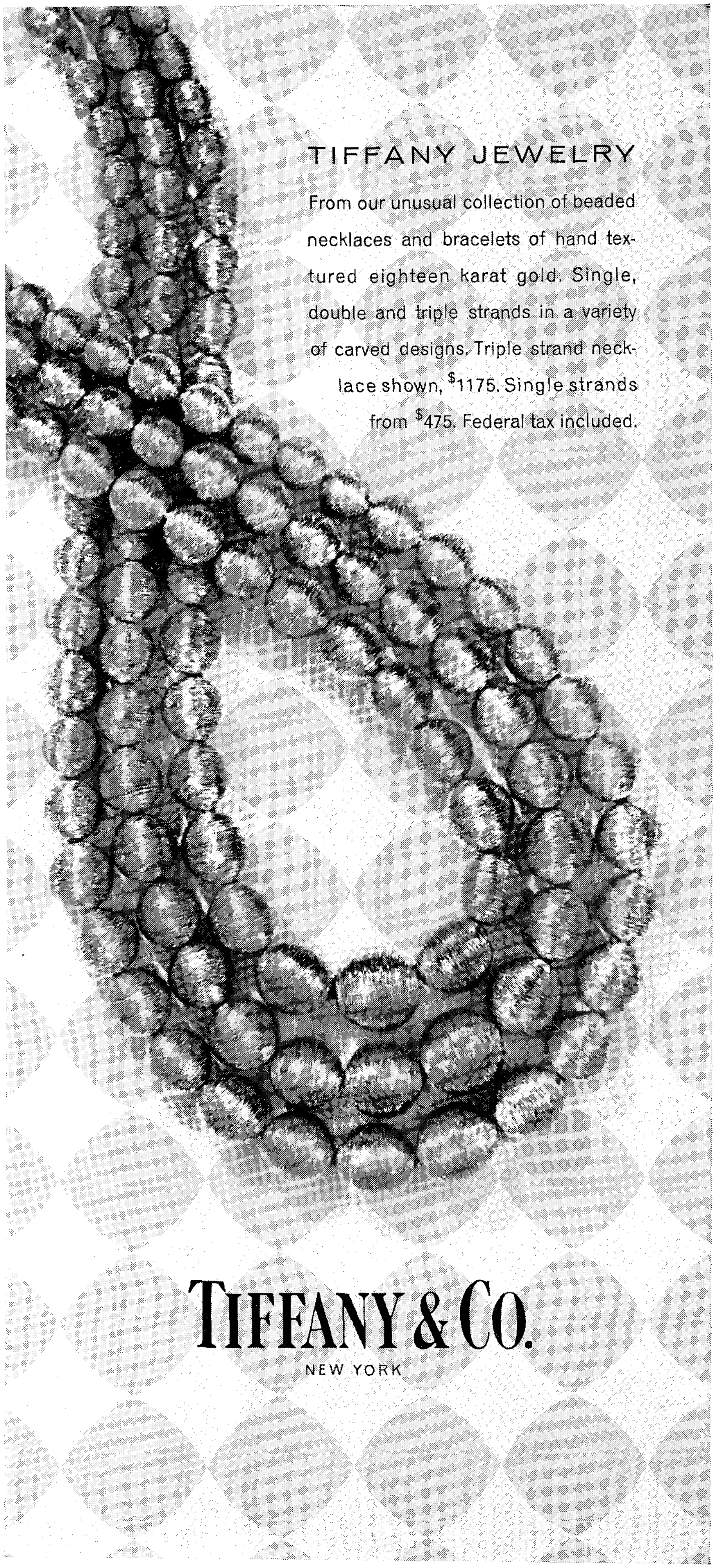
Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: May 21-July 31. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: June 7-Oct. 13.

Yachting—New York Yacht Club Regatta. (Long Island Sound. June 2-3.) . . . ¶ America's Cup preliminary trials. (Long Island Sound. June 4-10.) . . . ¶ Start of the Newport-to-Bermuda race, June 16.

Music—At CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7460): Joan Baez, folk singer, May 18. . . . ¶ Marlboro Festival Orchestra, May 22. . . . ¶ Roland Hayes, tenor, June 3. . . . ¶ Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra, June 5. . . . TOWN HALL (JU 2-4536): Interracial Fellowship Chorus, May 13.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: A one-week repertory by the Royal Dramatic Theatre of Sweden, consisting of Strindberg's "Miss Julie" and "The Father" and O'Neill's "Long Day's Journey Into Night," all in Swedish. . . . ¶ Revivals by the New York City Center Light Opera Company of "Can-Can," with Geneviève and David Atkinson; "Brigadoon," with Sally Ann Howes; and "Fiorello!," with a cast to be announced later. . . . ¶ Cesare Siepi in "Bravo Giovanni," a musical based on Howard Shaw's novel "The Crime of Giovanni Venturi." The book is by A. J. Russell, the lyrics by Ronny Graham, and the music by Milton Schafer. . . . ¶ "Cut Loose!," a revue starring Pete Seeger. The sketches are by N. F. Simpson; Eric Bentley turned out most of the lyrics; and Arnold Black wrote most of the music.

Other Dates—United States World Trade Fair, at the Coliseum, May 11-13 and 16-20. . . . ¶ May Garden Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, at Essex House, May 16. . . . ¶ Armed Forces Day is Saturday, May 19. . . . ¶ Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit, May 25-June 17. . . . ¶ Memorial Day is Wednesday, May 30. . . . ¶ United Nations Trusteeship Council meeting, May 31-June 7. . . . ¶ Commencements: Smith, June 3; Barnard, Columbia, and Vassar, June 4; Annapolis, N.Y.U., and West Point, June 6; Dartmouth, June 10; Yale, June 11; Princeton, June 12; and Harvard, June 14.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

All Fall Down—In a pleasant, old-fashioned side street, a family slowly, dreadfully comes apart. A poignant, occasionally funny picture, and the director, John Frankenheimer, has drawn extraordinary performances from Angela Lansbury, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, Brandon deWilde, and—most of the way—Warren Beatty. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070; and Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

Breakfast at Tiffany's—A rich, richly colored, hollow, and now and then extremely comic picture, derived from, but not in the least resembling, the famous Capote *novella*. Audrey Hepburn is beautiful, and George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Buddy Ebsen, and Martin Balsam are some of the people she quaintly flutters among. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting May 9, tentative.)

The Day the Earth Caught Fire—Too many bombs bump the world out of orbit and head it into the sun. Do we survive? A good question, ingeniously posed in this English import. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; May 6-8.)

The Devil's Eye—The great Ingmar Bergman here pokes rather stilted fun at the Devil, Don Juan, the clergy, and us. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting May 9, tentative.)

La Dolce Vita—Each of the dozen or so sequences of this movie tells a separate story, and deals with a separate aspect of present-day Roman life—high, low, or café—as seen through the satiric eyes of Federico Fellini. His direction is masterly, his cast is splendid, and his picture, which runs for about three hours, is handsome and exciting from start almost to finish. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; through May 8. . . . ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting May 9.)

Judgment at Nuremberg—Stanley Kramer has produced and directed a slam-bang inquiry into the meaning of justice, as practiced directly by Nazis judging Jews and Americans judging Nazis, and indirectly by young post-Nazi Germans judging their American conquerors. Spellbinding, and with crafty performances by Spencer Tracy, Richard Widmark, Burt Lancaster, Marlene Dietrich, Maximilian Schell, Judy Garland, and Montgomery Clift. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626. Nightly at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:15. Reserved seats only.)

Jules and Jim—A funny-sad and sometimes hair-raising French study of an unprincipled and desirable woman and how she rewards the men who love her. Marvellously directed by François Truffaut, and starring Jeanne Moreau, Henri Serre, and Oskar Werner. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

The Kitchen—A short, ugly, extremely impressive rendering of life among the hard-pressed help of a big and probably dreadful London restaurant. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through May 5.)

Last Year at Marienbad—Alain Resnais, who made "Hiroshima, Mon Amour," is apparently trying to find out how far you can go with a camera in depicting states of mind, and the evidence of this exquisite film is that you can go pretty far. Delphine Seyrig is the lovely heroine, and the man who either is or is not her lover is played by Giorgio Albertazzi. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Les Liaisons Dangereuses—The scandalous eighteenth-century best-seller by de Laclos has been brought up to date by Roger Vadim. Jeanne Moreau and Gérard Philipe play the corrupt couple bent on destroying innocence in others. A highly moral comedy. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; starting May 9.)

Lover Come Back—A very funny comedy about the deplorable behavior of account executives on Madison Avenue and the unsteady course of their untrue loves. It stars Rock Hudson, Doris Day, and several other attractive people. (Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting May 9. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting May 9, tentative.)

The Mark—An unsparing account of the return to society of a man who has spent three years in prison for committing a crime against a child. Hard as it may be to believe, the picture is heartening as well as grim, thanks in part to superior performances by Stuart Whitman, Rod Steiger, and Maria Schell. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting May 9, tentative.)

Murder She Said—Homicide is practically a parlor game in the Agatha Christie country, where this extremely funny comedy is laid. Margaret Rutherford makes an incomparable sleuth, golfer, and housemaid. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

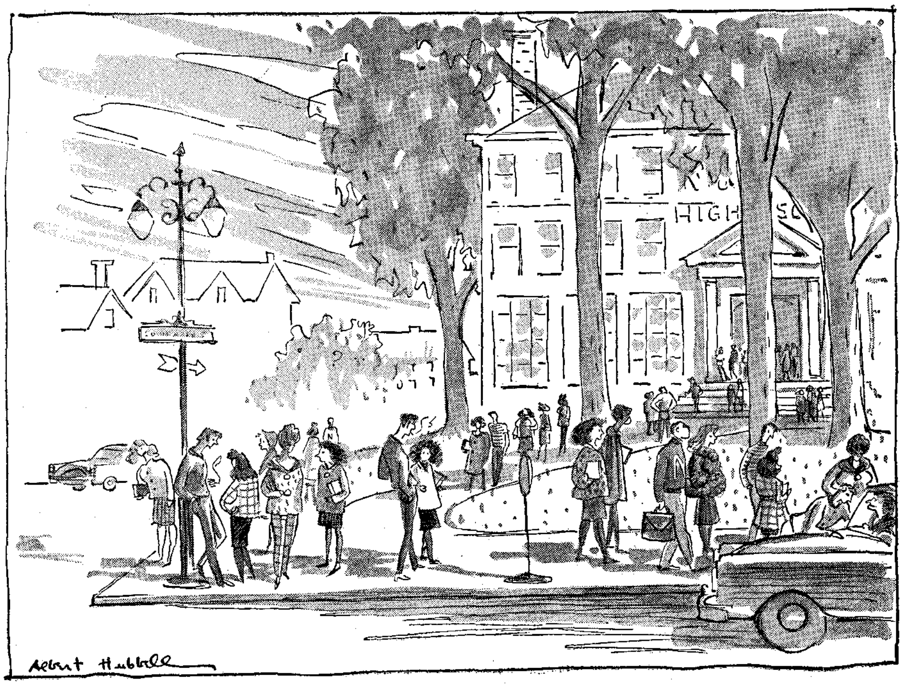
The Night—Michelangelo Antonioni tells us, in a thousand accumulated images, that life is stale, flat, and unprofitable. He is convincing enough, but at the expense of making his own art flat, if not unprofitable. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through May 9, tentative.)

Only Two Can Play—Peter Sellers is a very merry fellow, and he makes this English import seem a good deal livelier than it really is. But then the setting is Wales and the problem is sex, and Welsh sex may be more hilarious than other kinds. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

A Summer to Remember—What it feels like to be five years old and gain a new father and a new brother and fear to lose one's mother and then almost lose all three is shown in, and through, the eyes of a Russian child-actor named Borya Barkhatov. A beautiful picture. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through May 5.)

Through a Glass Darkly—Tolstoy's celebrated dictum about unhappy families is spelled out in bleak beauty by Ingmar Bergman, who wrote and directed the picture, and Harriet Andersson, Gunnar Björnstrand, Max von Sydow, and Lars Passgård, who enact it. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

West Side Story—Lots of young men in tight pants leaping over fences and caterwauling to beat any band. Far too loud and long, but the New York settings are wonderful and so are the songs, which you no doubt remember from the Broadway show. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2:30, and Saturdays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)



REVIVALS

The Bicycle Thief (1949)—An Italian film, made by Vittorio De Sica, about a search for a stolen bicycle. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; May 4-7.)

Camille (1937)—Greta Garbo, coughing delicately and looking fragile. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through May 7.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—Orson Welles' study of a rich man's career. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; May 4-7.)

The Good Earth (1937)—The Pearl Buck story of farmers in China. With Luise Rainer and Paul Muni. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting May 8, tentative.)

The Magnificent Seven (1956)—A kind of Oriental Western, directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting May 8.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet in the Dashiell Hammett yarn. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 3-6170; May 6-8, evening performances only, except Sunday.)

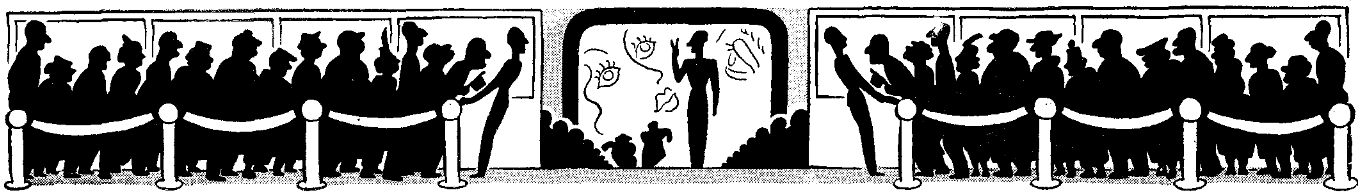
Torment (1947)—The machinations of a psychopathic teacher who attempts to frustrate a juvenile love affair. In Swedish. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through May 8, tentative.)

Treasure of Sierra Madre (1948)—Prospecting for gold in Mexico. Walter Huston and Humphrey Bogart. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 3-6170; through May 5, evening performances only, except Saturday.)

Two Women (1961)—An Italian movie about a young widow who flees wartime Rome with her daughter. Sophia Loren, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Eleanora Brown. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through May 5: "Wuthering Heights" (1939), directed by William Wyler, with Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier. . . . ¶ Starting May 6: A program of Polish films. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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6	7	8	9			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Jessica," Maurice Chevalier, Angie Dickinson.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Sweet Bird of Youth," Paul Newman, Geraldine Page.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Experiment in Terror," Glenn Ford, Lee Remick.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"The Counterfeit Traitor," William Holden, Lilli Palmer.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Five Finger Exercise," Rosalind Russell, Maximilian Schell.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Moon Pilot," Tom Tryon, Brian Keith.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
Through May 8: **LA DOLCE VITA** (in Italian).
From May 9: **LES LIAISONS DANGEREUSES.**

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
JUDGMENT AT NUREMBERG.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"State Fair," Pat Boone, Bobby Darin.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
WEST SIDE STORY.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
ALL FALL DOWN.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Cape Fear," Gregory Peck, Robert Mitchum.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"El Cid," Charlton Heston, Sophia Loren. (Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through May 9 (tentative): **THE NIGHT** (in Italian).

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 3-6170; evening performances only, except on weekends.)
Through May 5: **TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE**, revival.
May 6-8: **THE MALTESE FALCON**, revival; and "Dark Passage," revival, Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall.
May 9: To be announced.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through May 8 (tentative): "Rome Adventure," Troy Donahue, Rossano Brazzi; and "Malaga," Trevor Howard, Dorothy Dandridge.
From May 9 (tentative): "Black Tights," a dance film, with Cyd Charisse, Moira Shearer, Zizi Jeanmaire, and Roland Petit, narrated by Maurice Chevalier; and "The Couch," Grant Williams, Shirley Knight.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through May 8 (tentative): "Never on Sunday" (in Greek and English), revival, Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.
From May 9 (tentative): **LOVER COME BACK.**

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
ALL FALL DOWN.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Jessica," Maurice Chevalier, Angie Dickinson.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Sweet Bird of Youth," Paul Newman, Geraldine Page. (On Tuesday, May 8, only, the last showing will begin at 4.)

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through May 5: "Rome Adventure," Troy Donahue, Rossano Brazzi; and "Malaga," Trevor Howard, Dorothy Dandridge.
May 6-8: "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," Glenn Ford, Ingrid Thulin; and "The Secret of Monte Cristo," Rory Calhoun, John Gregson.
From May 9: "Black Tights," a dance film, with Cyd Charisse, Moira Shearer, Zizi Jeanmaire, and Roland Petit, narrated by Maurice Chevalier; and "The Couch," Grant Williams, Shirley Knight.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
ONLY TWO CAN PLAY.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Five Finger Exercise," Rosalind Russell, Maximilian Schell.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY (in Swedish).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
MURDER SHE SAID.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"The Counterfeit Traitor," William Holden, Lilli Palmer.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Cape Fear," Gregory Peck, Robert Mitchum.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through May 8: "Rome Adventure," Troy Donahue, Rossano Brazzi; and "Malaga," Trevor Howard, Dorothy Dandridge.
From May 9: "Black Tights," a dance film, with Cyd Charisse, Moira Shearer, Zizi Jeanmaire, and Roland Petit, narrated by Maurice Chevalier; and "The Couch," Grant Williams, Shirley Knight.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through May 8: "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," Glenn Ford, Ingrid Thulin; and "The Secret of Monte Cristo," Rory Calhoun, John Gregson.
From May 9: "Light in the Piazza," Olivia de Havilland, Rossano Brazzi; and "World in My Pocket," Rod Steiger, Nadja Tiller.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
May 3: "Nights of Cabiria" (in Italian), revival, Giulietta Masina, François Périer; and "The Goddess," revival, Kim Stanley, Lloyd Bridges.
May 4-7: **THE BICYCLE THIEF** (in Italian), revival; and **CITIZEN KANE**, revival.
From May 8: **THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN** (in Japanese), revival; and "The Naked Night" (in Swedish), revival, Harriet Andersson.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through May 5: **A SUMMER TO REMEMBER** (in Russian); and **THE KITCHEN.**
May 6-8: **THE DAY THE EARTH CAUGHT FIRE**; and "Call Me Genius," Tony Hancock, George Sanders.
From May 9: **LOVER COME BACK.**

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through May 8 (tentative): **TORMENT** (in Swedish), revival; and "Miss Julie" (in Swedish), revival, Anita Björk.
From May 9 (tentative): **THE MARK**; and **BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S.**

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through May 6: "Black Tights," a dance film, with Cyd Charisse, Moira Shearer, Zizi Jeanmaire, and Roland Petit, narrated by Maurice Chevalier.
From May 7: "Joan of the Angels?" (in Polish).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through May 8: "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," Glenn Ford, Ingrid Thulin; and "The Secret of Monte Cristo," Rory Calhoun, John Gregson.
From May 9: "Light in the Piazza," Olivia de Havilland, Rossano Brazzi; and "World in My Pocket," Rod Steiger, Nadja Tiller.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through May 8 (tentative): "Never on Sunday" (in Greek and English), revival, Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.
From May 9 (tentative): **THE DEVIL'S EYE** (in Swedish); and Prokofieff's "Cinderella," in a full-length Russian production, danced by Raisa Struchkova and the Bolshoi Ballet Corps.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
JULES AND JIM (in French).

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
THE MARK; and **TWO WOMEN**, revival.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Doctor in Love," Michael Craig, Virginia Maskell.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"Whistle Down the Wind," Hayley Mills, Alan Bates.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD (in French).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"A Taste of Honey," Dora Bryan, Robert Stephens.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through May 8: "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," Glenn Ford, Ingrid Thulin; and "The Secret of Monte Cristo," Rory Calhoun, John Gregson.
From May 9: "Light in the Piazza," Olivia de Havilland, Rossano Brazzi; and "World in My Pocket," Rod Steiger, Nadja Tiller.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through May 7: **CAMILLE**, revival; and "A Free Soul," revival, Lionel Barrymore, Clark Gable.
From May 8 (tentative): **THE GOOD EARTH**, revival; and "The Unholy Three," revival, Lon Chaney.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through May 8: "Rome Adventure," Troy Donahue, Rossano Brazzi; and "Malaga," Trevor Howard, Dorothy Dandridge.
From May 9: **LA DOLCE VITA** (in Italian).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through May 6: "Tosca" (in Italian), revival; and "Flamenco" (in Spanish), revival.
From May 7: Theatre closed.

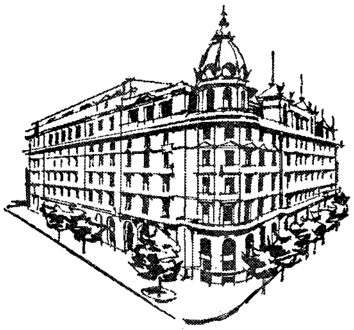
Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
LOVER COME BACK.

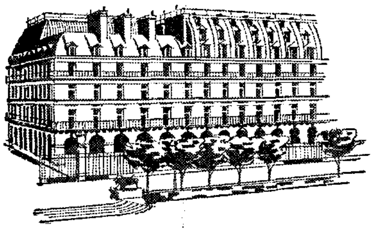
Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through May 8 (tentative): "Never on Sunday" (in Greek and English), revival, Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.
From May 9 (tentative): **THE DEVIL'S EYE** (in Swedish); and Prokofieff's "Cinderella," in a full-length Russian production, danced by Raisa Struchkova and the Bolshoi Ballet Corps.

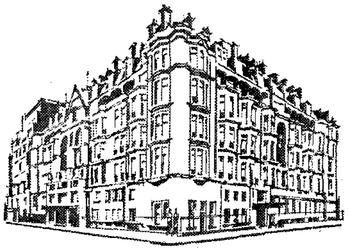
Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through May 8: "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," Glenn Ford, Ingrid Thulin; and "The Secret of Monte Cristo," Rory Calhoun, John Gregson.
From May 9: "Light in the Piazza," Olivia de Havilland, Rossano Brazzi; and "World in My Pocket," Rod Steiger, Nadja Tiller.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through May 8 (tentative): "Rome Adventure," Troy Donahue, Rossano Brazzi; and "Malaga," Trevor Howard, Dorothy Dandridge.
From May 9 (tentative): "Black Tights," a dance film, with Cyd Charisse, Moira Shearer, Zizi Jeanmaire, and Roland Petit, narrated by Maurice Chevalier; and "The Couch," Grant Williams, Shirley Knight.

can you identify
THESE EIGHT WORLD FAMOUS HOTELS?

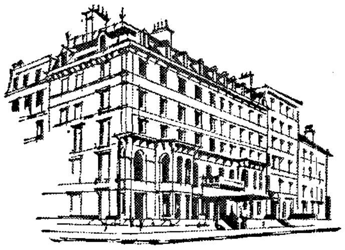

1. ROME


2. PARIS


3. LONDON

4. COPENHAGEN

5. MADRID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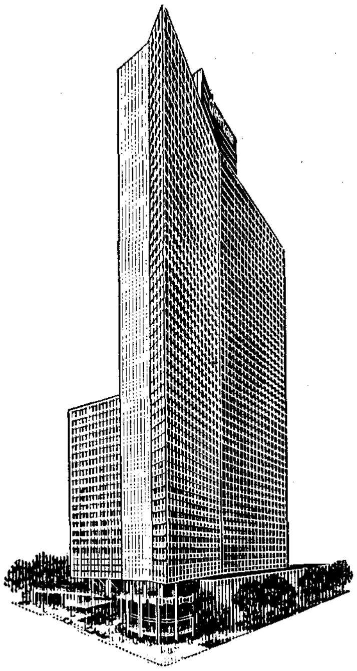

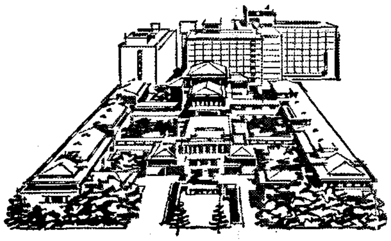
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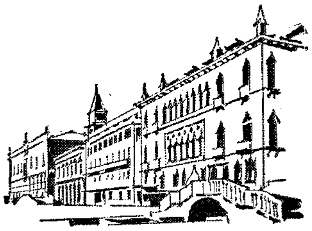
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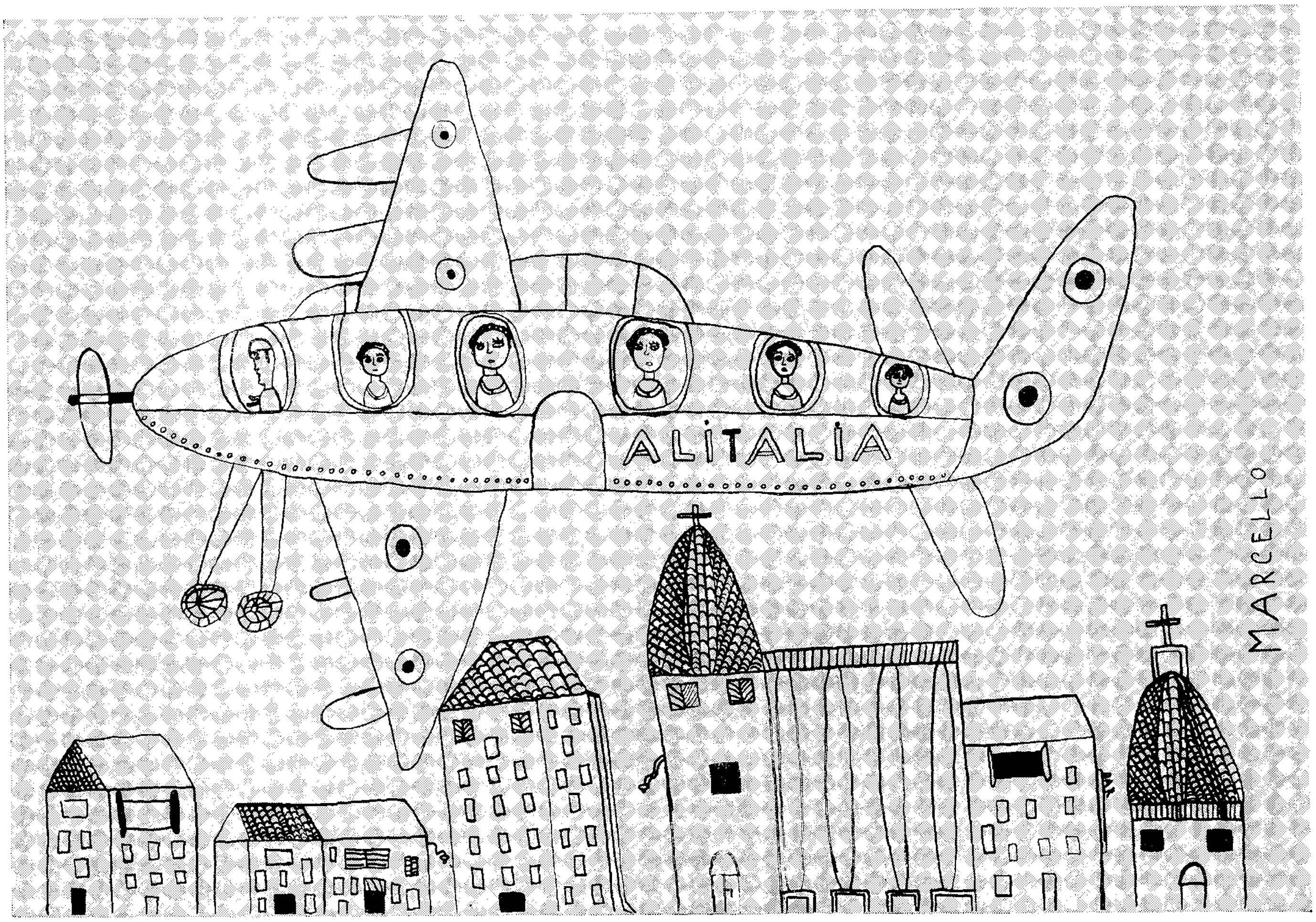

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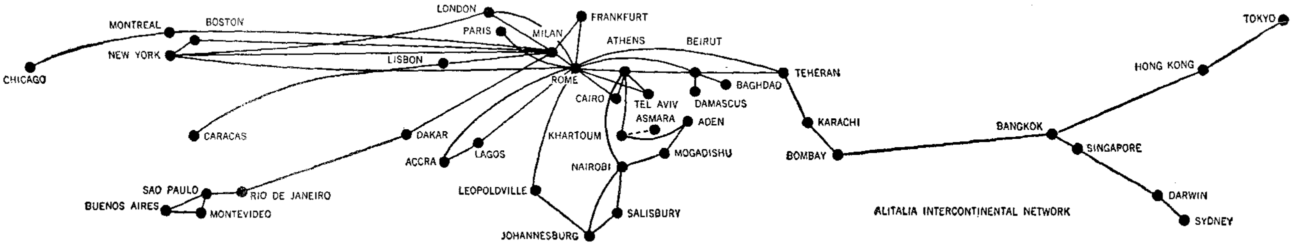

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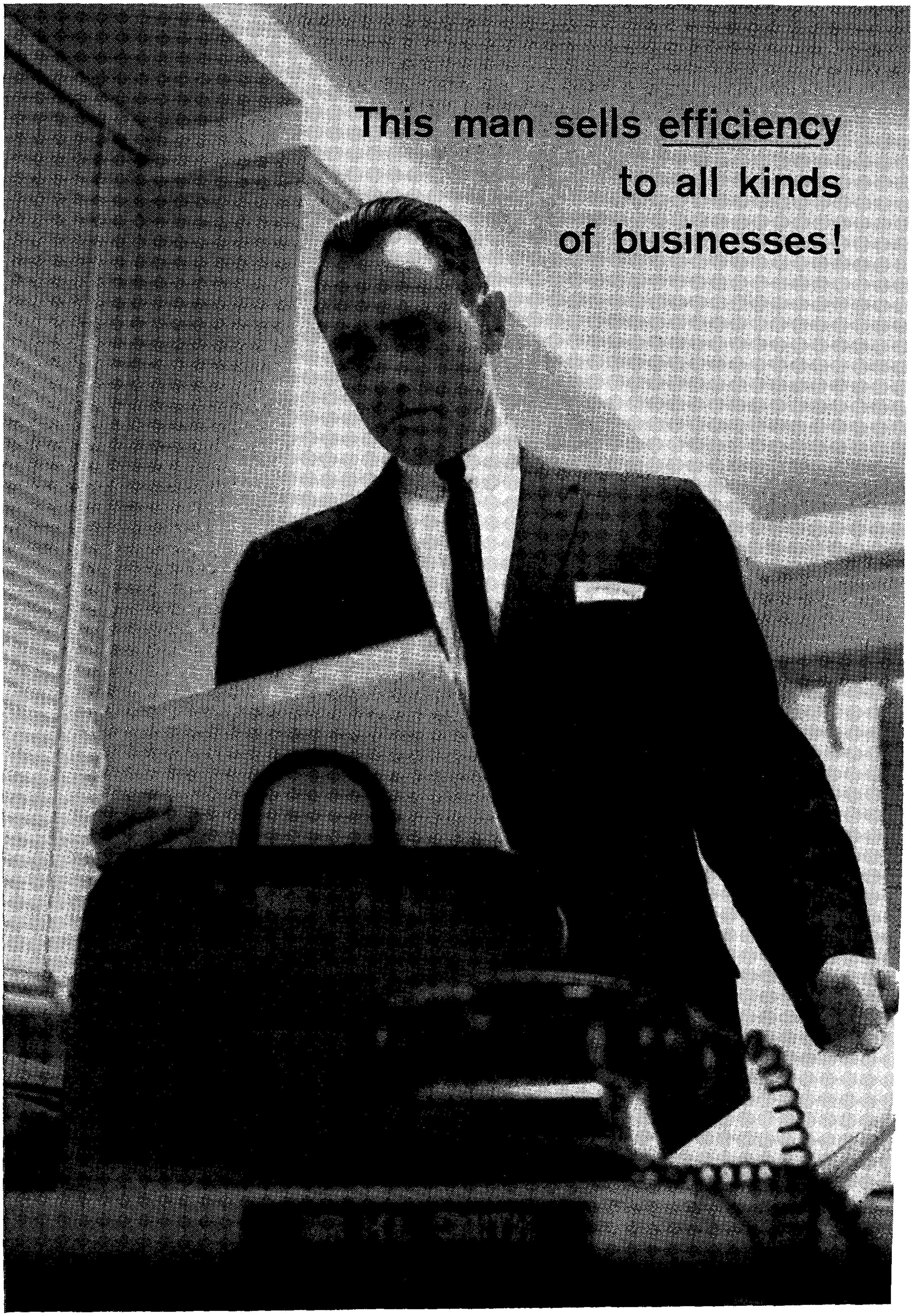
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He's Harry L. Smith, Bell Telephone Communications Consultant

Case in point: General Coal Company, Philadelphia

Harry Smith called on this company a year ago—and made a complete study of its business operation, particularly its communications.

He found the switchboard was often overloaded because all outgoing calls had to go through it. The firm's 65 Philadelphia employees had outgrown their intercom system. When working late, management had limited night lines and could not make interoffice calls.

Newer, more flexible Bell System services were needed. Harry made his recommendation and got approval to go ahead.

A new dial intercom system was installed so employees could dial all local and interoffice calls directly from their desks. This also freed the switchboard attendant to give priority attention to incoming calls. Push-button telephones with line-flashing features were added to eliminate "desk hopping." Hands-free Speakerphones gave management new freedom of movement during calls. After-hours service was greatly expanded.

Vice-President W. A. Gallagher says: "The new system has helped us in many ways. Most important, it saves us *time*—enables our whole staff to work faster and more efficiently."

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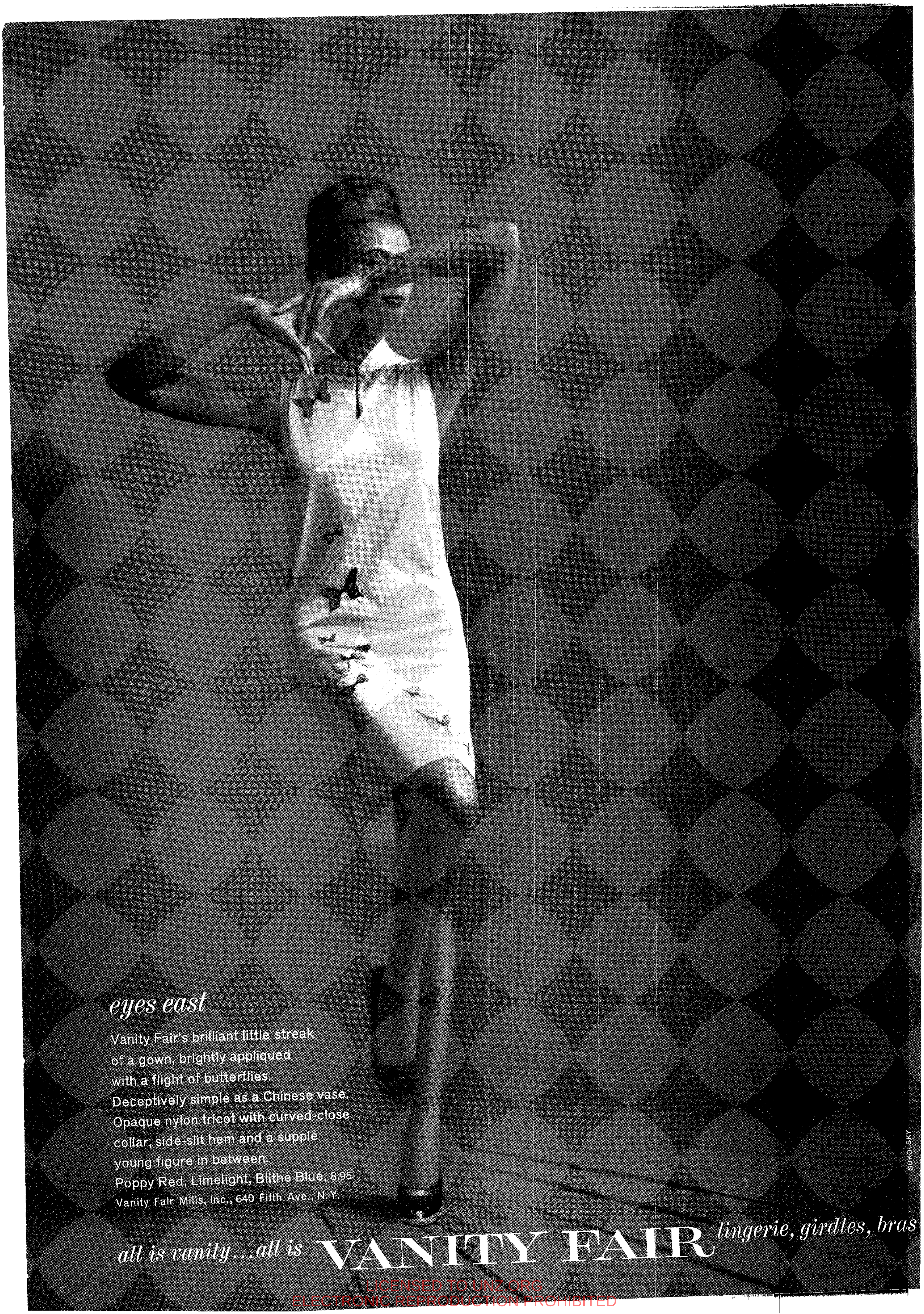
BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Harry Smith observes Louise Haselton at the firm's switchboard. The new dial intercom system frees her from routing interoffice and outgoing local calls—speeds overall service.

Flexible features of General Coal Company's new interoffice communications system are reviewed by Harry Smith with Edgar Swain, Jr. (left) and Office Manager George F. Miller, Jr.

Speakerphones, installed in a number of the company's executive offices, permit hands-free calling and let management hold office conferences by telephone. Here, Harry discusses some of the service features with Vice-President W. A. Gallagher.



eyes east

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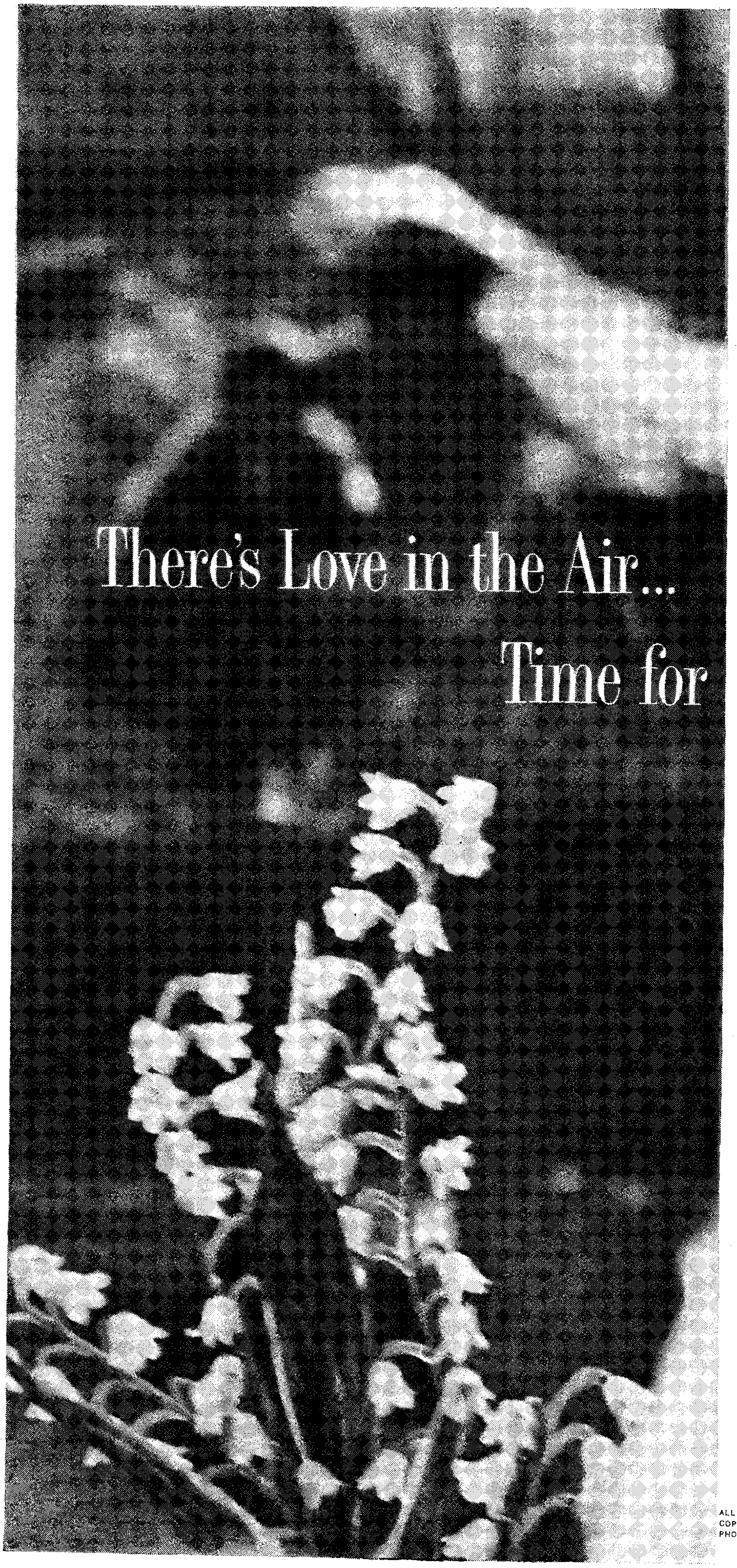

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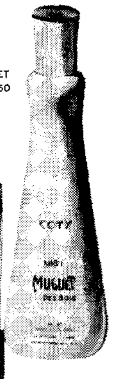

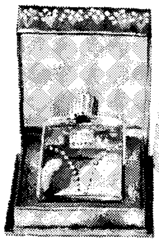

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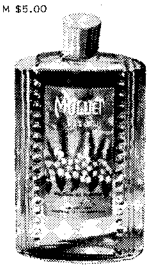

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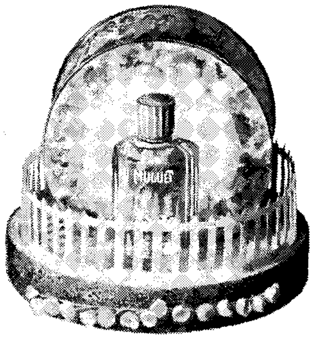

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Accutron doesn't tick. It hums. That's because Accutron is not a watch, but a totally new kind of wrist timepiece. An electronic timepiece so revolutionary, so astonishingly accurate, it makes even the finest watch on earth obsolete. That hushed hum is the heart-beat of Accutron. It comes from a tiny, electronically powered tuning fork. This tuning fork replaces the ancient hairspring and balance wheel—source of inaccuracy in all watches, even electric watches. Result? Accutron is the first timepiece in history guaranteed 99.9977% accurate on your wrist. Yet Accutron is tough. With only 12 moving parts, it rarely, if ever, needs repair. Never never needs winding. And of course, Accutron is shock-resistant, waterproof* anti-magnetic. Be the man who wears Accutron. And for the man who likes the best, Accutron is the finest gift of all. At better jewelers from $150*

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Strawberries Romanoff, page 17, "The Gourmet's Guide"

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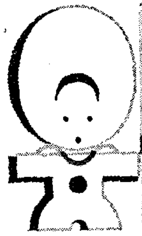

The Silk ...is Italian, the style is pure Lord West. New dinner jacket in muted tones of gold, olive, or wine, about eighty dollars at the best stores. *West Mill Clothes, 101 W. 21 St., N.Y.* **Lord West**

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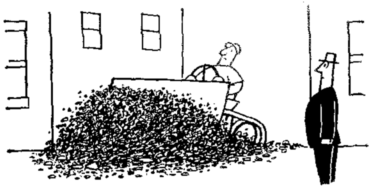
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE watched a bulldozer burying a brook the other day, and it was obvious from the nimble skill with which the operator slashed and slammed at his target that he felt himself to be wielding the right instrument in the right place, to be doing something that should have been done long ago. The bulldozer was making foundation space, between two existing houses, for a third house, and thus bringing into use, long after the street in question was originally built up, a stretch of land previously devoted to the uneconomic purpose of sustaining a brook. What the buriers of brooks have in mind is clear enough. They are closing over an annoyance, an infection, a potential flood, a waste of valuable footage and frontage. We have jotted down a short list of other things they are closing over. Our list includes alders, autumn leaves, books, bottles, bridges, calomel, cowslip, cress, dam, darning needle, flag, frog, gentian, gurgle, hellgrammite, lily, message from Lorna Doone, minnow, mosquito, moss, muskrat, rapids, shiner, skates, snail, snake, stones, tinkle, treble, turtle, violet, willow. Other people, out of some afternoon once spent face down over a pool, may wish to add something to the list.



The Peacocks

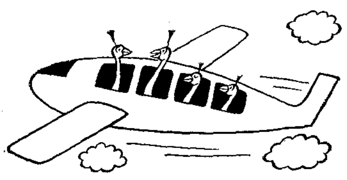
RECENTLY, we went for a stroll in the United Nations Gardens, north of the General Assembly Building, with a Central European friend of ours who works in the Secretariat. The April day was bright and warm. Our friend, though long-legged, walked slowly, and he seemed thoughtful. "This weather is like Indian summer in reverse," he said, leading us to a bench. "You know, Indian summer is called 'woman's summer' in Russia, because, like women, it's capricious, or, rather, unpredictable—too hot today and too cold tomorrow." Sitting down, he laughed a little.

Behind us was Forty-eighth Street, brimming with the noise of the city; to our right, and set a little bit above us, was a playground, where many children were excitedly playing something like hopscotch; on our left were the East River Drive, with taxis and motorcars of all shapes and models whizzing past, and, beyond it, the East River, alive with tugs and barges. But the most engaging sight of all was three peacocks—a cock and two peahens—at our feet. They were nestling in honeysuckle vines and basking in the sun. The cock, deep, fluorescent green-and-blue, had a long train of feathers, and he looked very contented between the two hens.

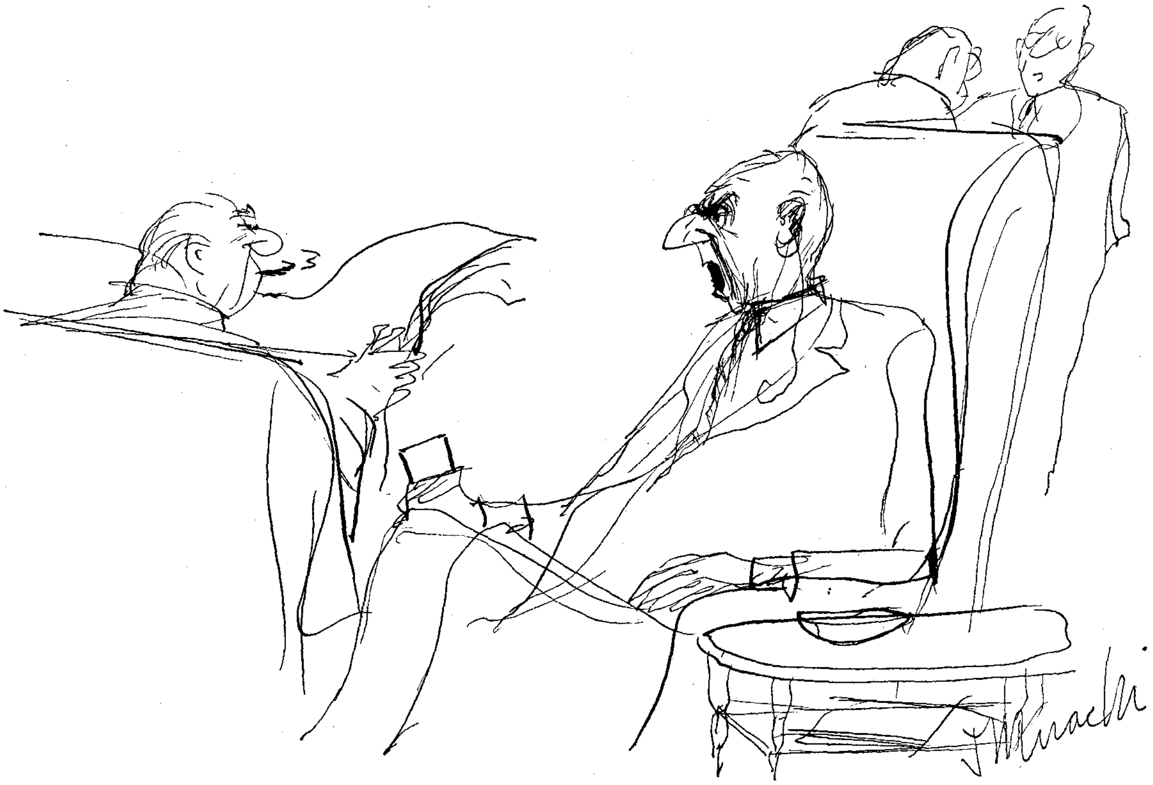
"Isn't that a happy view?" our friend said, gazing at the three delicate birds. "You know who's responsible, don't you?"

We shook our head.

"The late Mr. Hammarskjöld," he said, and went on to tell us that a couple of springs ago Dag Hammarskjöld and Ralph Bunche, Undersecretary for Special Political Affairs, visited the Palais des Nations, former seat of the League of Nations, in Geneva, to attend meetings of the Advisory Committee on the Peaceful Uses of Atomic Energy and the Administrative Committee on Coördination. One day, the Secretary-General and Dr. Bunche noticed some peacocks playing outside a window of the Secretary-General's office in the Palais, and Hammarskjöld said, "Wouldn't it be nice to have some peacocks in our New York grounds?" When Bunche returned to New York, he wrote a letter to Georges Palthey, Deputy Director of the European Office, about the possibility of importing some of the birds. Palthey immediately dispatched, by Swissair, two peacocks and two peahens, from the original stock, which had delighted so many League of Nations members. "I know the story of these peacocks in such detail," our friend said, "because I'd heard so many versions that one day I just asked Bunche, and he told me the exact circumstances. But I still haven't been able to establish how the peacocks arrived at the Palais des Nations in the first place—whether, for instance, they were the idea of M. Joseph Avenol, who was Secretary-General of the League at the time the Palais was completed, or whether in the minds of European architects they just went with marble buildings."



The cock lazily waved his spurs, spread out his train of feathers, and strutted around some cherry trees. "Mr. Hammarskjöld really became quite attached to the birds," our friend continued. "They were only nine-month-old chicks when they arrived, and he took great delight in their day-by-day growth. After lunch, he often went for a walk—a constitutional—and he almost always visited them. The Secretary-General took more interest in this present than in any other, and this is reasonable, for when one thinks about it, compared to these peacocks, the other gifts—such as the Russian sputnik, which hangs in the General Assembly public lobby, and the Yugoslav bronze horse, which we passed coming up



"It just makes my blood boil to hear some wild-eyed radical like Goldwater referred to as a conservative."

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here, and even the Ezio Martinelli sculpture from the National Council for United States Art—are all as dead as a doornail. Also, while the sputnik and the horse tend to represent their nations, the peacocks speak only for themselves. On second thought, perhaps 'speak' is not the right word," our friend added. "When they let out a howl at five o'clock in the morning, there is just nothing like it, unless it is the wailing of Hamlet's father. I don't know what the residents of Beekman Place think of that scream, but I am glad that usually I am safely asleep on the West Side."

The two hens and the cock were now happily scuffling around in the honeysuckle. The cock was radiant in the sun, but the females appeared a little dowdy. On closer examination, they might have been any old hens. "A rather interesting reversal," our friend said, as though he had read our thoughts. "I mean, among human beings women are much more beautiful to behold than men. But in birds! Perhaps that is why women don't like to be called hens." He laughed.

"How do the delegates regard the peafowls?" we asked.

"There are practically as many viewpoints on the fowls as there are countries," our friend said cheerfully. "Some look upon these birds hungrily, and think of a feasting table; others regard them with superstition, and consider it bad luck to come upon them; still others cross themselves. And I am sure there is at least one delegation that thinks of them as birds of paradise; you know, in Java peacocks are thought to guard the gates of Heaven. I think, however, it would be impolitic of me to pin any of the other views on a specific country. After all, I am an international civil servant."

The birds were running and jumping around vigorously, and a rather burly gardener, who had materialized from somewhere in the background, was shooing them toward the center of the Gardens. Our friend yawned in the warm sun. "They are quite a nuisance in fall, winter, and summer," he continued. "During the autumn hurricanes, one mustn't forget to lash their cages to the cherry trees. During the winter, when the ground is thick with snow, it takes some effort to reach the birds and feed them. And this railing"—he pointed to the iron fence that encircles almost all the U.N. property—"is not at all high, and it has holes almost as big as two cocks, if I may exaggerate a little. One day last summer, I came around here and one of these peacocks had taken to his heels and landed right in the middle of the East River Drive. The traffic was backed up for blocks, and all the guards were running around, their bald heads perspiring under the sun. They were using their hats as fans, and cursing the birds plenty. As suddenly as the cock had made for the street, he ran right into the children's playground. A little girl immediately set up a scream, and her mother, of course, lost no time in going into hysterics, too."

The gardener joined us at our bench. "How Mr. Hammarskjöld loved the birds!" the gardener said. "He asked me about them almost every day, and I always told him they were the cheapest luxury in the world. Their annual expense for feeding is only a hundred and three dollars, and while they are a little temperamental—wanting grapes every day—nevertheless they do serve a function. For one thing, they are beautiful. They always look serene and yet full of life—so much so that we can't keep the kiddies from feeding them. The kiddies are always trying to slip a peanut into their beaks."

"Are they dangerous?" we asked.

"No," the gardener said. "Of course, the cock has very powerful spurs, and during the clipping of his inside feathers—we have to do that to keep them from flying away, you know—if you don't know your business, they can hurt you a little. But if you give the birds lots of ground and space, and let them play as much as they want to, they become accustomed to being chased by children, shooed around by guards, and all that sort of thing. I don't say that overfeeding is good. No, sir. One of the cocks died last summer of overfeeding." The gardener added that he had known something was wrong when the bird started fluffing its feathers. The veterinarian was called in, but the cock died on its way to the hospital.

"Yes, he died of liver trouble," our friend said. "It was a very sad business. It happened three days before Hammarskjöld's death. Some think it was an ill omen, but I think that is silly. You only have to come and watch these live birds for a while to know they couldn't possibly be ill omens."

"Yes, sir," the gardener said. "They are very beautiful. They do us proud."

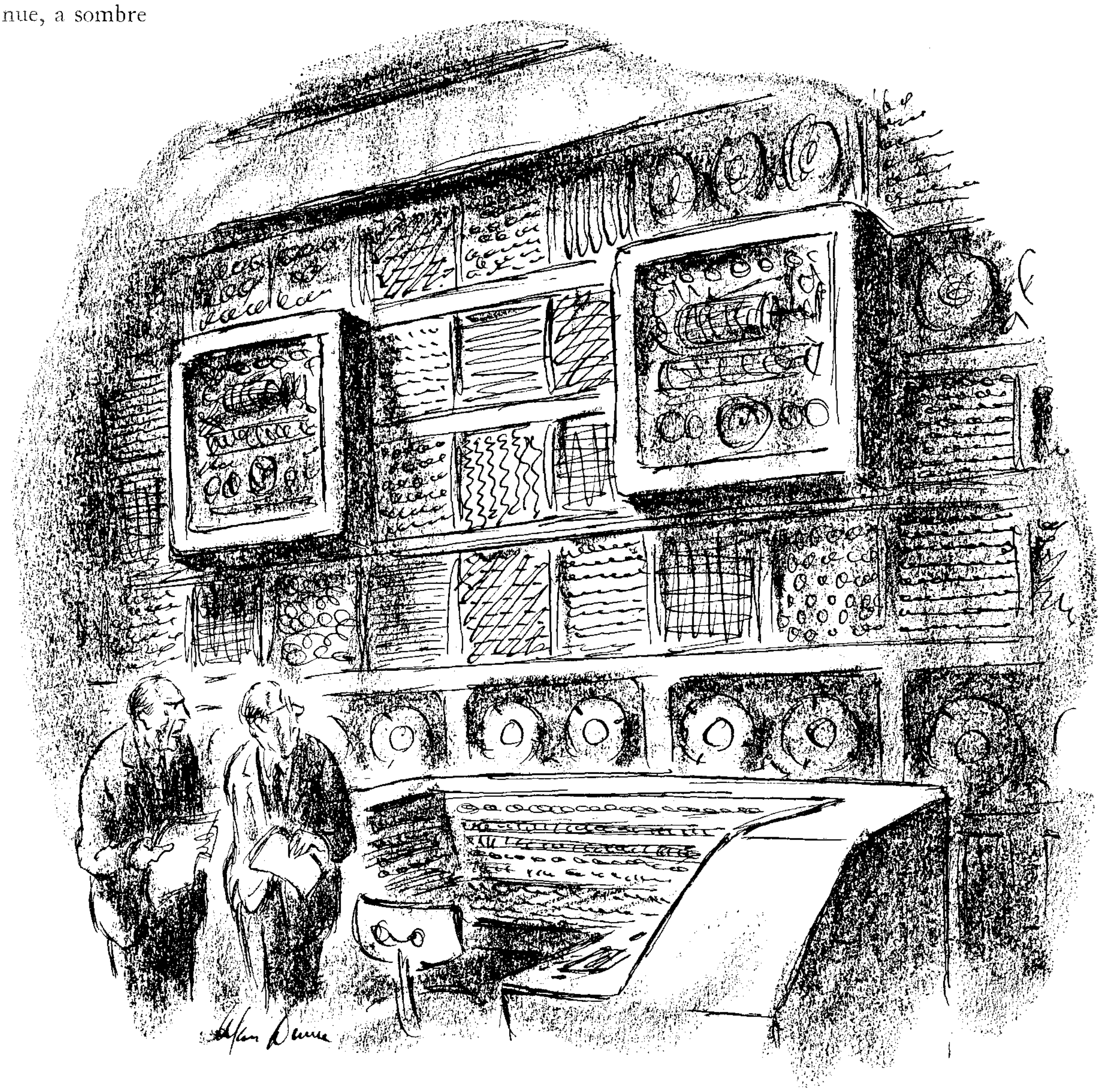
Moderne Type

A LADY who lives in Connecticut invited her small grandson to dine with her, and learned from the lad's mother the next day that this was his report on the visit: "We had a wonderful time and wonderful food, and instead of napkins we had big square pieces of cloth."

Private

WE learned the other day that Cinema 16, the largest private film society in the country, is celebrating its fifteenth anniversary, so we went around at once to have a talk with Amos Vogel, the society's founder and present executive secretary. We found Mr. Vogel, a sandy-haired, sturdy, athletic-looking man of forty-one, in his office, on lower Lexington Avenue, a sombre sanctum where, we sensed, the names Troy Donahue, Tuesday Weld, and Tommy Sands are spoken—if, indeed, they are spoken at all—with polite contempt. At our prompting, Mr. Vogel told us that he was born in Vienna and lived there until 1938, when the Nazis moved in, at which time he left posthaste for the United States, eventually making his way to New York, where, in 1944, he studied economics at the New School for Social Research.

"When I was about fifteen, I went one evening in Vienna to see a brief British documentary film called 'Night Mail,'" Mr. Vogel continued, in almost accentless English. "It was an immensely impressive picture, with narration written by W. H. Auden, and then and there I became an almost fanatical admirer of the short documentary and experimental movie. In New York, I discovered that there was no public place where one could see such films, although I knew from catalogues that hundreds were available. In those days, if you wanted to see a short documentary film here you had to be either a college student or an inmate of an institution. During my early years in America, I'd supported myself by working in war plants, but in 1947 I decided to combine my strong interest in the short film with my equally strong interest in making a living, so I founded Cinema 16. Most of the films I wanted to show were shot on sixteen-millimetre film rather than on the standard thirty-five-millimetre, and that's how the organization got its name. I figured that there must be other short-film buffs around, and, luckily, I turned out to be right. With the help of my wife, Marcia, a New York girl I'd met at the New School and married in 1945, I started Cinema 16 with less than a thousand dollars in working capital. We began by hiring the Provincetown Playhouse for two nights, but our program—which included Julian Huxley's 'Monkey Into Man,' a film about evolution, and 'Lamentation,' a Martha Graham dance film—was so spectacularly successful that we were able to run it one night a week for sixteen weeks. At that time, the programs were open to the public and we sold single admissions. Things were going fine, but then, in assembling our second program, we ran into trouble with the New York State censors. We wanted to put on a twenty-two-minute documentary by Alexander Hammid called 'The Private Life of a Cat,' in which there is a sequence showing the birth of kittens, but the censors banned it for public exhibition. A few years later, it appeared on television, on 'Omnibus.' Even without 'The Private Life of a Cat,' our second program was another enormous success. We then put all our profits into promoting and adver-



"The problem is 'The Effect of Automation on Unemployment in the Next Decade.' See if it can solve that!"

tising a third program. Unfortunately, the opening night of the third program was the night of the great blizzard of 1947, and there were only five people in the audience. We'd lost everything and were back at the starting line. I decided to incorporate Cinema 16 as a non-profit film society for members only, thus freeing it from the whims of both the censors and the weather."

Cinema 16 as it operates today, Mr. Vogel informed us, went into business in the spring of 1948, with two hundred members. A year later, the society had two thousand members, and today its membership is some four thousand. From the Provincetown Playhouse, it moved to the Hunter College Playhouse, and then to the auditorium of the High School of Fashion Industries, on West Twenty-fourth Street, where each season, from October to May, some fifteen Wednesday-evening programs are now presented, at a cost to each member of sixteen dollars and fifty cents a season. In addition, a few years ago the society began repeating each Wednesday-evening program on the following Sunday morning in the Murray Hill and Beekman Theatres, and thus one may be either a Wednesday-evening member or a so-called Sunday-brunch member. "Around 1950, we began to show some thirty-five-millimetre films, and our programs are now about half thirty-five and half sixteen," said Mr. Vogel. "Also, in 1951 we began to program feature-length films, mainly avant-garde foreign pictures that distributors here considered commercially risky. Such feature films as Eisenstein's 'Strike,' Buñuel's 'El,' Chmielewski's 'Eva Wants to Sleep,' and Cassavetes' 'Shadows' had their American premières at Cinema 16. We were the first to show the work of the Italian director Michelangelo Antonioni in this country, and now, of course, he is famous here for 'L'Avventura' and 'La Notte.' We also introduced the Argentine director Leopoldo Torre-Nilsson to American audiences, and two of his films have since been publicly released here. Actually, this is a problem for us. We find a talented director, and he then becomes so successful that we can no longer afford his films. So we stick our neck out with the films of yet another new avant-garde director and, more often than not, get criticized and laughed at for our pains. That's all right with us, though. If Cinema 16 can get distributors interested in the work of directors like Antonioni and Torre-Nilsson, we've made our contribution to the cause of the film in America."

Mr. Vogel told us that as an auxiliary to its screenings Cinema 16 rents experimental films to various church, school, and social groups around the country. "Through our rental service, we're getting short documentaries and avant-garde films to an ever-growing serious motion-picture audience all over the United States," he said, handing us a catalogue of the Cinema 16 films available for rental.

In the catalogue we came across a statement by Richard Preston, the director and producer of "Black and White Burlesque," a six-minute experimental satiric movie. "With the aid of film," said Mr. Preston, "I have discovered power and hurl back some of the garbage thrown at me by the manipulators."

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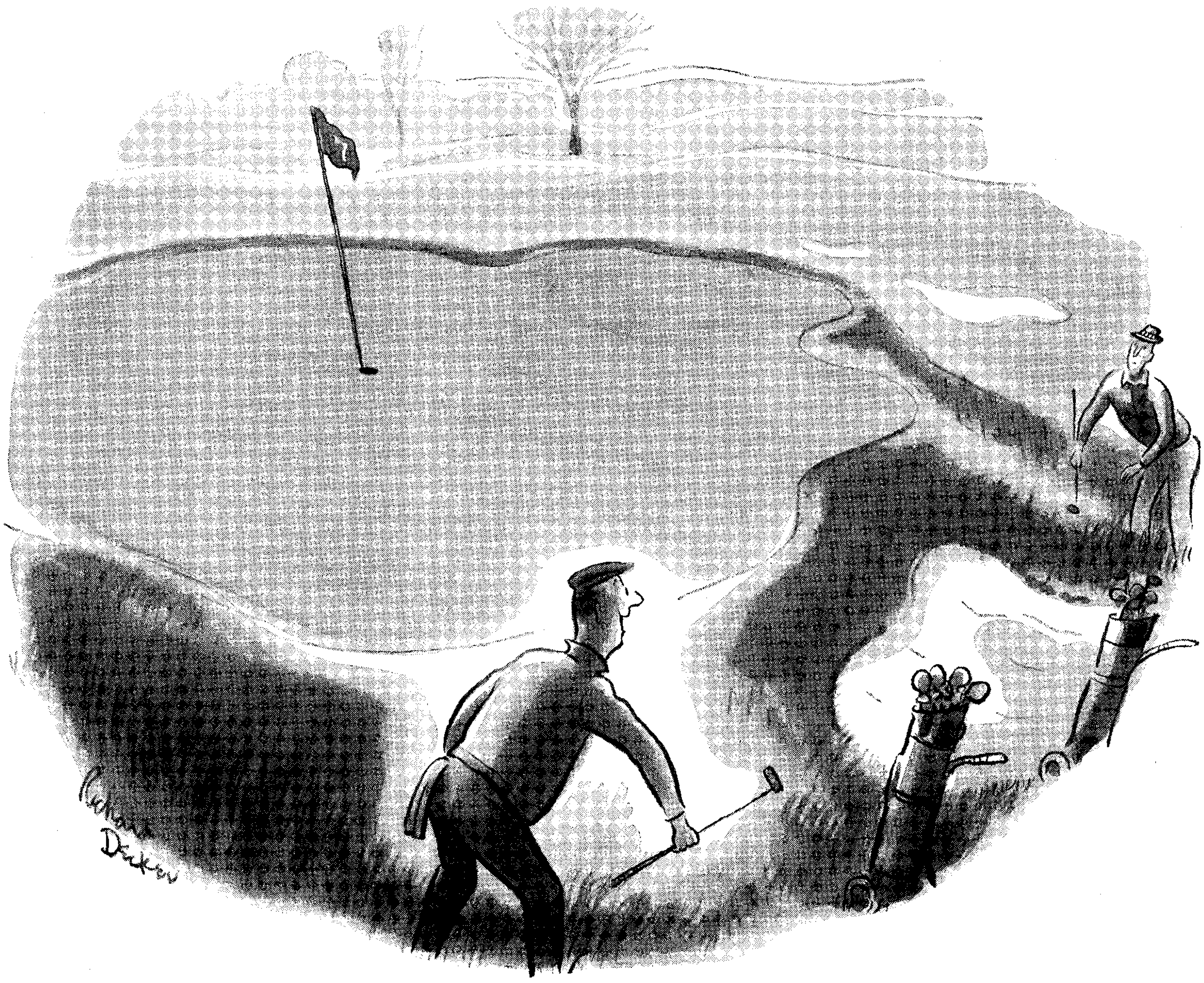
INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The British magazine formerly called *Public Works & Muck Shifter* has been renamed *Muckshifter & Bulk Handler*.

Pantheon

OUR man Stanley breezed into the office the other day, announced "A pretty car is like a melody," honked three times, and deposited the following dispatch:

"Went over to International Automobile Show at Coliseum one balmy spring afternoon last week. Romance in air. Coliseum jammed with teen-agers, mostly male. Boys all hopped up, swarming around shiny, beckoning cars, climbing in and out of front seats. Boys couldn't keep hands off cars. Kept touching everything in sight. Fingerprints *everywhere*, but especially on silver radiators of Rolls-Royces. Boys lined up waiting to leave fingerprints on radiators of Rolls-Royces. I fell in line behind boy who was singing thin, reedy song. Boy was singing, 'When the stars in your eyes look like big pizza pies.' 'Having fun?' I asked boy. 'Barrel,' said boy. 'When the stars in your eyes look like big pizza pies.' Boy seemed about to break into Twist. I left line, headed for Buick exhibit. Danger in air. 'Watch out, folks!' cried blond girl standing beside revolving red Buick. She clutched a hand microphone, and her eyelashes were the length of tail fins. 'Watch out!' she said. 'There's a wildcat loose in the Coliseum! A Buick Wildcat! Torrid new luxury sports car! Sure-footed sock of advanced thrust! Exhilarated feel of sure-footed power behind the wheel! Wildcat!' Pretty girl and Wildcat surrounded by hordes of young men. 'Wildcat!' cried one young man. 'Wildcat!' cried several others. Thought of my grandmother's electric and moved along.

"Hurried through aisles of glittering, gleaming cars—large, small, foreign, domestic, some standing still, some slowly turning (on turntables), others upended and also turning, silently, majestically (also on turntables). Passed thousands of fingerprints. Headed into throng surrounding experimental Ford Cougar. Another pretty girl, another microphone. Girl wearing blue-and-white beanie, white sweater, and short skirt. Pretty girl describing car of future. 'Notice how the doors do not open out but swing out and up,' she said. 'Just like the wings of an airplane! Airy and beautiful! Painless and lovely! Everything operated electronically! And every last part of the instrument panel has been tenderly designed with a jeweller's precision. The dream car of the future!' Ohs and ahs from the fingerprinters. 'And now, if you will just step across the floor to the lovely blond lady alongside the Thunderbird, I think you will be intrigued with what she has to offer,' said Cougar lady. Stepped over to lady standing alongside Thunderbird. Thunderbird lady all set for throng. 'Incomparable features!' she said. 'Flawless body! Exciting! See the way the push-button top rises silently from the trunk itself, and gently, gently swings over and nestles into place. Built-in quality, trend-setting personal console. Which of the four kinds of Thunderbird is *your* kind of live-



"*You know something, Jeff? There* *__is__* *one place we haven't looked.*"

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ly one?' Headed into throng surrounding tall, angular man with pencil-thin mustache, lined face of old-time magician. Angular man standing on raised platform, surrounded by beautiful girls. Man had huge pincushion sewn onto one sleeve, was draping pretty girls with lengths of colored fabric, working like fury, tightening fabrics here, pinning them there, forming bows, waistlines, graceful sleeves. Inevitable lady with hand microphone said all fabrics represented colors used in Chevies—Nassau Blue, Autumn Gold, Roman Red, Laurel Green, Adobe Beige, Twilight Turquoise, Ermine White, Honduras Maroon, and so on. 'M. Alphonse Bergé is skilled at his work,' said lady with microphone. 'He works in fifteen seconds with these delicious colors.' When M. Bergé finished draping pretty girl, he stepped forward, took small, elegant bow, made small, imperious gesture of artistic success, and went to work draping next pretty girl. Girls stood silent, being draped. Girls fearless. Complete confidence in M. Bergé and his ability to stick pins in right places.

"Moved along to blue Corvette Shark—another car of future. Another pretty girl, another microphone. 'A beautiful, exciting car!' she said. 'The upper body has natural coloring. The lower body has natural features. And there are four exposed pipes, which, by the way, are functional. The Shark is like our Sting Ray. Wish you could see our Sting Ray!' Passed Super Spyder and Condor, and took seat in rear of small movie theatre. Film showed red Jetfire—an Oldsmobile. In opening scene, Jetfire parked on quiet street. Elderly man strolling down street spies Jetfire, walks on, does double take, turns around, emits wolf whistle. Proud Jetfire owner emerges from house, discusses fine points of Jetfire with elderly man. Elderly man overwhelmed, can't keep eyes, much less hands, off Jetfire. Owner's wife and couple living next door climb into Jetfire, head for open road. Big Daddy opens her up, lets her rip, careers down highways. Ladies place hands over mouths in mock horror. Thrills galore. 'Jetfire is high adventure,' says voice on sound track. Jetfire stops for gas. Attendant opens Jetfire hood, falls back, stunned. 'It's what's under the hood that counts!' cries sound-track voice. 'A man can look under one thousand hoods and never see the likes of that!' says gas-station attendant. He will never be same again."

Sign

SPRING is definitely with us. A friend of ours took advantage of last Sunday's weather to walk around the Reservoir in Central Park. His path crossed that of a tiny old lady who was being gently wheeled along the cinder path that rims the water. As he passed her wheelchair, he noticed a small transistor radio peeping out from behind a filmy, bright-colored lap robe. It was tuned full blast to a game between the Phillies and the Mets.

WEEKEND

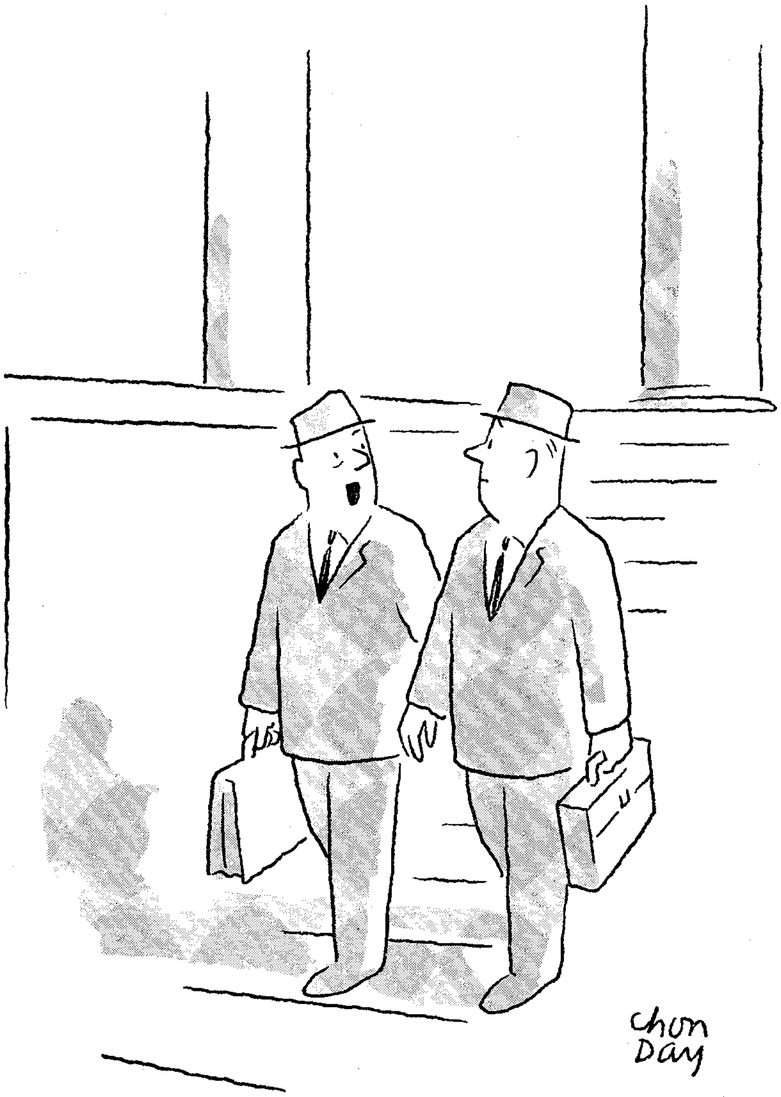
LILIAN, on waking, reached up her arm to pull back the curtain from the window above her bed. The cretonne roses, so recently hung that their folds were still awkward and raw-smelling, tinkled back on brass rings, and sunlight fell around the walls in honey-colored warpings. It was like being under water, she thought, bathed in that delicate light; she had forgotten these contradictions of spring in England—chill, dreary evenings like yesterday's, and bright mornings full of early flowers. She pushed the blankets away and knelt up on the bed to look out the small, paned window. The outer air, the garden glittered; the meadows—for they could hardly be called anything less—unfolded beyond, crowned by a glimpse of the village and the fifteenth-century church. All as suitable, as immaculate as the white window sill on which her elbows rested.

But the room was, of course, cold, and she sank back into the bedclothes. During the night, she had wakened several times to hear the wind rattling the windowpanes and had pushed herself further down the bed, trying to warm her shoulders. (The little electric radiator had been taken away during the day to dry the baby's washing and had not been returned.) Going to bed last night, she had actually consoled herself with the prospect of departure—that it would be her last night in the house. And tonight, no doubt, back in London, she would wonder about the weekend, and comfort herself by telephoning Julie and by thinking out the long, loving letter she would write when she got back to New York. The letter, in her mind, was already some paragraphs advanced.

Like some desolating childhood disappointment, she thought, this anxiety to get away when she had so longed to come here—so longed to see them, and to see Julie most of all. Because, even though Ben was her own brother, it was to Julie she felt closer; Julie she had missed more in these two years away. Given only this weekend, Lilian felt the need to precipitate confidences—"Are you happy, is this really what you want?" she had almost asked Julie last night, coming upstairs. Which was nonsense, impertinence; one couldn't ask it, and in any case Julie would have laughed and told Ben afterward ("What ever do you think Lilian said to me?"). Married couples always betrayed their friends that way—probably for something to say, being so much together. And Ben, indifferent, would say, "How perfectly extraordinary," or "I'm not in the least surprised," or "Poor old Lilian."

Lilian's room was in the old part of the house—seventeenth-century, Julie had said. Lilian allowed a century either way, for Julie's imprecision and the exaggeration of the estate agent. She lay approving the uneven walls, the heavy beams of the roof, the sturdy irregularities of the window and door. The only furniture other than her bed was a new chest of drawers, a cane chair, and a small, unsteady table. On this table stood a china lamp and "Poets of the Present," a frayed volume, in which Thomas Hardy was heavily represented. The room—in fact, the whole house—looked bare. They needed so many things, Julie had said—practically everything—but for a while nothing more could be done; buying the house had taken every penny. On Friday, when Lilian arrived, Julie had shown her around, walking through the rooms with her hand in the crook of Lilian's arm, separating apologetically at doorways. (All the rooms were at slightly different levels, and there was a step or two at each entrance—sometimes dropping, dangerously, beyond a closed door.) Julie's shy, artless face, lowered so that strands of silky hair drooped on Lilian's shoulder, had seemed tired, frail. Her sweater and skirt were aged, unheeded. Too much for her, Lilian thought, this house, and the baby, though I'm sure it's lovely. "Lovely," she had repeated later, in the nursery, over a mound of blue blanket. In the hallway, it was Lilian who linked their arms again.

She pushed the bedclothes back once more, and lowered her feet to the cold, glossy floor. And Ben, she thought, shivering and resting her elbow on her knee and her chin on her hand. She found it hard to believe in Ben as Julie's husband, Simon's father, a member (as she supposed he must be) of the community, travelling up to London every morning of the week, and at home seeming settled and domestic, reading the evening paper with the air of one who must not be disturbed. She supposed that in his way he must love Julie, but she couldn't really imagine him intimate with anyone. She thought of him as a source of knowledge rather than experience, a good, though



"Why don't you and the wife come along? Junket while you're still young enough to enjoy it, I always say."

not contemporary mind, a person rather than a man.

“I ADORE you,” Ben said, without opening his eyes, “but why are you up so early?”

Julie, at the mirror, uttered a strangled sound. She took a bobby pin from between her teeth and fastened up the last, escaping lock of hair. “I have to take care of Simon until the girl arrives. And think about lunch. . . . And then, there’s Lilian.”

“What about her?” Ben stretched out into the depression left by Julie’s body in the other half of the bed. His eyes, now open, were surprisingly alert. “Come and talk to me.”

She came and sat beside him, reaching her arm across his body to rest her hand on the bed. “I just mean I have to think of her—make sure she’s not cold or anything.”

“Difficult to see how she can be anything else, when we’ve got both the radiators.”

“Oh, Lord! I forgot. . . . *Don’t*, darling, after all the trouble I took combing it.”

“Why is it done differently?” He loosened another strand.

“I don’t know—I suppose because Lilian eyes me as though I should Do Something with myself. She makes me feel that I look . . . *married*.”

“Scarcely astonishing, in the circumstances.” He drew her elbow back so that, losing the support of her arm, she collapsed against his breast. She remained there, and he put his arm around her. “ ‘Old, married, and in despair’—is that the idea?”

“Something like that.”

“Too soon for that,” he observed, encouragingly. “But I know what you mean. Since she’s been here I can hardly read the paper without feeling that I’ve sold my immortal soul.”

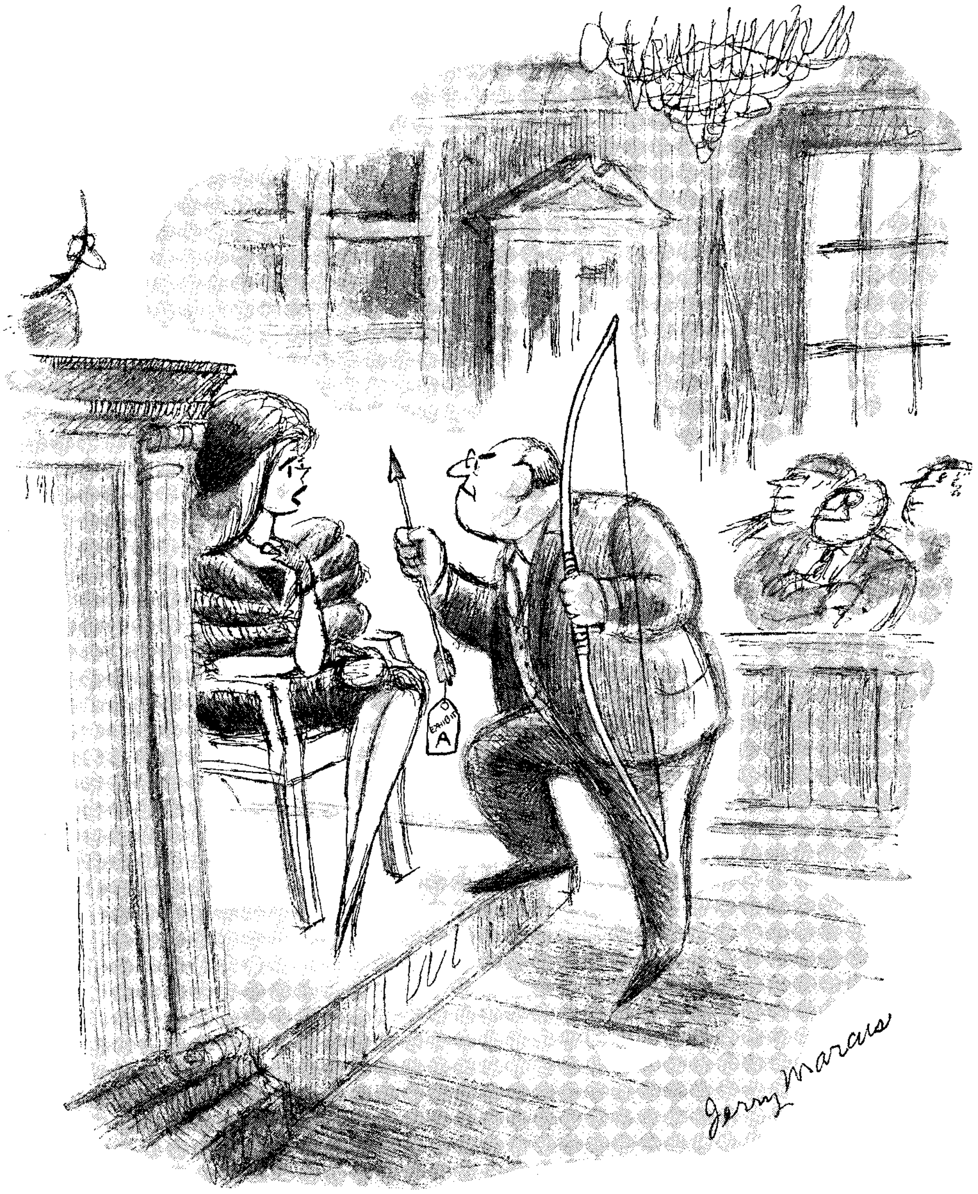
Julie giggled. “Don’t be awful.” She drew away from him and put her hands up to her hair, assessing the damage. “Do you think she’s happy? I get the feeling she doesn’t *want* anything—you know, doesn’t know what she should do with her life. . . . ” She opened another bobby pin with her teeth and replaced it at the back of her head. “We, at least, know where we are.”

“ ‘I AM between water and stone fruit in India,’ ” declared Ben, looking up at Lilian over the *Times*. “In eleven letters.”

“Any clues?”

“None.”

“Pondicherry,” Lilian said, after a moment’s silence.



“Well, for one thing, I didn’t want to wake the children.”

• •

Ben wrote. Pleased with herself, Lilian curled her legs up on the sofa and wondered if she should be in the kitchen, helping Julie. There were to be guests for lunch.

“ ‘A secret’—blank—‘in the stream.’ Tennyson. Nine letters.”

“No clues?”

“Begins and ends with ‘s.’ ”

“Sweetness,” said Julie unexpectedly from the dining room. She appeared for a moment in the doorway and added, “ ‘In Memoriam,’ ” polishing a glass with a dish towel.

“Twenty across,” Ben resumed, but Lilian got up and followed Julie.

The kitchen smelled of roasting lamb, and of floor polish and mint sauce. What an appalling stove, Lilian thought; surely they’ll replace it.

“Do sit down,” Julie told her, pulling out a chair by the table. “We’ll be five for lunch—some neighbors called Marchant and the three of us. No, darling, thank you, there’s nothing; everything’s done. Unless perhaps you’d like to shell the peas.” She turned her attention to the meat. “It’s quite efficient, really, this kitchen—though, as you see, we had to put in a new stove.”

Lilian began to break pods over a colander. “What are they like, your neighbors?”

“The Marchants? We scarcely know them. They drove over one day, in a Volkswagen, to call—we’d been introduced by the previous owners of the house. And they asked us to dinner last week, but we couldn’t leave the baby. Seem all right—a bit dull.” Having basted the lamb, Julie slid it back into the oven and straightened up. She plunged the basting spoon into suds in the sink. “Nothing against them, really, apart from the car.”

Arriving late in their Volkswagen,

OXYGEN

Bearer of finches and clouds, pale atmosphere
Holds it, a rose in a bouquet of daisies,
Although odorless, the one-fifth of each breath
That keeps flesh firm on the bone, the old blood warm,

Thought bright as young fish in the brain. Botanists
Say that plants exhale this element, push it
Out through olive skin. But who can say whether
It is this calm expiration or merely

Twilight and the first dew when, bending above
Vinca, hovering over viburnum leaves,
Underneath wide maples, we fill our nostrils
With a cool abundance of what gives us life?

—Joan Swift

• •

the Marchants brought with them a big, restless Dalmatian called Spot. Mr. Marchant was stocky and bald, with heavy glasses and a suit of limp tweed. Mrs. Marchant was slight and ginger-haired, and wore a green pullover and a gray flannel skirt. They stood for some minutes in the hall, commenting on improvements in high, authoritative voices, before they could be induced to enter the living room. Mrs. Marchant did not sit down at once, but moved across the room to stare at a picture before veering sharply away to the window. Rather, Lilian could not help thinking, like a small colored fish in an aquarium. Spot, after a brisk canter around the furniture, flopped down to pant in a corner where Ben was preparing drinks.

Mrs. Marchant gave Lilian her divided attention. "You've just been—thank you, with a little water—to America?"

"She lives there," Ben said, stepping over the dog. "Out of the way, Fido."

"Spot," corrected Mrs. Marchant, scenting disparagement.

Mr. Marchant, who was a lawyer, produced some formidably documented views on the conduct of government in the United States. Congressional legislation appeared to him as a series of venal disasters—catalogued, Lilian felt, with a certain satisfaction.

Julie was quietly interrogating the dog, now sitting at her feet. "Are you a good doggie?" Spot smiled, but kept his counsel.

Unable to refute Mr. Marchant, and badly situated for conversation with Spot, Lilian kept silent. Perhaps it's a system, something one gets used to again, she told herself—like doing the *Times* crossword puzzle.

Mrs. Marchant was inclined to be tolerant. "The Americans who come over here seem pleasant enough, don't you think?"

"Oh, absolutely," Ben agreed. He put out his cigarette, and added, "A trifle assiduous, perhaps," before lighting another.

Mrs. Marchant persisted. "But I've always got on well with them. We had four in our house—remember, Hugh?—during the war. Well-behaved boys. They read aloud in the evenings." She nodded to reinforce this surprising memory.

"Did they really?" Julie, who had risen, paused at the door of the dining room. "What?"

Mrs. Marchant's approval diminished. "Well, I *was* hoping for Wordsworth, which Daddy would have so loved—my father was living with us then. But instead they read an interminable thing about a whale—a *whale*, I assure you. I thought we'd never see the back of that whale. But mercifully, when the good weather came, they opened the Second Front."

Lilian, glancing up in dismay, was astonished to find Julie's face disarrayed with amusement.

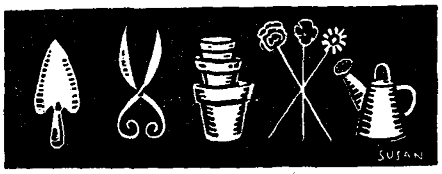
They sat down to lunch, and Ben carved the meat. Spot, having found his way under the table, squeezed back and forth among their legs, his firm, bristly sides heaving with cheerful interest, his tail slapping wildly. Julie looked pained, and once laid down her knife and fork as though she were about to speak—but didn't. At last Mr. Marchant got up from the table, apologizing, and called the dog to the door.

"Out, damned Spot," he said, pointing. Everyone laughed except Mrs. Marchant, who appeared to have heard the joke a hundred times. The dog pattered out as if he had intended this all along.

JULIE washed the dishes, and Lilian dried them. The Marchants, waving, had disappeared with Spot in their car, shortly after lunch. Ben had gone out to work in the garden ("Before the rain comes," Julie said, although there was no sign of rain). In the sun outside the kitchen window, Simon slept in his pram.

"Is he warm enough there?" Lilian asked.

Julie looked up, her hands in the sink. "Oh, don't you think so?" she asked anxiously, alarming Lilian, who had expected a confident reassurance.



"It's beginning to get chilly," she said. Together, they looked uncertainly at the strip of sunshine on the grass. Their shoulders touched.

"Oh, God!" shouted Ben from the garden. He crossed rapidly in front of the kitchen window and came in at the back door, a bundle of drooping plants in his hand. "Julia," he said, using her full name to emphasize his displeasure. (How infantile men are, Lilian thought.) "Julia, the lupines are all dug up. Will you please tell those people for Christ's sake not to bring their filthy dog here again?"

"Yes, dear," Julie replied seriously, apparently memorizing the message in order to convey it with complete accuracy. "Can't they be replanted?"

He shook his head. "The blighter's chewed them."

Lilian wiped the draining board and hung the wet dish towel on a rod to dry. "I'll bring Simon in, shall I?" she said smoothly, and made her way past Ben into the garden.

"Leave the pram," Julie called. "Ben will bring it."

Outside the kitchen door, the grass was sparse and trampled, and flaked with wood shavings from the recent passage and unpacking of furniture. Beyond, however, it became lavishly green, in need of cutting and scattered with spring flowers. The garden, more delicate than ever in the already dying light, was surrounded by ancient trees and, on one side, by a thick, trim hedge of box. A memory even as one stands here, Lilian thought, saddened by anticipation of her own nostalgia—and yet pleased all at once to have come out at this moment, to find the scene imposing some sort of misty symmetry on the untidy events of the day. I may cry, she told herself with surprise, as she lifted the sleeping Simon.

Ben, still grasping the ravished lupines, looked at her with interest as he came out of the house.

Lilian gathered up the trailing blanket with her free hand and walked slowly away. He will say, "Poor old Lilian," after I've left, she reminded herself. In the kitchen, she handed Simon over to his mother. "Now I must really go and pack," she said.

Lilian leaned from the window of the train. "I'll telephone you from London," she told Julie.

It will come right again, on the telephone, they assured each other silently.

Julie, suddenly pale and tired, brushed away tears. "It's cold. I should have brought a coat."

"What?"

"It's cold."

"Next time I'll come in the summer."

Crying, Julie laughed. "It'll still be cold. But come back soon."

"Do you have everything you need?" Ben asked, too late for ambiguity, glancing at the magazine stall.

"Yes, thanks. Oh, goodbye." The train drew away. "Goodbye!"

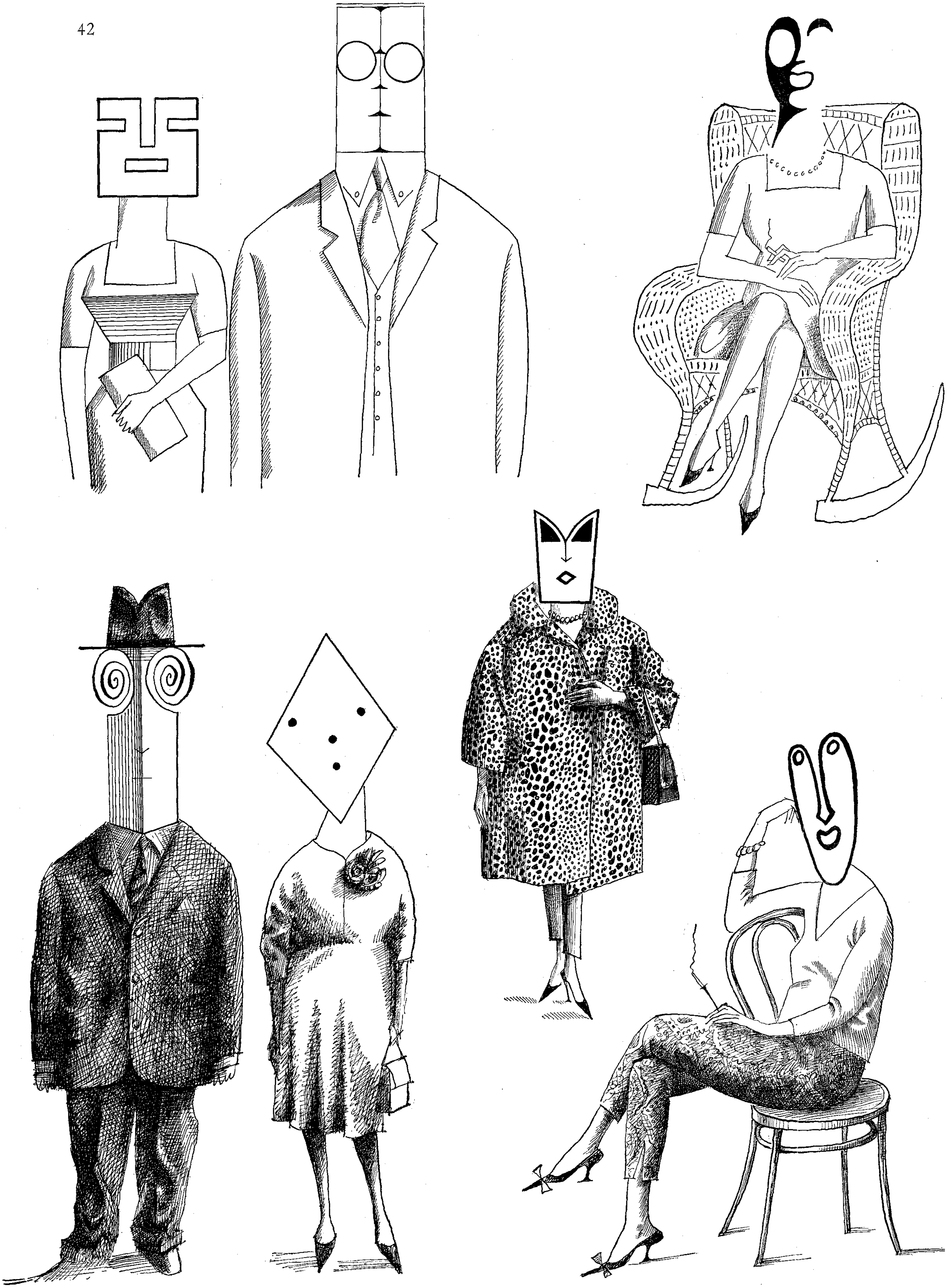
"Goodbye! Lilian . . . goodbye."

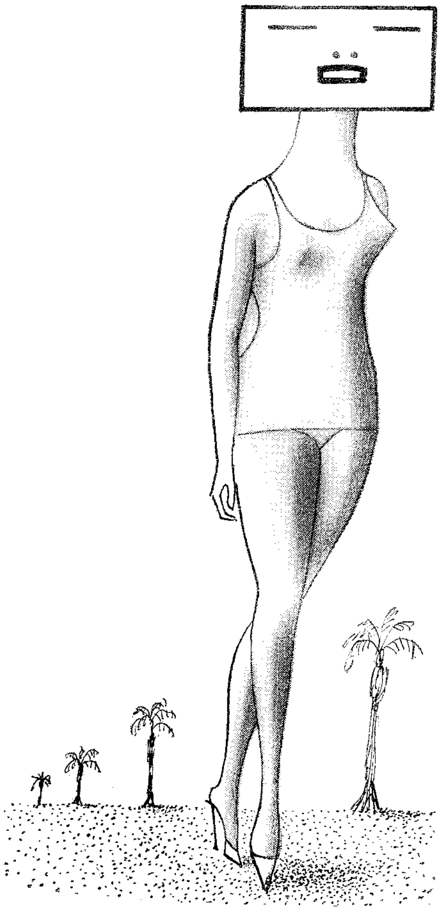
They waved, close at last for a moment, before the train ran into the darkness.

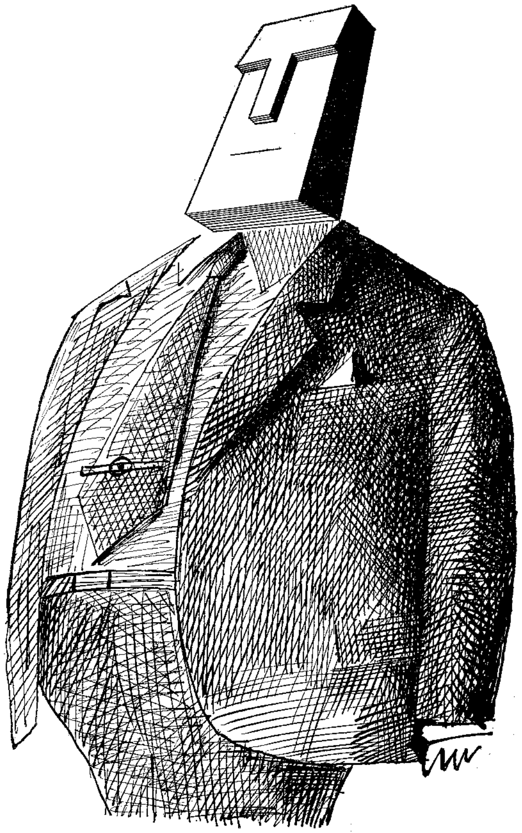
The two on the platform stood still for a few seconds, convalescent, before they walked away to their little car. In the clear, black, country air outside the station, Julie shivered again. The wind had risen, as it had the night before. They got into the car without speaking. Only when the engine started, on the third try, did Julie move up against Ben. He put his arm briefly around her, and then withdrew it. The car moved off.

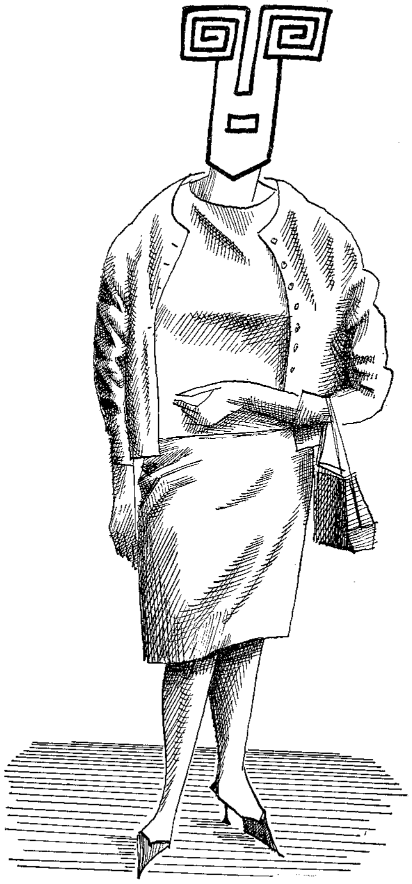
"Poor old Lilian," Julie said.

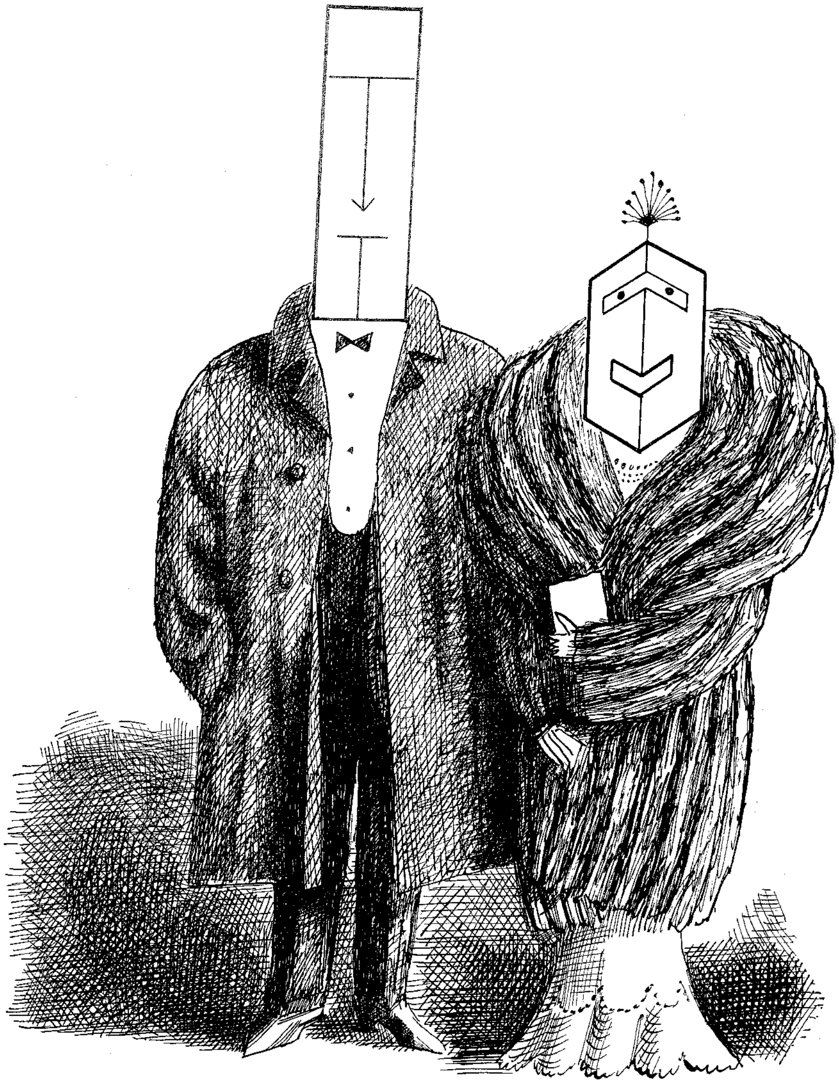
—Shirley Hazzard











STEINBERG

QUONG

ONE of the many charms that Bangkok in the nineteen-thirties held out to a lucky, self-centered, footloose, and more or less carefree young American male of middle-class background was that of being waited on by Chinese servants, who traditionally were supposed to glide in and out of his teakwood-panelled dining room in his foreign-style house. Although I was in Siam all the way from 1930 to 1933, this particular charm was half denied me. I had two Chinese servants who waited on me during those years, but only one of them glided. His name was Chang. The other one was named Quong. I think now that Quong tried to glide like Chang, but I'm not absolutely positive about it. Both of them wore white canvas sneakers. Chang moved noiselessly as he made his way across the uncarpeted floors of the house. So did all the other Chinese servants in all the other foreign-style houses out there. But when Quong walked, he made flapping sounds with his feet. As anybody who wishes to try it may easily discover for himself, it is impossible to cause well-fitting sneakers to flap when you walk on a hard surface unless the heel is deliberately brought down hard and a stiff foot is then allowed to flap forward and downward and is, moreover, speeded in its downward movement by the application of all the muscular strength the ankle possesses. Quong didn't do that. When anybody is doing that, it is easy enough for the most casual observer to tell whether he is doing it or not. Quong walked just as Chang walked. Yet he flapped. And to this inconsequential circumstance I feel I owe a good deal. At a certain time of life, one is grateful for the vividness and exactitude of one's memory of old events and vanished feelings, and I have found that it is not something large and known, such as views of Siamese temples in a movie travelogue or Oriental odors or flavors encountered in a restaurant, that will start my mind going on pleasurable roller-coaster rides of total recall; it is almost always something small and mysterious, such as Quong's flap.

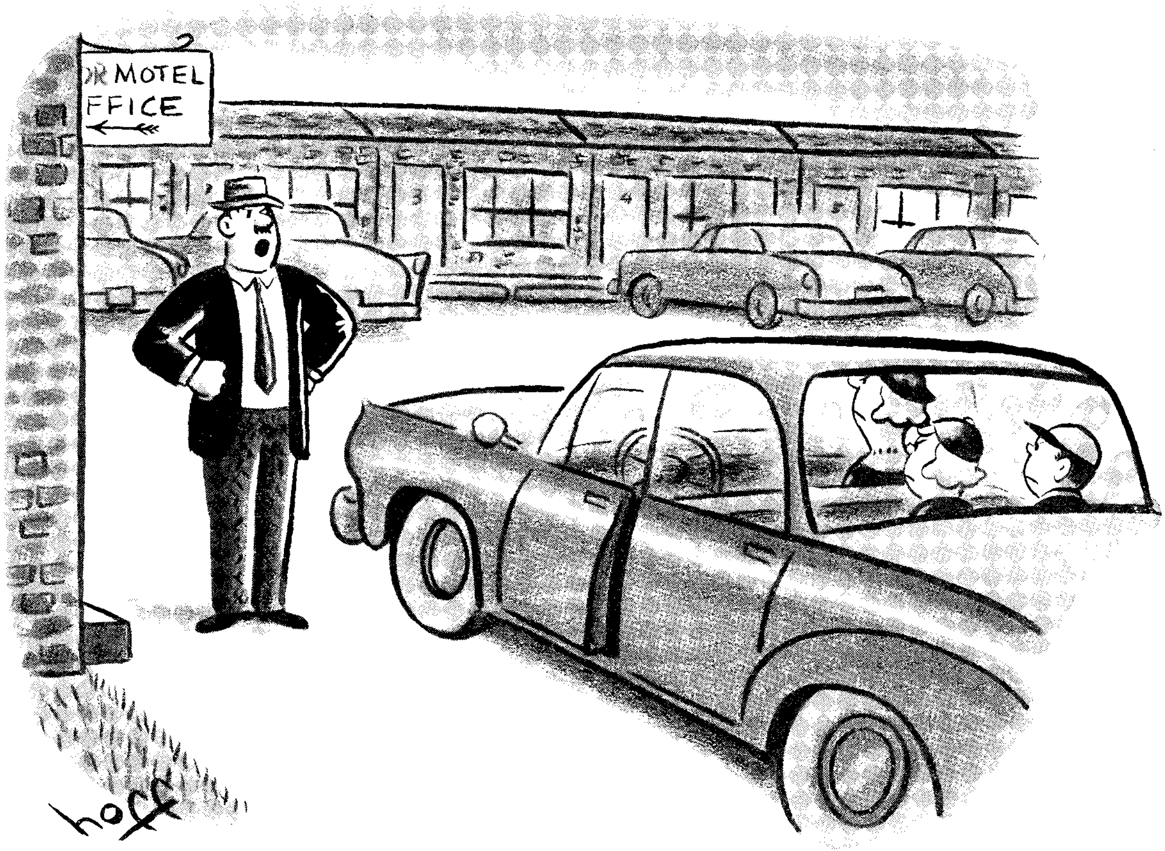
EXCEPT for his way of walking, Quong was in every way superior to Chang. Quong was tall, lean, mature, and graceful. Chang was young, chunky, and at times clumsy. Quong seemed intelligent, whereas Chang seemed only astonished. Quong's face was animated. Chang's was inclined toward immobility. For these and many other reasons, which would include every quality that recommends a good servant, Quong was the No. 1 Boy and Chang was his assistant.

Quong was the chief executive of a household that represented a large and complex operation. It consisted of my wife and myself, Quong and Chang, the cook and the coolie, the gardener, the laundress, and the chauffeur. We had rented the house, and everything and everybody that went with it, not long after our arrival. A few such houses and staffs were always available for newly arrived foreigners in Bangkok. They were owned by Chinese who were not servants. My young wife was about to increase the household by two, by hiring an ayah and having our first and only baby; after that, I was to up it once again by hiring a syce and buying a polo pony.

In addition to being the largest household of which I have ever been the master, it was also, I suppose, the happiest. Nobody could say I had anything to worry about. I was twenty-five. A year and a half earlier, I had been a reporter on the New York *Herald Tribune*, earning eighty-five dollars a week. Now, implausibly, I was editor-in-chief of the Bangkok *Daily Mail*, and was being paid, in gold, a salary that, when exchanged for Siamese ticals, encouraged me to live in a style the *Herald Tribune* had not accustomed me to. Even in the worldwide depression that was then beginning, there was little chance of the *Daily Mail's* folding up and going under, as so many newspapers were doing back home, because it was owned by King Prajadhipok. At that time, and for several years afterward, he was the only absolute monarch in the world.

During our frequent dinner parties, at which we entertained the international set rather than the American set, nobody seemed to be aware of Quong's unique walk, but when my wife and I were dining alone there was less noise, and it then became noticeable. We only whispered to each other in wonderment about it, at first. Much of our private conversation in that house was carried on in whispers. The house was all open verandas and closed verandas and bamboo curtains and open windows and doors and mosquito netting, and you never knew who might be listening to what you said, or whether he or she might understand English in addition to pidgin English. In the tiny American community, made up mostly of missionaries, a handful of Standard Oil men and their families, and the American diplomatic mission, which was headed by a bewildered and suspicious financier from Pennsylvania, the unswerving belief was that all servants in Bangkok understood everything one said even when they claimed not to know pidgin English, and *heard* everything one said even when one whispered. But although my wife and I learned to tolerate and eventually have close friendships with the Standard Oil people, we were hopelessly prejudiced against financiers and missionaries and we didn't entirely believe them; besides, as far as we were concerned, the whole situation only in-

creased the fun of the adventure of living in Bangkok.



"When the pioneers came through here a hundred years ago, you can bet they *didn't care whether or not a motel had color television."*

• •

ONE night when we were dining alone and had finished the canapés, soup, fish, entrée, and roast, and were looking forward to the dessert, I languidly and amiably addressed Quong directly on the subject of the sound of his walk. "Quong," I said, using an improvisation of the pidgin English I hadn't fully mastered, "how come you walkee flap-flap thataway?"

Quong's mouth began to open in a grin, and then it seemed to sag. "No savvy, Marstah," he said softly, leaning forward deferentially and at the same time alertly. "Marstah makee savvy?"

Confidently, I placed both my hands flat on the nearly cleared-off table and walked them across it, letting the heel of the right hand come down first and then the stiffened fingers of that hand, and then the heel of the left hand, followed by the stiffened fingers of that hand, and so on. I felt pleased with the demonstration. "How you makum walkee flap-flap, flap-flap, Quong?" I asked.

Quong's expressive oval countenance suddenly bristled with what I took to be comprehension. "Him faw down sloofay me go tellee cook flam-bang!" he said desperately and indignantly, and then he loped off toward the kitchen, running noiselessly on his toes. Chang, who had been standing by, glided out after him.

My wife and I looked at each other from opposite ends of the table, which was built to accommodate eight and could sit twelve without undue crowding. She knew well enough what I had said to Quong, but neither of us had any idea what Quong had said to me, or why he had run off to the kitchen in such a hurry. He had never *run* anywhere before. He had invariably walked, even if it was obvious to us that for one reason or another he was in a rush to get wherever he was going. I can see now, of course, that an acute reader familiar with the Orient of those times might hazard a guess that we were having a soufflé for dessert, that Quong thought my gestures and speech had been meant to tell him that I had somehow divined that the soufflé was about to fall, and that—his not to question how I could know—he'd gone off with as much speed as possible to tell the cook to jack up the soufflé with more heat. And that is precisely what had happened. It was some time, though, before matters were even partially straightened out.

First, Chang glided in with a bulletin from the kitchen. "Cookee say no flap-flap swingsee sloofay him come quick Marstah Mem see no flap-flap swingsee sloofay," he told us.

Now, should anybody following this chronicle be acute enough to be able to tell me what "swingsee" stands for, I would appreciate it. I and a good many other people, some of them both patient and learned, have been searching for the significance of "swingsee" for a long, long time. But I will return to the swingsee situation later on. In the dining room of the house in Bangkok, it was now clear to us that the cook had told Chang to tell us that the soufflé hadn't fallen flap-flap. We nodded at Chang, who glided back to the kitchen. We waited.

"Maybe Quong's sneakers aren't made the same way as Chang's," my wife remarked.

"The main thing now," I replied, "is to find out what kind of soufflé it is. Swingsee. Did you know we were having a soufflé tonight?"

She shook her bobbed head cheerfully. Another part of the joy of living in Bangkok was that you never knew, unless you had made a special request, what you were going to have for dinner; it was invariably delicious, and each course was served with a suitable wine of Quong's choice—sherry with the soup, sauterne with the fish, and so on to the port with the cheese that came after the dessert—a routine unfamiliar to us in the houses in which we had been brought up in America, where prohibition was in force, and where one scarcely ever came across sauterne.

There was the flap-flap of Quong's sneakers approaching from behind me, and then the soufflé, proudly puffing itself out of its dish, was offered to my wife. From my end of the table, it looked like a chocolate soufflé, but I wasn't sure. Quong's whole being formed itself into a quivering question mark as he bent forward holding the dish. My wife looked at me and picked up the serving spoon and fork, the handles of which were extended to her from the soufflé dish at just the right angle. I heard a rustling movement behind my back, and whirled around. There stood Chang *and* the cook. The cook had never been in the dining room before; in fact, neither of us had seen him anywhere at all, except on the first day, when we had looked briefly into his kitchen. He was fat and wrinkled and old, and he wore a pigtail. Chang, who stood beside him, looked flabbergasted, as usual, but at the same time mildly interested. The cook looked as if there might be anger underneath the composed folds of his flesh.

"For God's sake, open it," I said to my wife, trying to keep my voice down.

My wife helped herself, and as she broke the delicate crust the odor of chocolate perfumed the room. "It's a chocolate one!" she said delightedly.

She tasted it, and then smiled and waved and nodded to the cook and to Chang, who were still behind me, and she gave Quong a further smile and several more nods before he brought the soufflé to me. Chang and the cook gazed at me. I looked at them over my shoulder. Then they retired, talking to each other in many tones until they were out of hearing.

"Tellee cook much yum-yum sloofay," I said heartily to Quong when I had tasted my own enormous portion.

"Velly good, Marstah," he said.

"Quong, what ketchum this 'swingsee'?" I asked casually.

"'Swingsee,' Marstah?" Quong asked, resuming his interrogatory attitude. "Velly solly, Marstah. Quong no savvy 'swingsee.'"

"Oh, well, never— Just forget all same nevvy mindee, Quong. Chang he say cook say sloofay 'swingsee,' and me no savvy, but forget it."

Quong's expression changed from curiosity to exasperation—but not toward me, it seemed. He placed the soufflé dish on the sideboard with what was almost a bang and was about to sprint toward the kitchen, his eyes glowing with hatred, when I got up and grabbed him by the arm.

"No!" I said. "Me—Marstah and Mem—evvybody plenty much happy velly *happy* sloofay! Yum-yum sloofay! Here!" I took three ticals out of my pocket and stuffed them into his hand. "Tical—cook," I said. "Tical—Chang. Tical—Quong."

I let go Quong's arm, and he departed with a measured flap-flap that indicated to me that he might be confused, but there was a smile on his face that denoted at least a degree of pleasure. I reflected, as I went back to my seat, that I must somehow learn to stop distributing cash among the servants as if I were living in a luxury hotel. I must remember, I told myself, that they were all salaried people, and that I was paying their salaries. All my friends had been urging me to quit it. They had told me it would spoil the servants. But I had no opportunity for further reflection on the subject, or even time to finish eating my portion of the soufflé. My wife suddenly seemed to begin to sob uncontrollably. This puzzled me. But then the gesture she began to make seemed entirely clear.

Before she was able to talk distinctly, I set things in motion. I had rehearsed this procedure for weeks. Everybody in the house, and one family in the neighborhood, knew exactly what to do. I jumped up from the table, knocking my chair over backward, rushed into the living room, picked up a felt-covered hammer, and began to beat on an enormous antique Chinese gong I had recently bought and hung there for this express purpose. "Baby coming!" I thundered, making a megaphone of my free hand. "*Bay-bee come-e-e-e-e-ing!*"

There were shouts and squeaks from all over, followed by the thuds and poundings of bare and sneakered feet as men and women ran and jumped around on wooden floors and brick walks. The chauffeur started up the 1927 Chevrolet touring car in the lean-to that served as a garage, and then began to blow the horn in measured blasts of seven staccato screeches. That was to tell the chauvinistic but dependable Presbyterian missionary family, a quarter of a mile down the road, to take off in their Oldsmobile roadster for the French hospital and inform the nuns that we were on the way, and then go on from there to pass the same message to Dr. Gervais, whose house adjoined the hospital. Still broadcasting with the horn, our chauffeur whisked the Chevy up to the main entrance of the house and kept his motor racing. As he did so, the newly engaged ayah skipped out of our bedroom with a suitcase, followed by Chang, who carried a willow basket full of lacy blue-and-white things, and Quong, who carried a satchel containing the ayah's ointments and powders,

THE DRUNKARDS

I

Notions of freedom are tied up with drink.
Our ideal life contains a tavern
Where man may sit and talk or just think,
All without fear of the nighted wyvern;
Or yet another tavern where it appears
There are no No Trust signs, no No Credit,
And, apart from the unlimited beers,
We sit unhackled, drunk, and mad to edit
Tracts of a really better land where man
May drink a finer, ah, an undistilled wine
That subtly intoxicates without pain,
Weaving the vision of the unassimilable inn
Where we may drink forever without owing,
With the door open, and the wind blowing.

II

The noise of death is in this desolate bar,
Where tranquillity sits bowed over its prayer
And music shells the dream of the lover,
But when no nickel brings this harsh despair
Into this loneliest of homes,
And of all dooms the loneliest yet,
When no electric music breaks the beat
Of hearts to be doubly broken but now set
By the surgeon of peace in the splint of woe,
Pierces more deeply than trumpets do
The motion of the mind into that web
Where disorders are as simple as the tomb
And the spider of life sits, sleep.

—Malcolm Lowry

• •

"I know he's not real, but he scares the hell out of me all the same."

• •

and an electric fan in case the hospital was short of them. All this took place as quickly as an alert destroyer clears its decks for action, and before my wife could get control of herself.

"No!" she shouted then from the dining room. "No baby coming! *Baby no coming!* It was just," she went on loudly but with composure, coming into the living room and looking at me, and pointing to her stomach as she had done earlier, "that I got to laughing about the swingsee sloofay!"

She kissed me on the cheek, and things quieted down while I set off in the Chevy to explain matters to the nuns, the doctor, and the missionaries, and to seek a half hour's relaxation at one of my clubs.

ALL in all, I was a busy young man in Bangkok. In addition to running the newspaper, which required eight or nine hours' work a day, not including Sundays, I belonged to the Royal Bangkok Sports Club, the French Club, the German Club, the Danish Club, and the Polo Club, and I played golf and tennis, swam, played bridge and chess, tried to learn to play polo, and kept up a lively airmail correspondence with my friend and former superior Stanley Walker—who was city editor of the *Herald Tribune*—on the general subject of how things were going in Siam under Prajadhipok and in the United States under Hoover. I also found time to pursue my investigation into the matter of Quong's way of walking.

Without any fanfare of any sort, my wife had the chauffeur drive her to the hospital one afternoon when I was at the office. Then the chauffeur picked me up and drove me to the hospital. Evening came, and Dr. Gervais finally advised me to go out on the lawn and look at the stars. I did so. They were all out, and I examined them individually and collectively. Soon everything was over. It was a boy, and the nuns told us he would grow to be a very big man because he had such wide shoulders. My wife insisted that he be named after me, and he was.

Reaching home some hours later, after ceremonial visits to my clubs, I found that everybody in the household was still awake. Quong and Chang lit firecrackers and Roman candles beside the little lake in the garden, which enabled me to stand in the dark and make use of the pongee handkerchief I had lately learned to carry in the cuff of my white linen jacket. They had waited up for me! After the fireworks, we all went inside—Quong, Chang, the cook, the coolie, the gardener, the laundress, and the chauffeur—and I opened a locked rosewood wall cabinet and handed around drinks and cigars to those who would accept them. Quong took Scotch without any Seltzer, Chang chose yellow Chartreuse, the cook settled on brandy, the coolie wanted green crème de menthe, the laundress declined and hid her face in her shawl, the gardener explained, through Quong, that he was a Hindu and wished only some lemon squash, and the chauffeur turned out to be a Siamese Baptist who never touched anything but Coca-Cola.

With an eloquence that perhaps only the arrival of a first child can produce in a man, I was presently able to explain to the cook, using wild flights of pidgin English and elaborate charades, the whole story of the soufflé mixup that Quong's way of walking had caused. Chang tried to imitate Quong's walk,

"This is Wilson's pride and joy—an unlisted number that nobody knows."

• •

but he couldn't make his feet flap, and neither could I when I put on my tennis shoes and tried it. Then Quong showed us that he flapped even with his sneakers off. At everybody's urging, he then put his sneakers back on and tried—or seemed to try—to glide noiselessly like Chang. No soap. During all this, I was able to examine Quong's way of walking from every angle—standing, sitting, and lying on the floor. I learned nothing I didn't already know.

I HAD found out, the day before the baby came, that nobody at the *Daily Mail*—which employed persons speaking the languages of China, Siam, Malaya, French Indo-China, and parts of India—could offer a clue to the significance of "swingsee." It is now my suspicion that Chang simply made it up, in the course of the general excitement, in order, perhaps, to add to the gaiety of nations and of aging men. What still mystifies me, though, in addition to Quong's way of walking, is how distinctly the words and truths we don't know the meaning of can stay in our minds for decades on end. We all know only too well how clearly the things we *do* understand come back to us again and again, but wouldn't you think that the things we don't would leave our memories entirely?

In that connection, I ran into a Chinese, who is a professor of physics at Columbia, on a Westchester golf course last summer. When I was in the Air Force during the Second World War, I had met him in Burma, not many miles from the Siamese border, where he was working with one of our O.S.S. units, and I had put questions to him one evening after mess concerning Chang's use of "swingsee." The Chinese scientist had thought and thought, and finally said, "It simply doesn't and cannot mean anything in any language I know, and I know a good many. Moreover, the tantalizing thing about it is that it comes so close to meaning any number of things in all those languages. Just a little tinkering with 'swingsee' here or there and you could just about write your own ticket. But if it's 's-w-i-n-g-s-e-e,' *it simply* represents something nobody knows—the unknowable 'swingsee.'" Then, when I ran into him on the Westchester golf course last summer, he said, after we had exchanged greetings, "It *was* 's-w-i-n-g-s-e-e,' was it not?"

I told him that was correct.

"I was afraid so," he said. "I have never been able to get it out of my mind—the unknowable 'swingsee.'"

And then, with the ineffable tact of an Oriental, he told me with what sorrow he had learned a few years back that the son of mine who was born in Bangkok—and whom he had never seen—had been killed along with his crew when the single blade of a small helicopter he was piloting on an Air Force training mission over Germany after the war suddenly disintegrated in midair.

I APPRECIATE it when friends who come to see me at my office in Manhattan knock on my door before entering it. One of them did this only the other day, and I was particularly glad he did. His courtesy gave me time to quit what I was doing and sit down at my desk before saying "Come in." My desk happens to face a wall, so my friend was unable to see that with my pin-striped dark-blue three-piece Brooks Brothers suit I was wearing a dirty old pair of white sneakers. I'd come across them while going through the drawers of the desk in search of something or other. The sneakers, of course, had reminded me of Quong. They were a relic from a health club in midtown Manhattan that went out of business in the nineteen-forties, but when I saw them I thought only of Quong. At the moment my friend knocked on my door, I was balanced on one sneaker in the middle of my uncarpeted floor. With my arms spread out like wings, I was smiling and leaning over sidewise in order to see my feet clearly through my bifocals while I placed one sneaker in front of the other. In short, I was trying to see myself walk in sneakers, and was noting that they didn't flap. Or was I, by these elaborate means, seeking to watch Quong walk once again across the teakwood-panelled dining room in that vanished kingdom across the seas?

—St. Clair McKelway

•

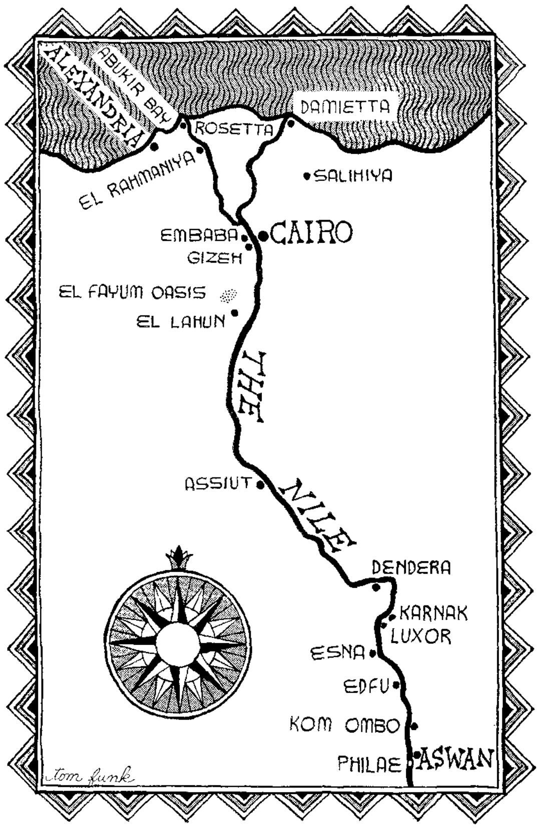
"She was much better. After all, you can't expect people to be Garbos the first time out."—*Jerry Wald, the Hollywood producer, quoted in Newsweek.*

Garbo was.

ANNALS OF EXPLORATION

THE BLUE NILE

II—A FEW STAKES ALONG THE WAY



BONAPARTE's admiring biographer Thiers describes the French invasion of Egypt as "the rashest attempt that history records—rasher even than Moscow." But was it really so? In the year 1798, French arms were everywhere victorious, the Dutch were allies, the Central European states were contained along the Rhine, Spain was helpless, and by his defeat of Austria Bonaparte not only had conquered northern and central Italy but had virtually made himself director of the Papacy as well. It was really a matter of finding fresh battlefields for the Revolutionary Army, since it was filled with confidence and eager for more victories. England, of course, was still in the field, but what could England do? The Royal Navy might be very strong, but its best ships were needed at home, since England herself was in imminent danger of invasion by the French. Nor was the Egyptian campaign a hastily conceived project, or a mere pretext for continuing the war. Bonaparte had been preparing for it for a long time. Having very carefully studied affairs in the Near East (in 1797, Milan's celebrated library was removed by the French as part of their booty; when the books arrived in Paris, it was found that nearly every volume relating to the East had been annotated with marginal notes in Bonaparte's handwriting), he had every reason to believe that the Ottoman Empire was far too weak to defend its distant province of Egypt, and that in Egypt itself the ruling Mamelukes were a worn-out military clique of medieval backwardness. Then, too, it has to be remembered that Bonaparte was a Corsican; he felt at home in the Mediterranean. He believed, with some confidence, that he had an understanding of the devious politics of the Moslems and the East. The Mamelukes were hated as foreign tyrants in Egypt, and had all but thrown off their allegiance to Constantinople. Why should it not be possible to go to the Turkish Sultan and offer to regain for him his lost province? Surely this was the most effective way to injure England, because from Egypt the French would be able to menace the British in India—perhaps even land in India itself.

Since early in 1797, Bonaparte had had all these matters in mind. He had discussed them with Desaix, whom he was already beginning to single out as one of the ablest of the Revolutionary generals. He had pressed the idea in his correspondence with Talleyrand in Paris. And in making peace with Austria in Italy he had taken good care to get possession not only of the Venetian fleet but of the Ionian Islands, at the mouth of the Adriatic. It was now simply a question of seizing Malta. With Malta in French hands, the Mediterranean would be well on the way to becoming a French lake. There were visions of glory in all this—dreams of Alexandrian conquests in the fabulous East—but even the most superficial study of Bonaparte's actions at this time shows that he was far from being carried away by his own enthusiasm. He was very cool and very practical. He was not a Hitler making impassioned speeches; he was a newly arrived young general of incredible confidence, quietly and precisely imposing his will upon the men who held the power in Paris. He despised the Directory, and the Directors, for their part, feared him, and therefore hated him: the main thing, they felt, was to get him out of the way. And so by March, 1798, we find them coming around to Bonaparte's plan for an invasion of Egypt.

One pauses here to glance once again at the phenomenon of this young man who had got himself into such a commanding position. Granted that he was a prodigy from birth, granted that the Revolution had opened for him opportunities that would never have come his way under Louis XVI, it is still a fact that a bare four years earlier his name had been nothing in the world; he was then actually under arrest in Antibes, charged with disloyalty, and was contemplating offering his services as an artillery officer to the Sultan in Turkey. His support of Barras in the coup of October, 1795, had brought him into notice at last, yet he was still a gauche figure in the Parisian salons, with long, uncombed hair straggling down to his shoulders, a sallow complexion, sombre blue eyes, an air of fatigue and dull restlessness, and a short, thin, ugly body dressed in ill-kept clothes that were too big for him. His sword draggled ineffectually at his side. Perhaps these outward effects might not have counted for much among intelligent people, but he was generally silent, and when he did speak, it was with an ungainly Corsican accent. In brief, he was the intense young genius who is perfectly conscious of his own superior powers and just as perfectly unable to see how he will ever manage to express them. Now, however, in 1798, two tremendous years in Italy have intervened, and General Bonaparte, at twenty-eight, is an unrecognized genius no longer. His appearance may be as uncompromising as ever, but his face has the stamp of a man in authority. He exerts authority as naturally as he breathes, and it is wonderful to see how he has inspired the devotion of such men as the ex-aristocrat Menou and the artist Denon, of the mathematician Monge, and of such others as Berthier, Davout, Lannes, Junot, and Murat, whose names are presently to strike terror all over Europe. Of his more talented colleagues, only Kléber dislikes him, and Talleyrand, in his bland, episcopal way, has his

"It was my understanding, sir, that there was to be an exhibition of paintings here this afternoon."

• •

reservations, but these two also are quite unable to resist him. "A charming personality," Talleyrand permits himself to comment. "A handsome eye, a pale complexion, a hint of fatigue."

Desaix might easily have been jealous of this spectacular rival, for he was a year older than Bonaparte, and his career had been hardly less successful. At the age of twenty-nine, he had risen to the command of the Army on the Rhine, and he was the prototype of everything a Revolutionary general ought to be—an utterly concentrated soldier, full of courage and capable of shrewd decisions, who lived in the field with his men and had no affectations of any kind. It was said that in the thick of a battle Desaix's little figure seemed to increase in height and his voice took on a note of absolute command, and so his troops would follow him anywhere. But Desaix had no thought of making his own independent way in the world. He instantly recognized Bonaparte as his superior, and offered his services. "I am persuaded," he declared about this time, "that Bonaparte will achieve so immense a glory that it is impossible that it will not reflect on his lieutenants. . . . He is proud, hidden, never forgives. He follows his enemy to the end of the world." Not unnaturally, the new commander-in-chief liked Desaix very much.

Bonaparte's influence on the intellectuals of the Institut de France seems even more remarkable. Success, of course, is infectious, and in every age intellectuals have been charmed by literate men of action, but Bonaparte appears to have aroused the intellectuals of the Institut as though they were a corps of cadets about to follow him into battle. They invite him to become a member, and they are delighted by the modest air with which he reads his papers, astonished at his knowledge, and flattered by his interest in their work. All at once, respectable men of science and letters—men like Monge and Berthollet, who are many years his senior—find themselves becoming young again, and they can think of nothing so exciting as to go off on a military expedition to Egypt. The young commander is more than welcoming. He wants them all on his staff—engineers, geologists, mathematicians, chemists, zoologists, astronomers, geographers, mineralogists, archeologists, Arabists, poets, and painters—and in the end, almost without realizing what is happening to them, these sedentary and studious men really do become another corps of cadets following young Caesar into battle.

Bonaparte is said to have feared the sea and to have never understood it. Yet nothing in his career is more astonishing than the speed and precision with which he set up this complicated and dangerous amphibious operation in a few short months in the spring of 1798. A stream of orders go out, and they are obeyed with an alacrity that no modern general could ever hope to achieve with all the aids of aircraft, the radio, and the telephone. Toulon is to be the main port of embarkation, and Malta is the first objective; once the island is secured, the entire fleet will sail in company for Alexandria. It is a conspiracy in the grand manner, and nothing is forgotten. Monge is sent off to obtain maps and Arabic and Greek printing presses; Talleyrand is induced to put on foot a scheme for placating Constantinople; a line of propaganda is devised (Malta has been hostile to the Republic and has sheltered émigrés, and

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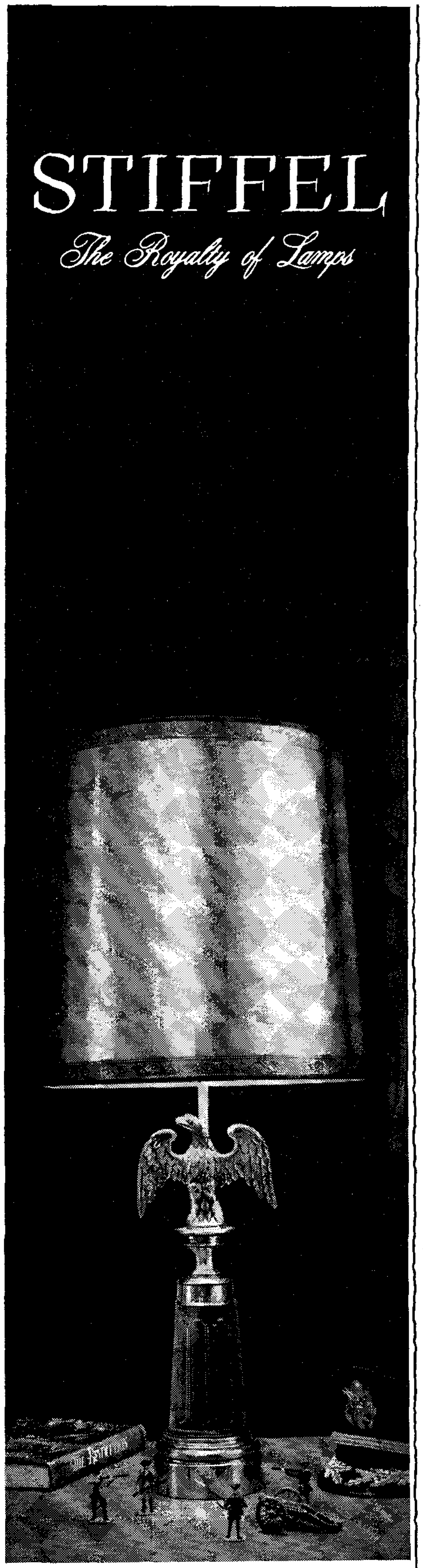

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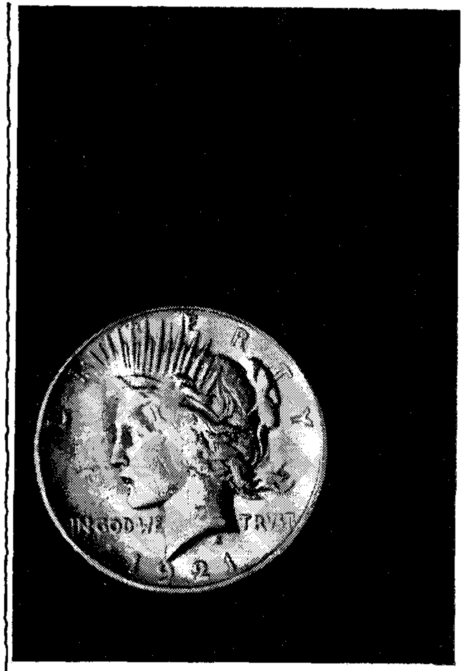
French citizens have been maltreated by the Mamelukes in Egypt); a library is collected for the expedition (the Koran and the Hindu Vedas being lumped together in the section marked "Politics"); and a letter goes off to Admiral Brueys asking for a berth on a ship "suitable for a commander-in-chief who expects to be seasick the entire voyage." One still finds it hard to understand how the secret of the expedition's destination was so well kept; many people in Paris knew the plan, couriers were travelling all over France and Italy, regiments were on the move, and the ships assembling in the ports were there for all to see. The British knew well enough that an expedition was being prepared, but the fact remains that long after the French fleet had sailed they still believed that a descent was to be made on Naples, or else that Bonaparte would turn west through the Straits of Gibraltar and head for England or Ireland. It might also be wondered how Brueys could so confidently set out with his unwieldy convoy of several hundred small transports, knowing that at any moment the British fleet might put in an appearance in the western Mediterranean—indeed, in early May there were reports of British frigates cruising off Corsica and Toulon. But the sheer size of the Mediterranean was greatly to the French advantage. These were still the days of sail, and it was a full month's voyage from Toulon to Alexandria. Nor can it be assumed that in 1798 the French acknowledged the superiority of the British fleet. Given the right conditions, they may even have been eager for a contest; after all, that was what the thirteen ships of the line and the six frigates attached to the expedition were for.

On May 4, 1798, Bonaparte slipped quietly out of Paris, and five days later he arrived in Toulon, where he issued the customary exhortation to the troops; at the successful conclusion of the expedition, he declared, each man was to be given six acres of land. On May 18th, Brueys gave the word to sail, and the next day Bonaparte went on board L'Orient, a ship of the line with a hundred and twenty guns, and followed the rest of the fleet out to sea. Who in this present age can ever hope to know the lift and excitement of an armada of sailing ships setting out on an invasion? Through two world wars, we have grown used to dark embarkations in the night, to the sinister, secret shapes of destroyers and submarines, to the ominous aircraft overhead. But here it was all bulging canvas, flags flying, bands playing, soldiers in vivid uniforms on



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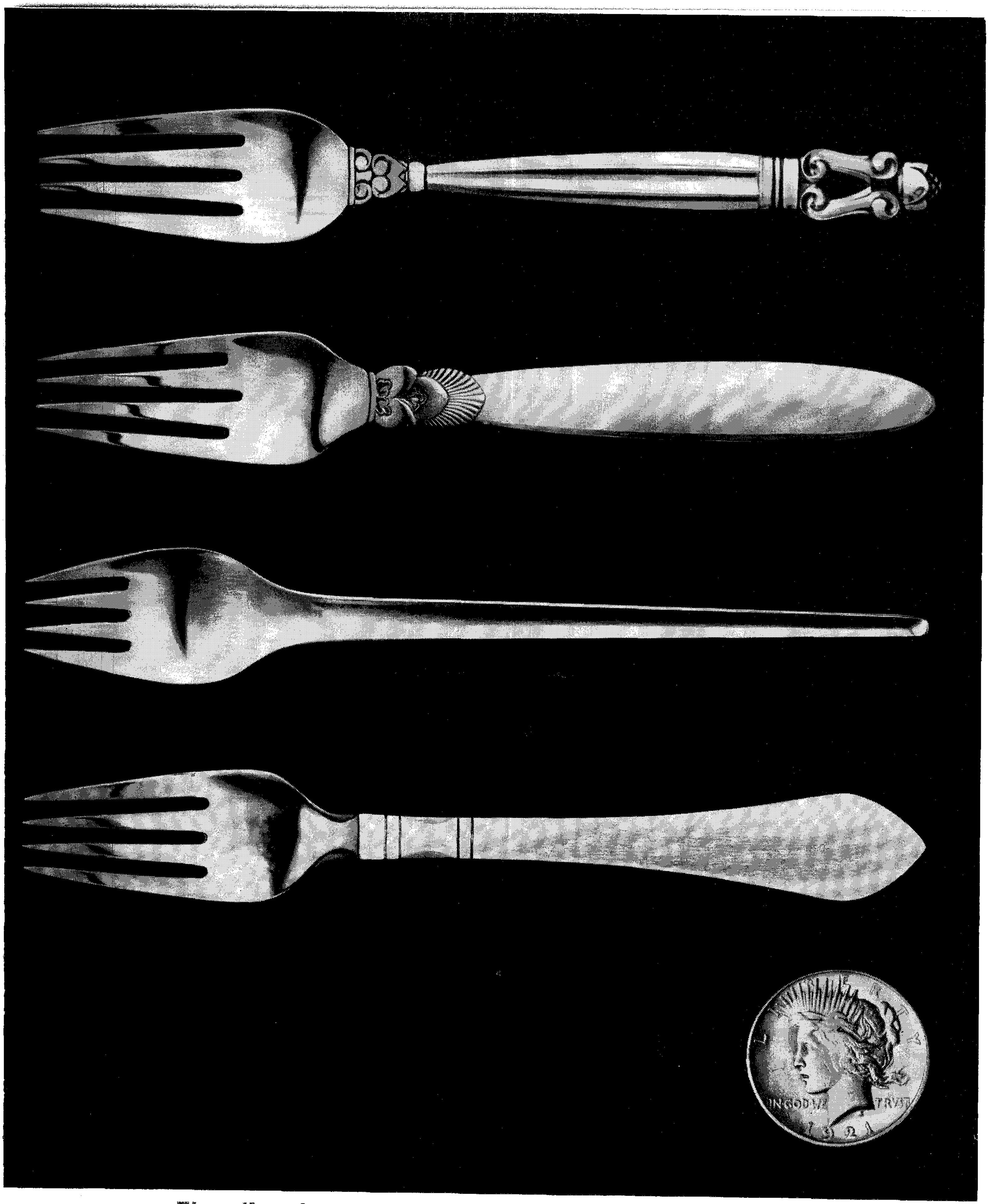

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the decks, and the rolling natural movement of the bright-blue sea. It was a lovely day.

On June 9th, the fleet arrived off Malta, and the island succumbed rapidly; Shafik Ghorbal, the modern Egyptian historian, recounts succinctly that "one day of skirmishes and another of negotiations" sufficed to bring about its fall. By June 19th, the commander-in-chief was ready to press on. Twelve days' sailing lay ahead, and the voyage appears to have been a pleasant one; not even Bonaparte was seasick. He spent his days aboard L'Orient dictating to his secretary, Bourienne, and reading a good deal in the two hundred and eighty-seven improving books in the expedition's library. The intellectuals who had enlisted—the famous "*penseurs*," the "living encyclopedia"—numbered about a hundred and fifty, and were distributed in various ships; one can imagine how, in this strange martial atmosphere, they paced in earnest conversation around the decks. For some, at least, there was already work to do. Bonaparte had prepared his first proclamation to the Egyptians, and it was ready for translation into Arabic and the printing press. It was a remarkable example of the holier-than-thou duplicity that has become so familiar in the propaganda of this present century. "*Gloire au sultan!*" he cries. "*Gloire à l'armée française, son amie! Malédiction aux Mameluks et bonheur au peuple d'Egypte!*" He has come, he declares, as the friend and ally of the Sultan in Constantinople, and the Turkish and French flags are to fly together in every village once the usurping Mamelukes have been ejected. "Too long have the Mameluke beys who govern Egypt insulted the French nation and loaded her merchants with vexations; the hour of their chastisement has arrived!"

There was at least a grain of truth beneath this chicanery. At this stage, Bonaparte still believed that the Sultan might be won over. On board the ships, a code of conduct was very forcefully impressed on the troops: no mosques were to be violated, no Moslem holy men were to be disturbed, no plunder was to be taken, and no woman was to be molested—the Frenchman who did that was a scoundrel. As the transports came up to the Egyptian coast, many of the men may have wondered just what rewards they *were* to have in this distant El Dorado. "There you are!" cried some wit on Denon's ship, pointing to the flat and gloomy shoreline. "There are the six acres that have been promised you!"

Up to this point—it was now July

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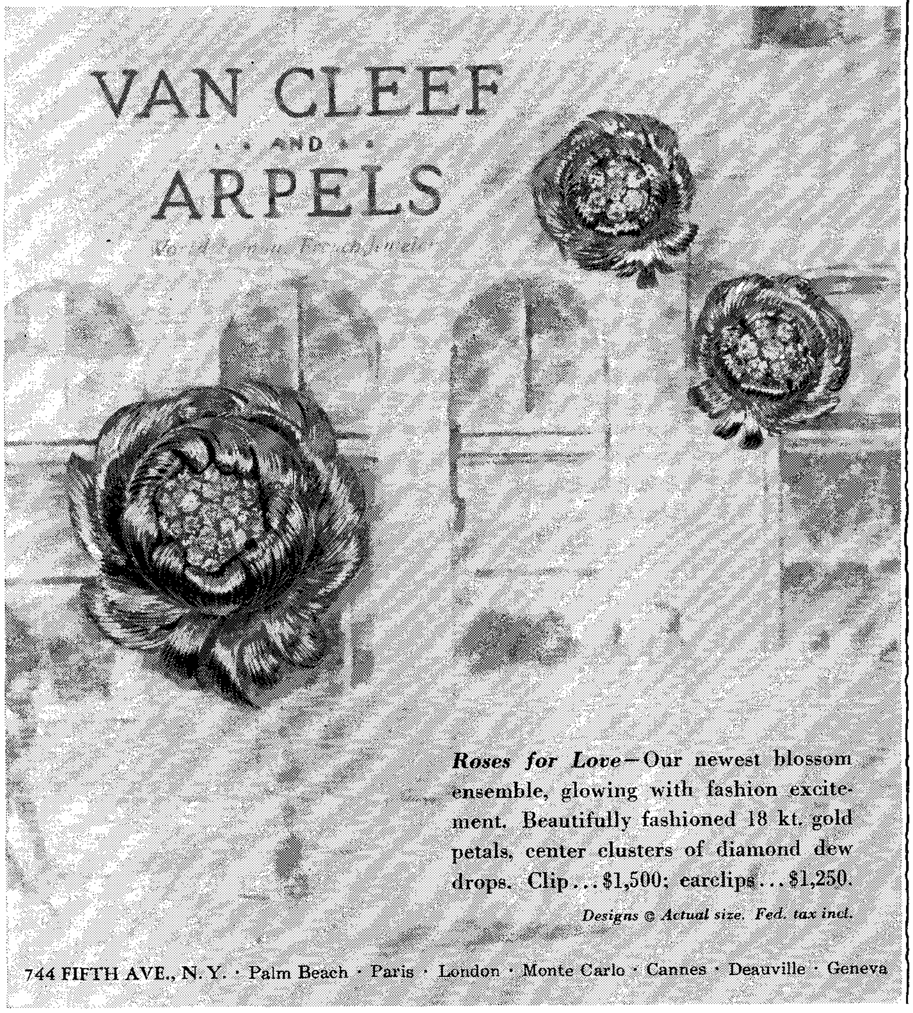
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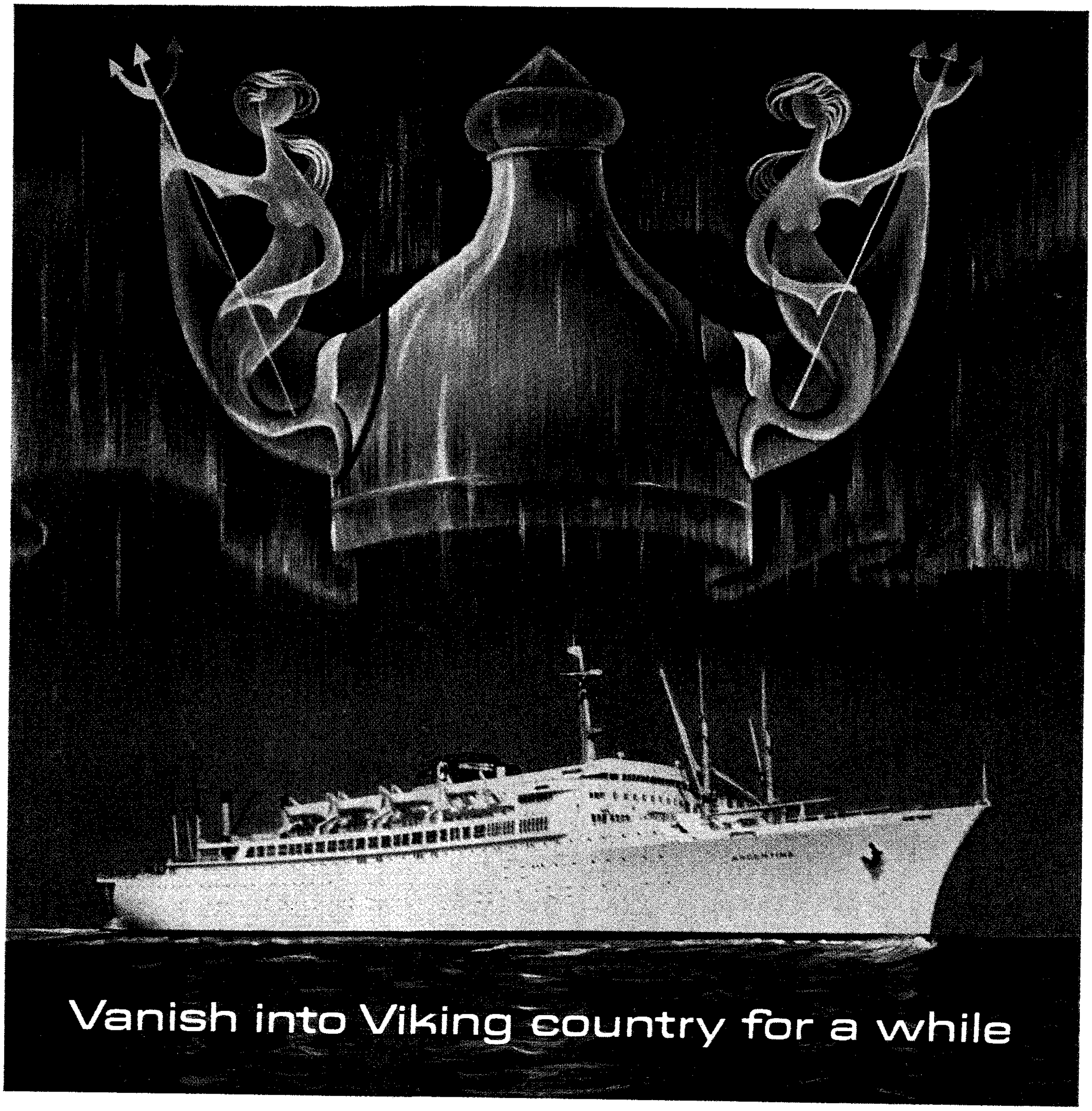
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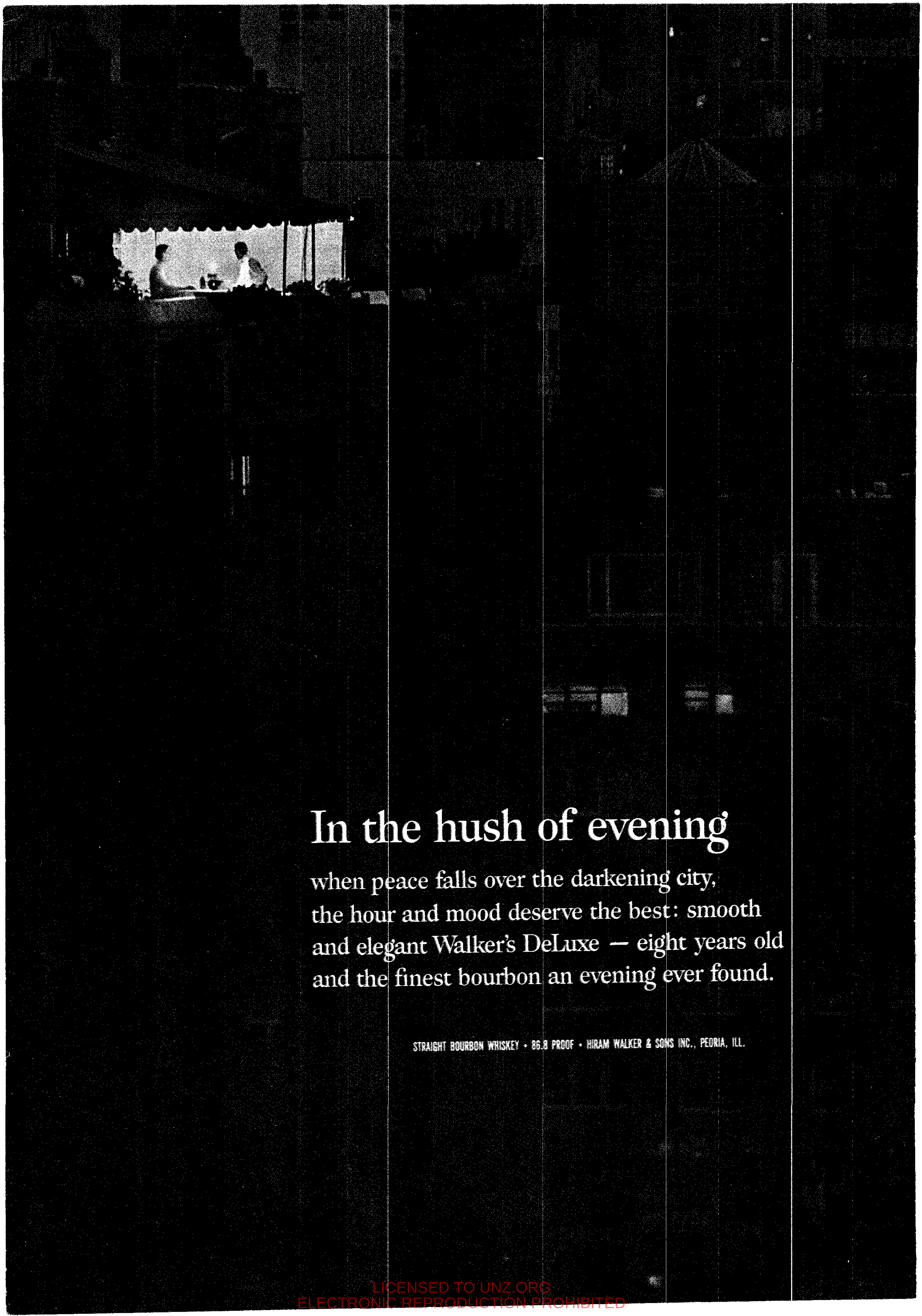

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1st—Bonaparte had been exceptionally lucky. For the past six weeks, Nelson, with thirteen ships, had been fruitlessly chasing him up and down the Mediterranean, and had, in fact, called at Alexandria only two days before. Finding no sign of the French, the British had sailed away at the very moment when the leading French frigates were approaching the coast. It had been Bonaparte's original intention to sail directly into Alexandria harbor and, if possible, take the town by surprise. But now word reached him that the Egyptian garrison was forewarned, and thus the landing would have to be made on the open beaches to the west of the city. And so it was; all through the night soldiers lowered themselves into small boats and made for the beach. Bonaparte himself got ashore shortly before midnight and slept briefly on the sand among the troops. At dawn, he arose and immediately took command of the four thousand-odd men who had struggled onto the beach. Four miles away, across the desert, the French could see the walls and minarets of Alexandria. Forming his men into three columns—one heading for Pompey's Pillar, another for the Catacombs, and the third for the Rosetta Gate—Bonaparte led the way on foot across the sand.

AT the time of Bonaparte's landing, the population of Egypt was about two and a half million, which was a third of what it is estimated to have been in the days of the Pharaohs, and barely a tenth of what it is at present. The people were a mixed lot. Far away in Upper Egypt, the Nubian tribes clung to their strips of vegetation along the Nile riverbank and in the cultivated oases. Provincial governors sent out from Cairo gathered taxes from them and maintained a rough-and-ready sort of administration, but for the most part life on the Upper Nile went by in ignorance and solitude. The Bedouins who roamed the intervening deserts, which formed fourteen-fifteenths of Egypt, were also very largely a law unto themselves, and cannot have numbered more than a few tens of thousands. By far the largest part of the population was huddled in Cairo and the delta. Here were about 1,750,000 fellaheen (the indigenous natives, who cultivated the soil and formed the laboring population of the cities), about 150,000 Copts (Egyptians who worshipped Christ and filled more or less the role of the Parsees in India, as moneylenders, traders, and government officials), and, finally, the foreigners. These last numbered perhaps two hun-

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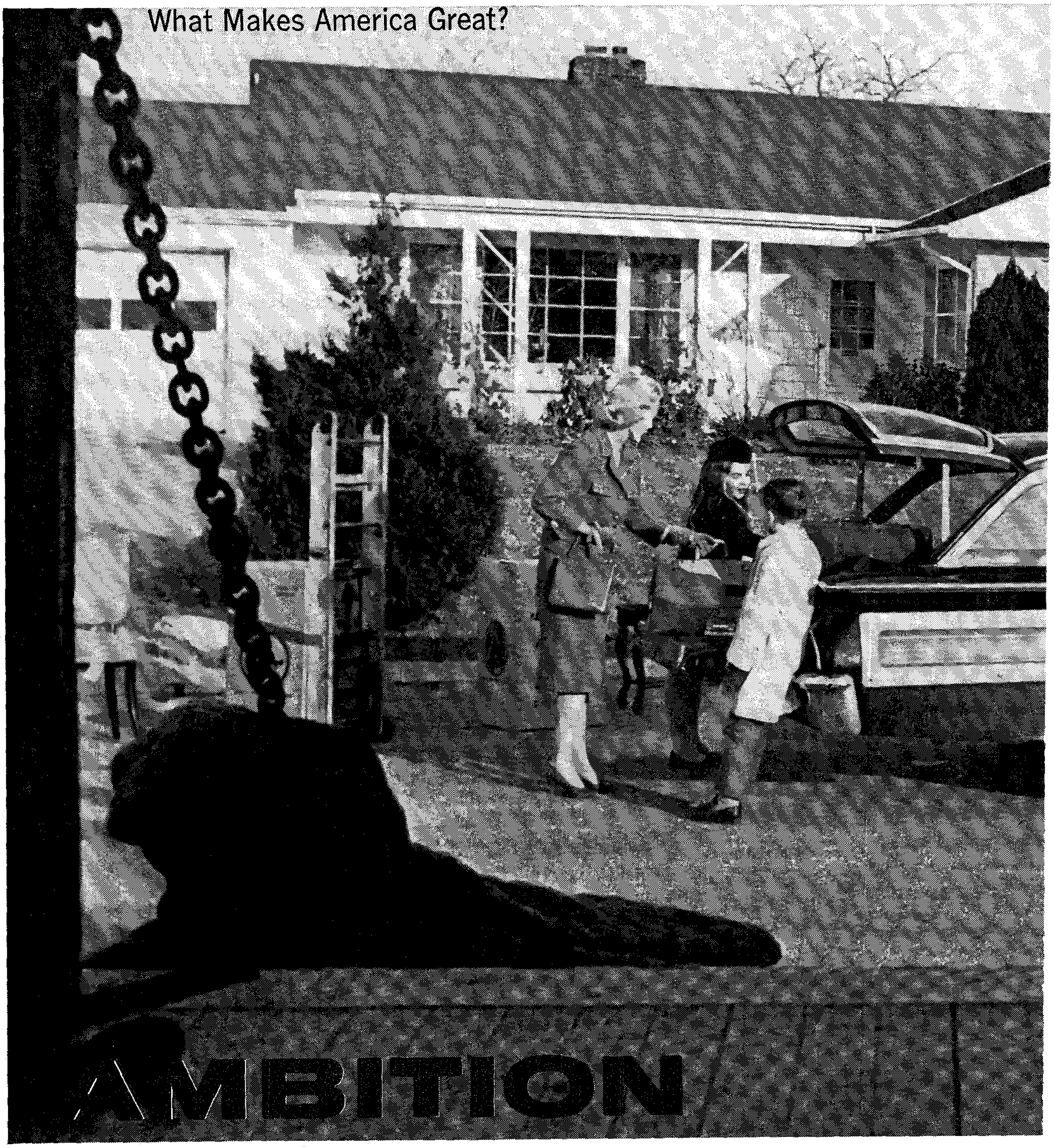

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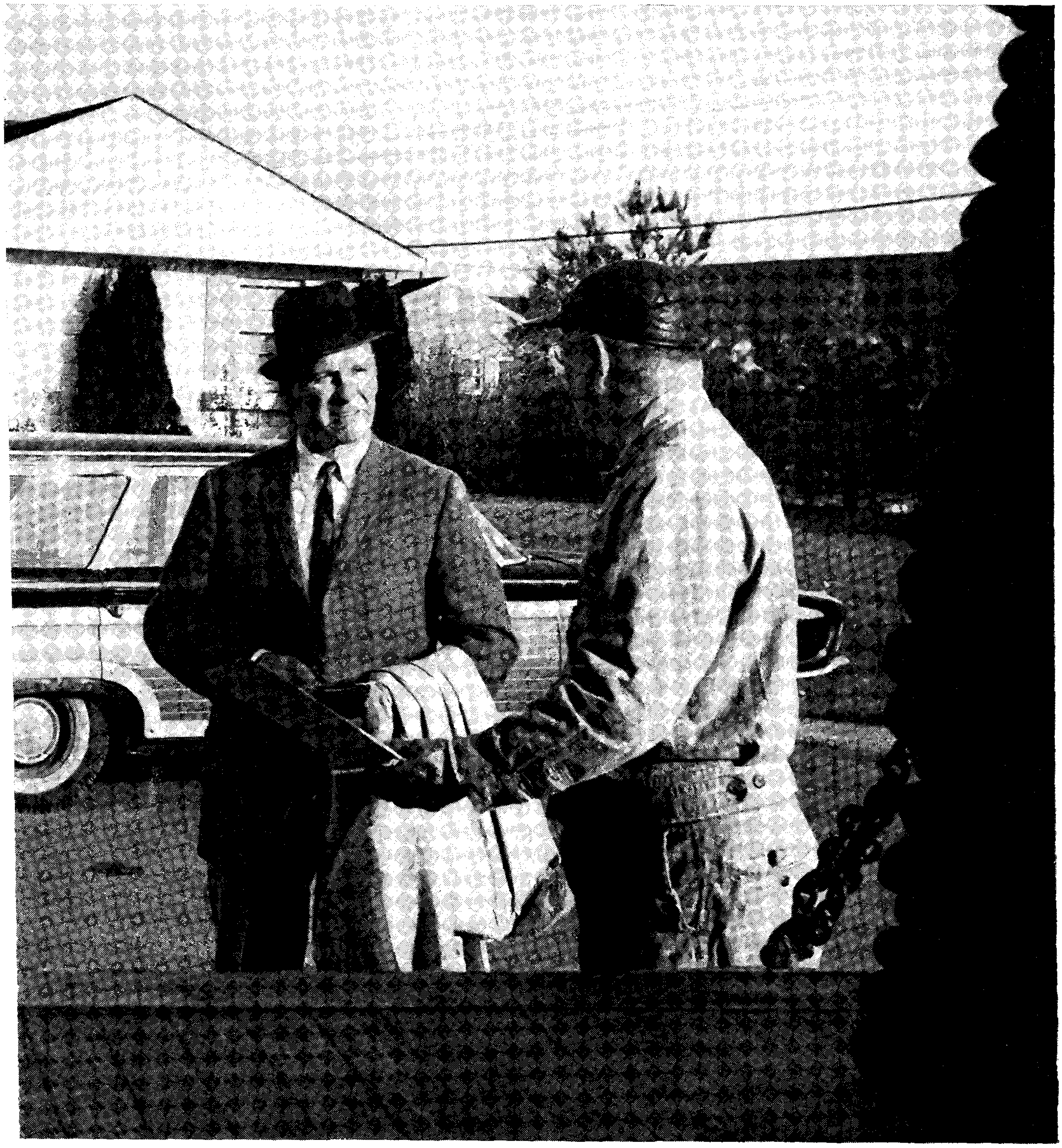

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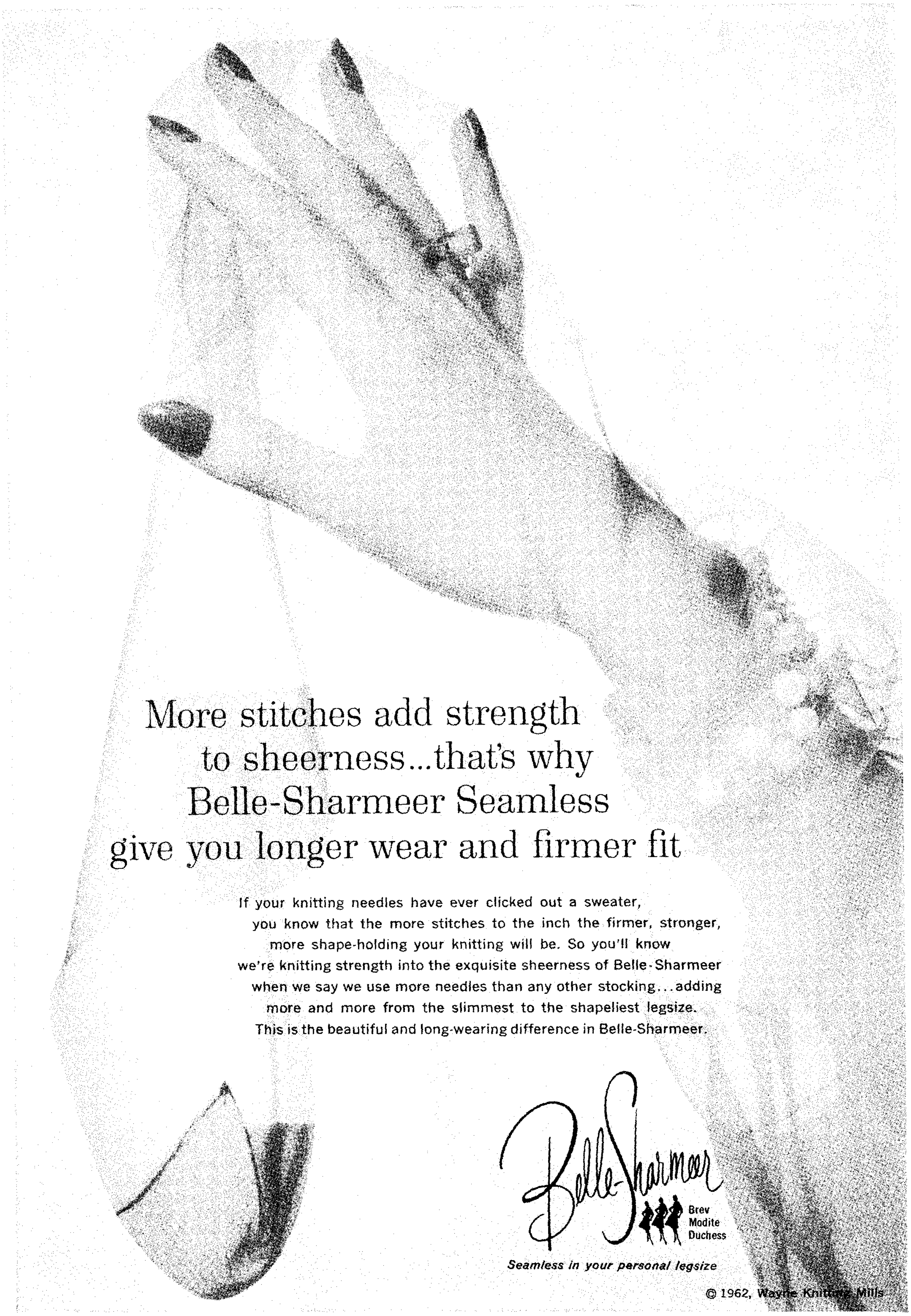
dred thousand, and lived almost entirely in the cities. They included Turks (the great majority), Greeks, Armenians, Jews, Syrians, and a handful of French traders, who were interned at the first news of Bonaparte's landing. The only two cities of any consequence were Cairo and Alexandria, and Alexandria at this time had sunk to the nadir of its fortunes. Of its ancient glory—of its reputed four thousand palaces, of its theatres, temples, and monuments, which had once made it second only to Rome in the Roman Empire—hardly anything remained. Pompey's Pillar still stood, and the walls still rose to a height of forty feet in some places, but almost all else had sunk into dust and rubble, and the inhabitants, decimated by repeated plagues, had dwindled to less than ten thousand.

Cairo, on the other hand, was a flourishing place. After Constantinople, it was the most important city in the Near East, with a population of about two hundred and fifty thousand. Since it was founded, over two thousand years before, it had been rebuilt several times; the present city, ringed by high walls and dominated by a citadel, stood on the site of an ancient Roman fortress, close to the eastern bank of the river. Seen from a distance, the skyline had romantic aspects; the citadel, built by Saladin in the twelfth century, was a fine complex of dun-colored battlements, and in the desert beyond, on the opposite side of the river, one descried the Pyramids. Seen from closer at hand, however, these noble prospects disintegrated. Except for the large open squares, such as the Ezbekia, which were flooded and thronged with boats during the annual inundation of the Nile, the city was a warren of narrow, unpaved streets and nondescript Turkish houses. "Not a single fine street," Denon cries in despair, "not a single beautiful building!" Yet no one with any love for Oriental life could resist this place. At every turn, the passerby was bound to come on a spectacle of some kind—a marriage or a funeral, an impromptu performance by strolling players in a square, a string of camels thrusting through the crowds with their heads held high and disdainfully in the air. There was a constant passage of street venders calling up to the balconies overhead and of water carriers with goatskins slung round their shoulders, and a hullabaloo of shouts and cries filled the air. No appetite, no refinement of the senses could not be satisfied somewhere in the bazaars, and if the city was squalid it was also very much alive.

There was one other aspect of the



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city that gave it a special importance: it was the great terminal of the caravan routes that spread out over northern Africa and the Near East. No one dreamed of travelling alone through the desert, any more than one would dream of crossing the Atlantic in a canoe. You waited until a caravan was being formed in Cairo, and then applied to the sheikh in command for permission to accompany it. Sometimes months would go by before all was ready, and then, on a certain day, the order to march would be given, and a long, straggling procession of camels, mules, donkeys, and men on foot would set off into the desert. The distances covered were prodigious. Every journey was an adventure, and the traders were controlled by the seasons, like migratory birds, and beset at every stage by unpredictable hazards, such as civil wars, Bedouin raids, drought, floods, and sickness. A year, two years on the road—this was nothing to an experienced merchant, and in the end nomadism became an object in itself; many of these men would endure no other way of life. No one knew the extent of this vast, haphazard network. It was quite possible for a man to travel from Egypt to Timbuctoo, on the other side of Africa, and it is certain that Indian, and even Chinese, goods appeared in the bazaars of Cairo.

In our time, a thousand travellers' books and a spate of illustrated magazines and moving pictures have made a cliché of the East, but in 1798 nothing in Egypt was familiar to Europeans. Travellers marvelled at everything they saw, and what they did not understand they tended to dismiss as decadent, superstitious, and uncouth. Yet the Egyptians were not quite so decadent as the West has liked to imagine, either before or since. Divorce was easy, but marriage, while it lasted, was usually sacrosanct, and family ties were very strong. Drunkenness hardly existed, and slaves in Cairo were too valuable to be maltreated. It would be absurd, of course, to make out that the Egyptians were paragons of virtue compared to, say, the invading French. They lied, they stole, they were ignorant and superstitious, they were always lazy when they had the chance, and they were probably cowards as well, but they also had a certain dignity in their lives, they knew patience and quietude (which the French did not), and they were graceful, even beautiful people. The Egyptians were, in fact, extremely conservative—as conservative as only a subject race can be. Mentally, they lived in a kind of fatalistic torpor, and they had no will for change. The Mohammed-

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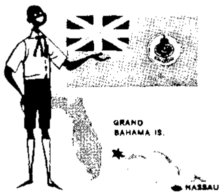

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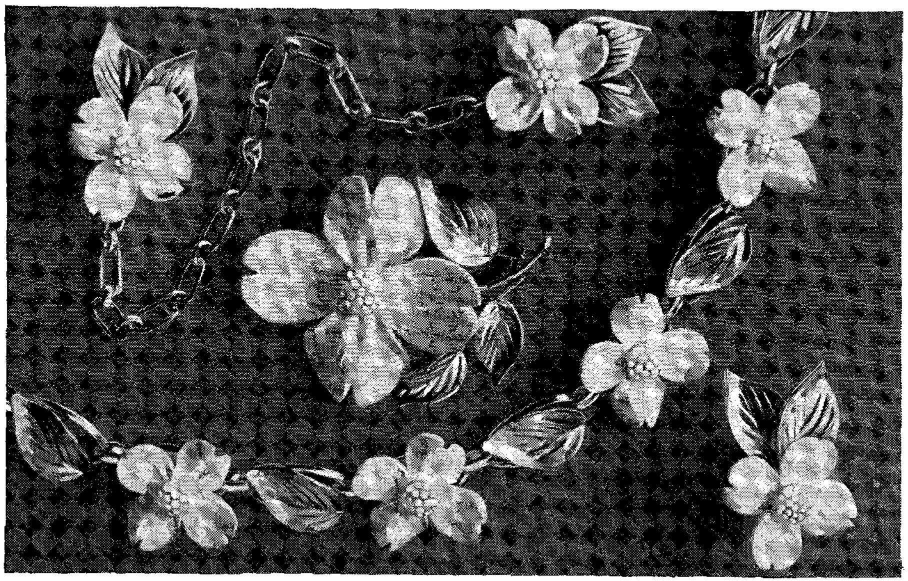

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an religion, with its absolute rules, suited them perfectly, and they never dreamed of questioning it. In this shut-in, hothouse atmosphere, where the people were totally absorbed in their own parochial affairs, the energetic, proselytizing spirit of the French made no sense, and all their talk of liberty, equality, and fraternity was merely rhetoric.

The Egyptians' rulers, the Mamelukes, were themselves hardly less conservative than their subjects; indeed, they were an anachronism to be compared only with the Turkish Janizaries in Constantinople or the Manchus in eighteenth-century China. A stranger group of men it is hardly possible to imagine. The word "Mameluke" means "male slave"—more especially a white male slave—but these were slaves of a special kind. They were purchased as children from impoverished peasant families in Georgia and the Caucasus and then imported into Egypt, where they were brought up by their masters (who had also been slaves in their time) for the express purpose of ruling the country on the lines of a military oligarchy. War was the Mamelukes' trade. From their earliest years, they were trained as horsemen and warriors, and they went to fantastic lengths to keep their caste intact. The natural instinct of philoprogenitiveness did not apply; the Mameluke boy was taught that marriage and family were fatal to his profession—it was certainly a loss of caste to marry an Egyptian—and, in point of fact, they produced few offspring, each new generation of Mamelukes preferring to purchase white Christian slave children from southern Russia, convert them to Islam, and bring them up as their heirs. Through the years, the Mamelukes had steadily increased in numbers, and in 1798 the total Mameluke population, with its dependents, numbered nearly a hundred thousand, the great majority of them living in Cairo. These supermen saw to it that they looked and behaved like supermen. Many of them were tall and strikingly handsome, and their costume was a wonder to behold: a green cap wreathed with a large yellow turban; a coat of chain mail beneath a long robe that was bound at the waist by an embroidered shawl; voluminous red pantaloons; leather gauntlets; and yellow pointed slippers. Each man's armament consisted of a brace of pistols, a mace, a long, curved sword, and an English carbine, all with handles and blades chased in silver and gold designs of fine workmanship, and sometimes studded with precious stones. Their horses were the finest Arabs, and probably the

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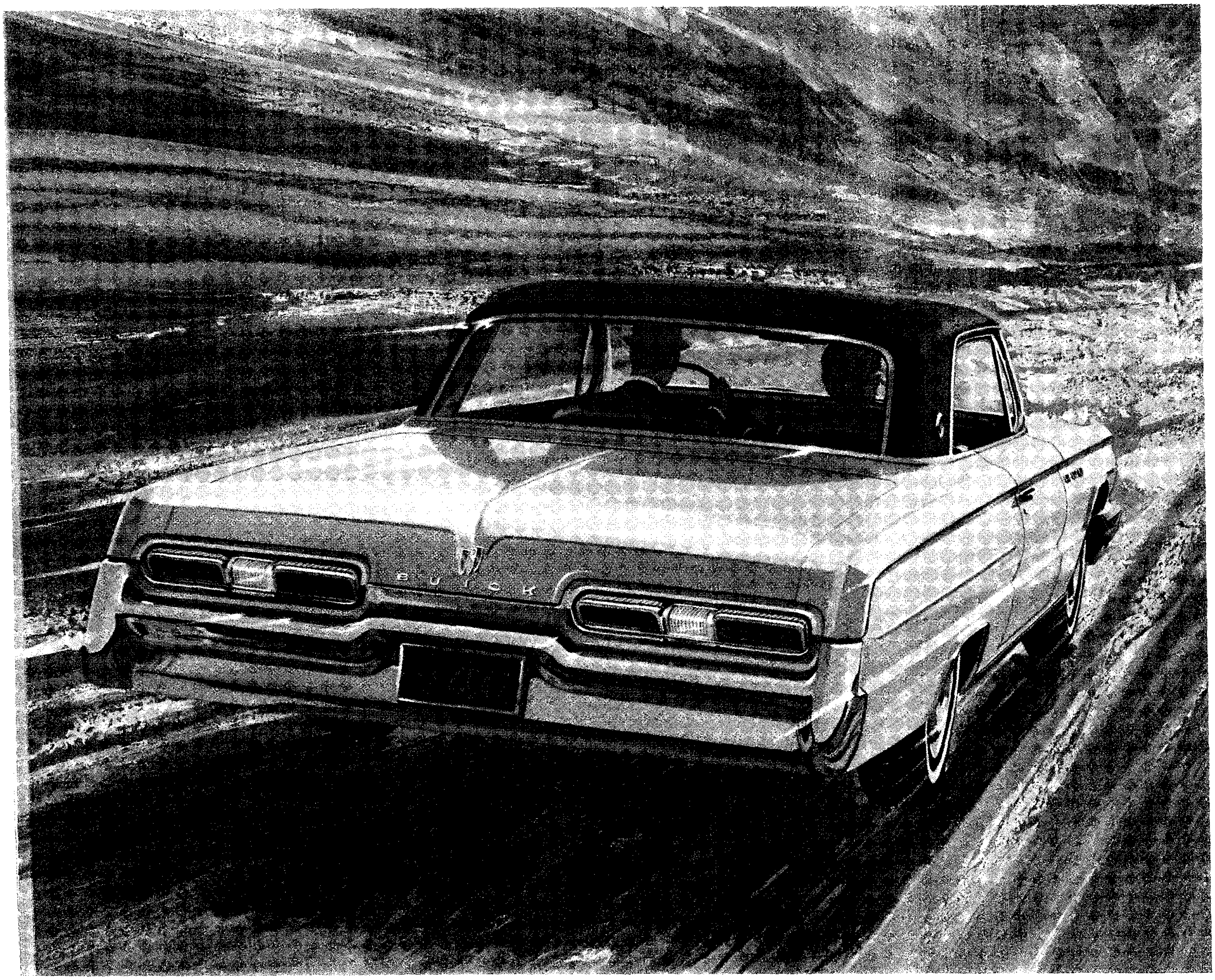

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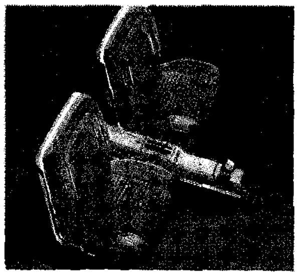

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Mamelukes had no equal in the world as cavalry; they charged with utter recklessness and fought with a ferocity that was a byword in the East. "They start like lightning and arrive like thunder," says one observer. Once unhorsed, however, they were heavily encumbered by their arms, and it was left to their irregular Bedouin infantry to save the day. Edward William Lane, the nineteenth-century English Orientalist, describes the Mamelukes thus: "A band of lawless adventurers, slaves in origin, butchers by choice, turbulent, bloodthirsty, and too often treacherous, these slave-kings had a keen appreciation of the arts . . . a taste and refinement which would have been hard to parallel in Western countries." One can observe something of this even at the present time. The huge domed and minareted tombs of the Mameluke beys, standing in the desert outside the walls of Cairo, are an architectural triumph of their kind, and not even the dust and squalor of the slums that now surround them can quite obscure the revelation that there was a vision here that rose above a barbarous and material life. Some of the leading men maintained pleasure boats on the Nile, and on their country estates they lived in kiosks surrounded by gardens of sycamore, jasmine, and orange. Needless to say, their retinues of slaves were very large, and the establishments of the more powerful men were tremendous; it was nothing for a bey to have several hundred Circassian slaves, all armed and mounted, and each attended by two or three Egyptian servants of his own. Ghorbal says of the Mamelukes, "Without relations, without children, their past was a blank. . . . Power had no other end than procuring women, horses, jewels, and retainers." Yet they were abstemious; their meals were reasonably simple, no wine was served, and the fast of Ramadan was strictly observed. To rule, if not by the sword, then by bribery and treachery—this was the mainspring of their existence. And despite murderous quarrels among themselves, endless intrigues, and a morality that made a virtue of broken faith, they had succeeded in ruling Egypt for something over five hundred years at the time of Bonaparte's arrival. Generation after generation of Egyptians had succumbed to these gorgeous butchers.

In theory, the Mamelukes were still subjects of the Sultan in Constantinople; they were bound to pay him an annual bounty and to accept a viceroy appointed by the Porte. In fact, however, it had been many years since the bounty was

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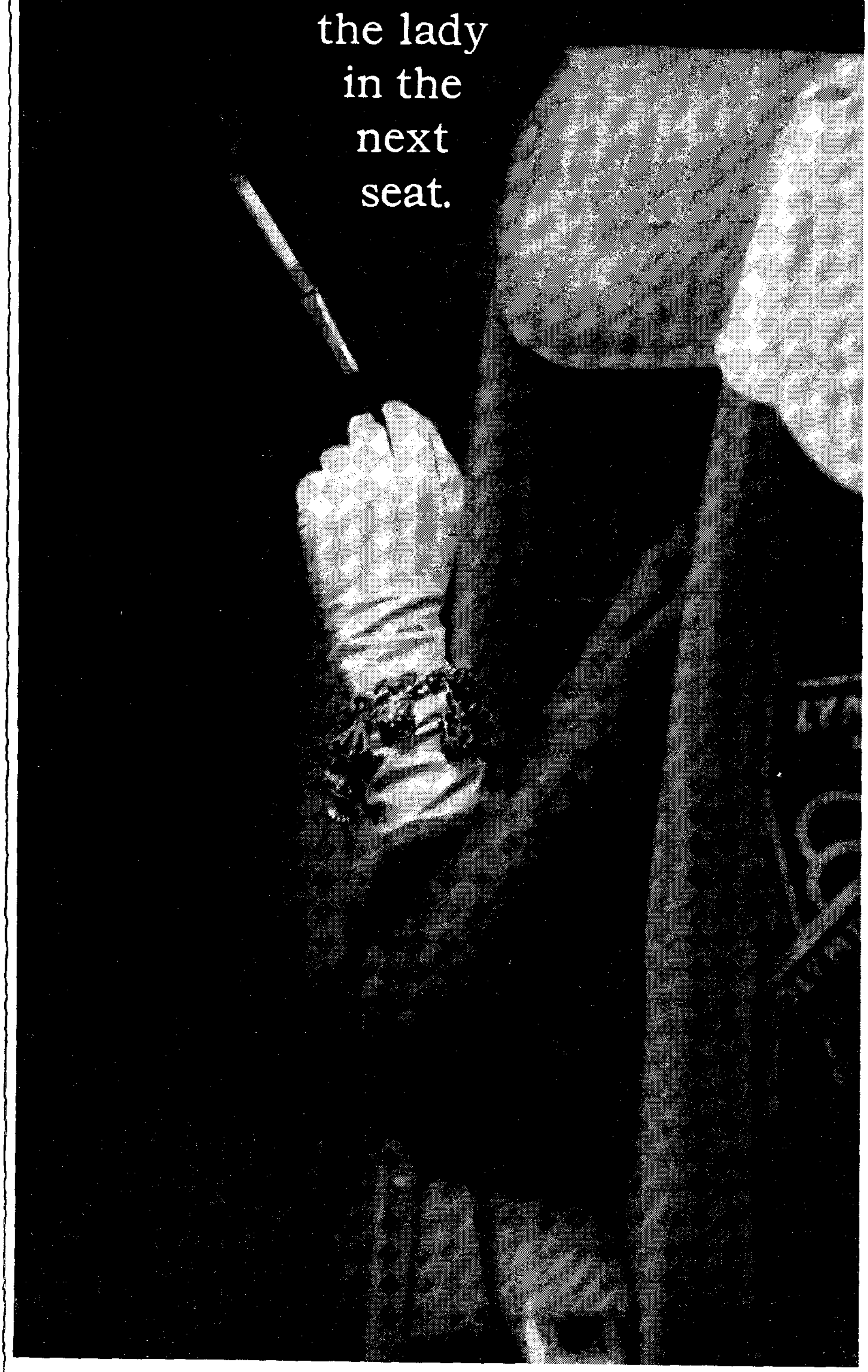

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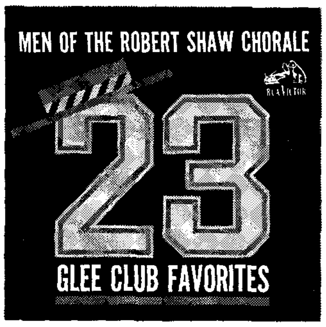

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last paid, and the present viceroy, Abu Bekir Pasha, was hardly more than a puppet of the twenty-three Mameluke beys who composed the government. In recent years, two of these beys, Ibrahim and Murad, had formed an uneasy and mutually suspicious partnership in Cairo, and it was they who exercised the real power. In 1798, Ibrahim—a tall, thin man with an aquiline nose and a reputation for meanness—had reached his sixties, and Murad was gaining the ascendancy. W. G. Browne, an English traveller who had visited Cairo in 1792, tells us that Murad Bey could neither read nor write; engravings made of him at the time show a patriarchal figure, rather plump, his face wreathed with a fringe of beard, who sits complacently on his divan smoking his pipe. Nothing could less accurately reveal the real nature of this formidable man. He was then in his late forties, and his life had been one long struggle for power. Eight years before, when he had seemed at the summit of success, a Turkish army had landed and driven him into Upper Egypt. But he had returned and had been reinstated, and now he had a flotilla of boats on the Nile, a pleasure garden at Gizeh, close to the Pyramids, and a personal bodyguard of about four hundred men. It was accepted that in a crisis he would be the general who would lead the Mamelukes into battle, and at this moment very few of his followers doubted that he would succeed.

Murad felt strong. With his ten thousand cavalry and his thirty thousand irregular infantry, he believed that he was more than equal to any invasion of "Franks," however numerous they might be. We are told by a Turkish observer that when the news of the landing first reached Murad in Cairo, he summoned Carlo Rossetti, the Venetian consul, and sounded him out about the French. It was in vain that Rossetti tried to make Murad realize who Bonaparte was, and to explain the power of modern arms; Murad ridiculed the French, calling them "donkey-boys" whom he did not wish to hurt—they should be given a present and sent away. It was absurd to think that they might conquer Egypt.

Murad was not alone in suffering delusions; for centuries—ever since the Crusades, in fact—it had been an article of faith in the Ottoman Empire that the Western Christians were poor soldiers, inexpertly led. Professor Toynbee has summed up the matter very clearly: "The piquancy of the situation lay in the fact that the French had descended on Egypt before—in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries—at a time when

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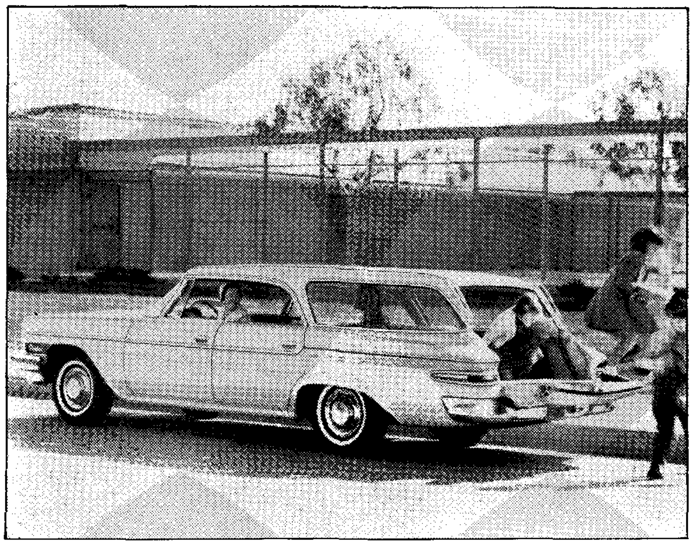

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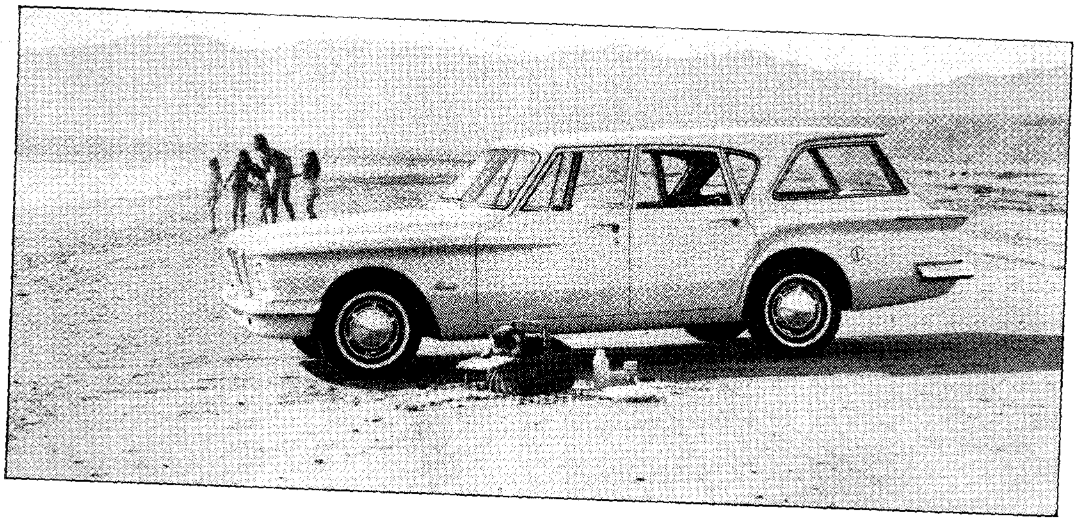

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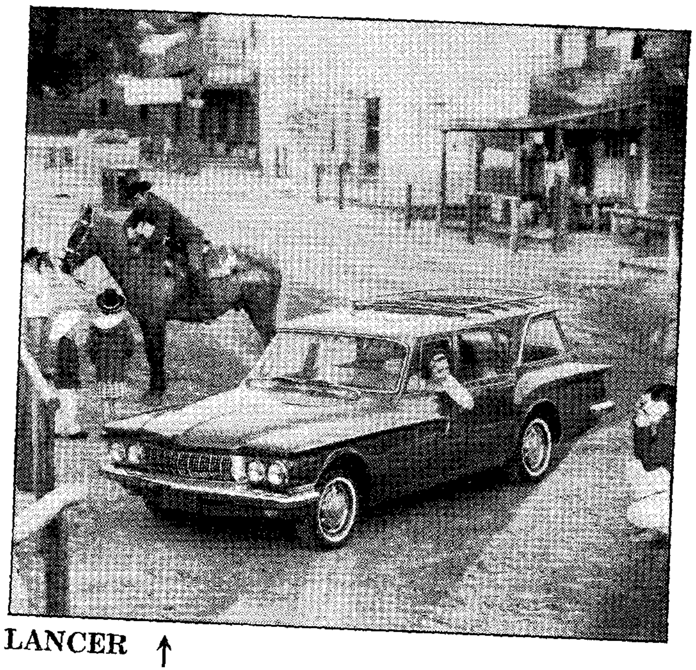

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THE capture of Alexandria proved exceptionally easy for Bonaparte. For a few hours, the defenders put up a fight from the city walls, but this was merely an outlying garrison, manned by Arabs and Turkish mercenaries. Kléber was wounded on the forehead by a fragment of brick during the assault, but there were hardly two hundred French casualties in all, and after a brief parley Bonaparte set up his headquarters in the center of the town. Soon the transports of the fleet were sailing in to discharge their stores and the re-

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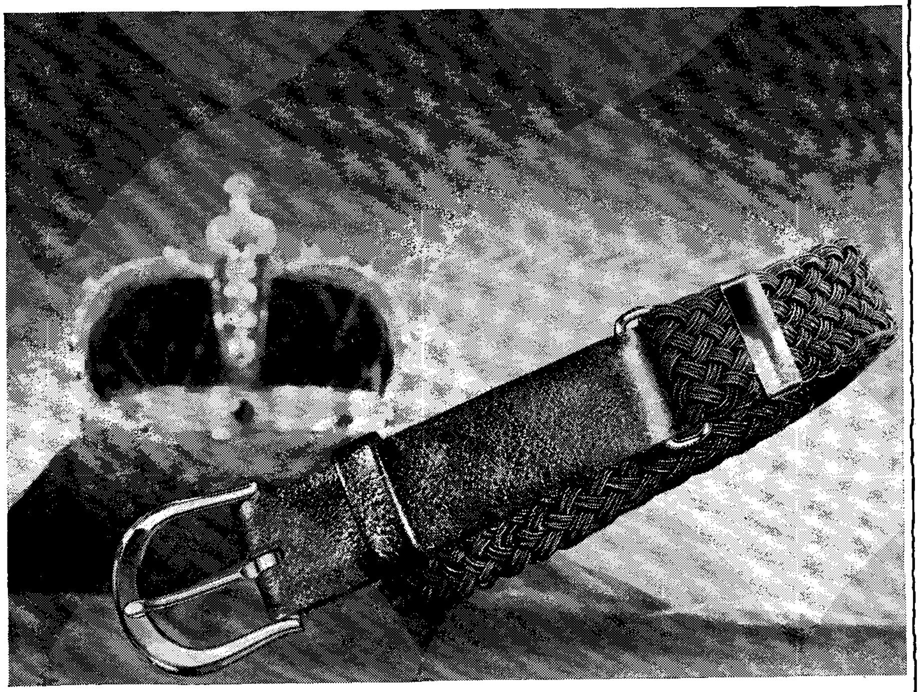

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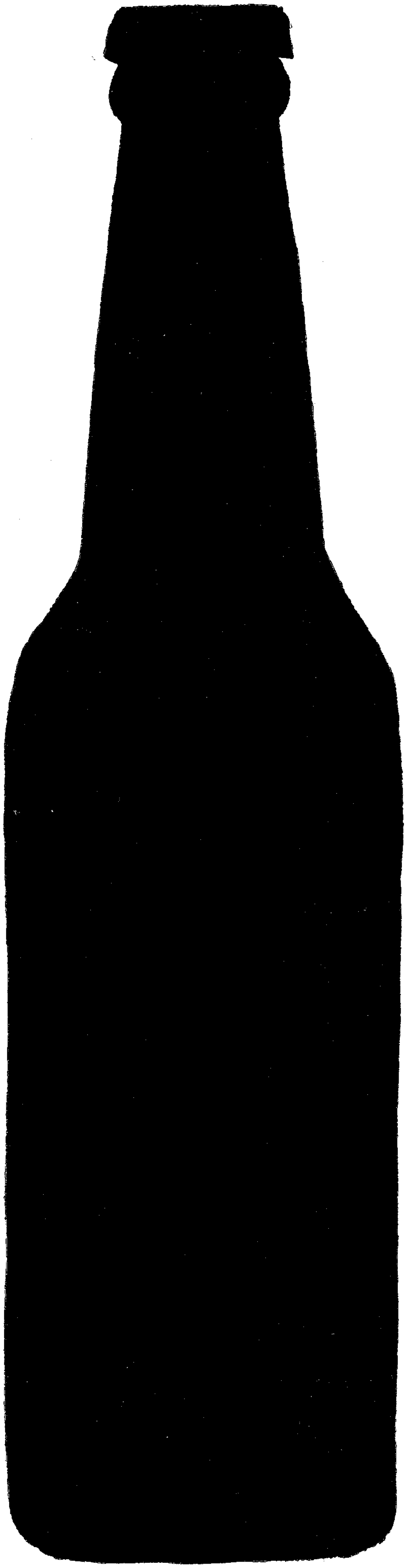

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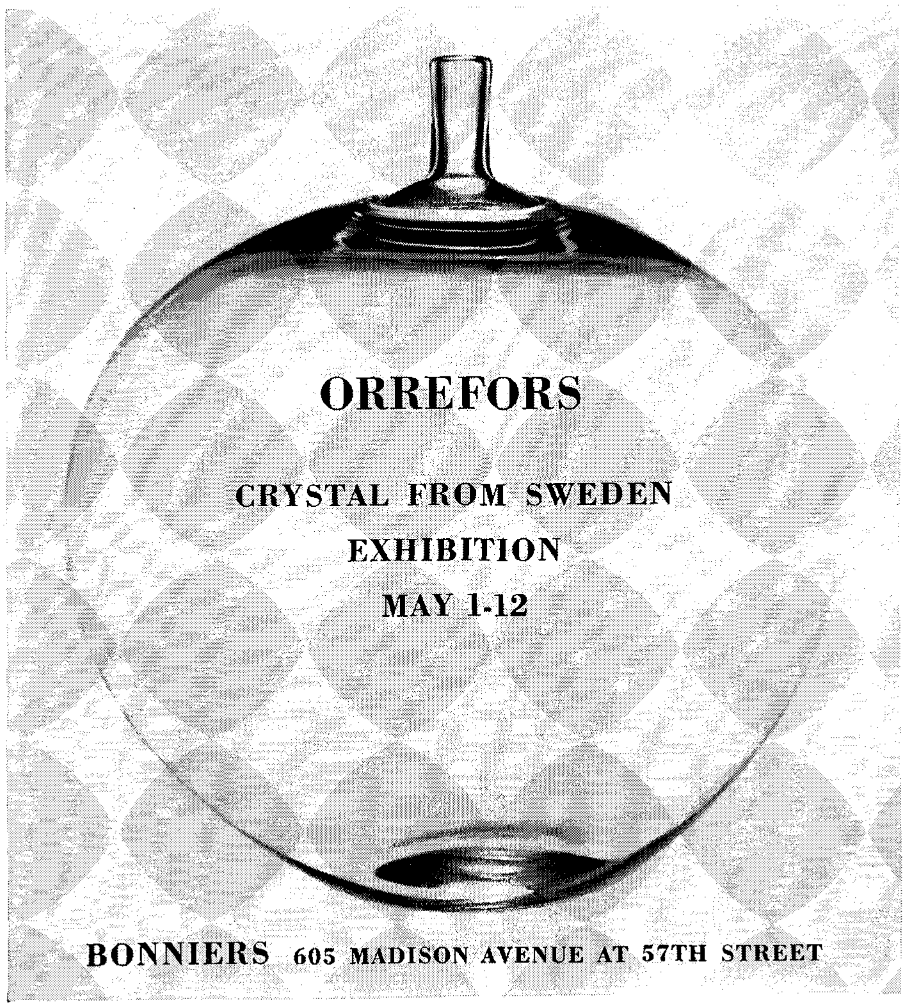

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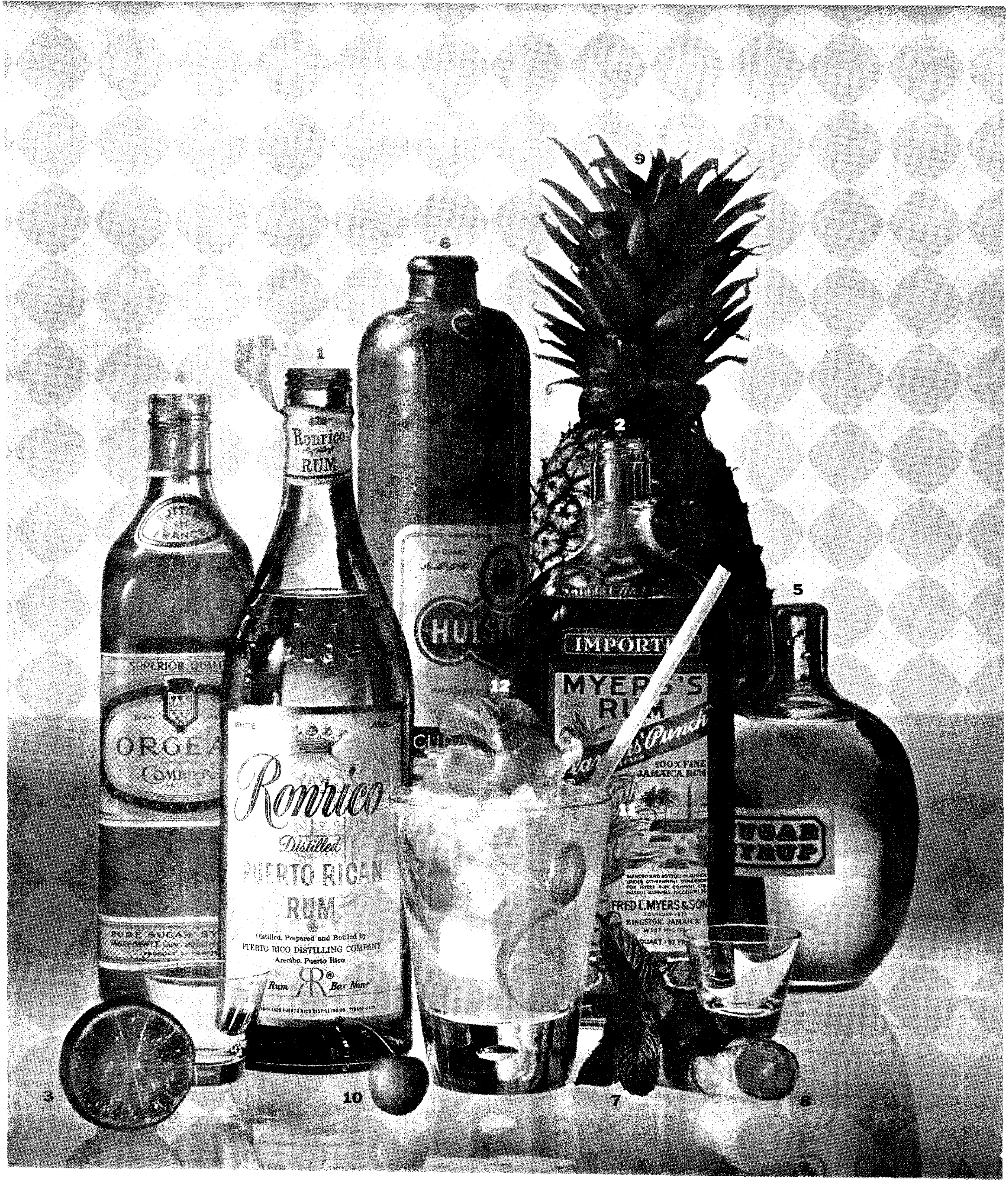
mainder of the soldiers. The ships of the line, uncertain as yet of the depth of the water at the harbor entrance, waited in the roadstead outside. Already the printing press, having been landed from L'Orient, was striking off copies of Bonaparte's manifesto in Arabic—the first printing ever known in Egypt.

Malta and Alexandria had now fallen, and—still more important—the entire French Army was safely ashore in Egypt. It was a marvellous beginning, and Bonaparte's next move lay clear before him: he must march inland before the Mamelukes had time to realize what he was doing. He must seize the Rosetta mouth of the Nile and then advance up the river with all possible speed to Cairo. Two columns were organized. One, under Desaix, was to march directly toward the Nile and cut it at a place called El Rahmaniya, about thirty miles from the sea, and the other, commanded by Dugua and accompanied by a flotilla of small boats laden with rice and grain, was to move around the coast to Rosetta; once the mouth of the Nile was forced, the flotilla was to sail upstream and make contact with Desaix at El Rahmaniya. The combined army would then advance upon the capital, less than a hundred miles away.

Desaix had some fifty miles to go before he reached the Nile, and these fifty miles were to reveal to the French, as nothing else could, and with brutal suddenness, the real nature of the campaign in which they were involved. At this time, the green fields of the delta did not reach anywhere near Alexandria, and the route provided little food or water. It was now midsummer, and the heat was appalling. Dressed in their thick serge coats, breeches, and gaiters, laden with their rifles and packs, the men marched in dense columns over heavy sand and rock, kicking up dust as they went along, and there was no shade anywhere. They carried with them a four-day ration of biscuit, but this was not the ideal food to keep thirst at bay, and at the few meagre wells along the way water was doled out as though it were the most precious wine. At the end of the first day, men were beginning to fall out with blistered feet, sore eyes, and general exhaustion. But they could not fall out. They were being harassed front and rear by Bedouin tribesmen, and no straggler could hope to rest for ten minutes on the sand without being cut off and attacked. Desaix himself was nearly taken when he was hardly fifty yards away from the column, and another officer, we learn, was assassinated a hun-



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dred paces from the advance guard "in consequence of having failed to pay attention, through a melancholic abstraction of mind, to an invitation to keep up with the rest." In a stupor of fatigue, the column struggled on, and on July 10th, after a three-day forced march, it reached El Rahmaniya. Without waiting to take off their uniforms, the men threw themselves into the Nile.

And now, suddenly, when the French ranks were in disorder and the men could think of nothing but resting and getting cool, Murad appeared. He had made an excellent march down from Cairo with his cavalry, and had been accompanied by a flotilla of armed feluccas on the river. Couriers had kept him well posted about the French advance, and he was ready for battle. With some eight hundred picked men, he came forward along the riverbank and stood for a few minutes to survey the French column. It was one of those moments that are the most dramatic, if not the most critical, in all campaigns, especially in a campaign as bizarre as this—the moment of first contact, when both sides are dealing largely in myths and doubts. Having by now been a week or more in Egypt, the French had heard many stories of the magnificence and the ferocity of the Mamelukes. There was already a rumor in the ranks that Murad led his men into battle mounted on a milk-white camel, his equipment ablaze with gold and precious stones, and that he offered no quarter to his enemies. The Mamelukes, too, were quite unprepared for this first shock of confrontation, since the Frenchmen were unlike any soldiers they had ever seen. They regarded them as Bonaparte's slaves, and at this first brief glimpse they thought them very poorly uniformed—and probably badly equipped as well. Thus, no one really knew what was going to happen, fear had a place in everybody's mind, and both sides, in their uncertainty, set about doing what they had been trained to do. Desaix got his artillery into position and formed his infantry into squares—the first ranks kneeling, with the bayonets pointing outward, the second preparing to fire over their shoulders. The Mamelukes charged. It was all over in a few minutes. Under the blast of the first cannonade, the Mamelukes faltered and wheeled aside into the empty desert. Those who did get near the French squares came under the concentrated fire of the muskets and soon turned back, leaving some forty dead and wounded on the field. Only a dozen of the French were hurt.

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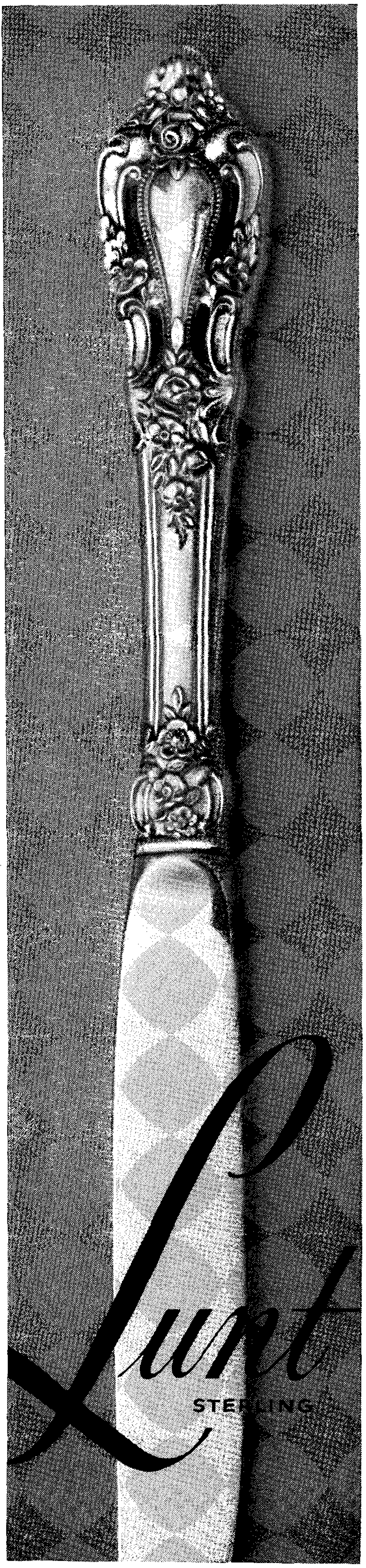
the mouth of the Nile and taken Rosetta, was approaching El Rahmaniya to join Desaix's column. The plan was working to perfection. It was now July 12th, and Bonaparte was eager to continue the advance, but at dawn the following day his scouts brought him word that the Mamelukes were standing to meet him in much greater force at the village of Jibbrish, a few miles farther upstream. Murad, it seemed, had assembled three or four thousand cavalry, with which he proposed to block the French approach to the village, while on the Nile itself nine or ten large gunboats were waiting to give battle to the French flotilla.

The French were not quite ready for the encounter—the soldiers were still suffering from fatigue, and only two hundred of the cavalry were fit for action—but Bonaparte decided to attack at once. He gave orders for his flotilla to sail upstream, and thus protect his left flank, while the infantry marched upon Jibbrish, and the two were to strike together. He had not, however, calculated the effect of the strong north wind; his flotilla was soon driven a good three miles ahead of the army, and the French sailors suddenly found themselves assailed by a heavy cannonade both from the banks and from the enemy gunboats. In the running battle that followed on the river, things went very badly for the French at first; Perrée, their commander, was wounded, and four of their vessels were boarded and seized at the first assault. Hearing the commotion—something like a hundred and fifty cannon shots were exchanged—Bonaparte hurried his soldiers forward, and they had scarcely time to form their lines before the Mamelukes came careering down upon them. Once again, the warriors charged directly into the artillery fire, seeking to breach the French squares, at first in front and then on the flanks, and they came on like madmen. Those who succeeded in reaching the French infantry hacked away briefly with their sabres until they were killed, but the majority were unhorsed or scattered before they could strike a blow. A second and a third charge brought the same result, and in the early afternoon the Mamelukes finally drew off in a dazed and helpless confusion. They had lost about six hundred of their number; Bonaparte's casualties were barely seventy. Soon better news arrived from the river; the French had recovered their lost vessels, and an explosion on board the principal Mameluke gunboat had been the signal for a general enemy retreat.

In contemporary accounts, not a



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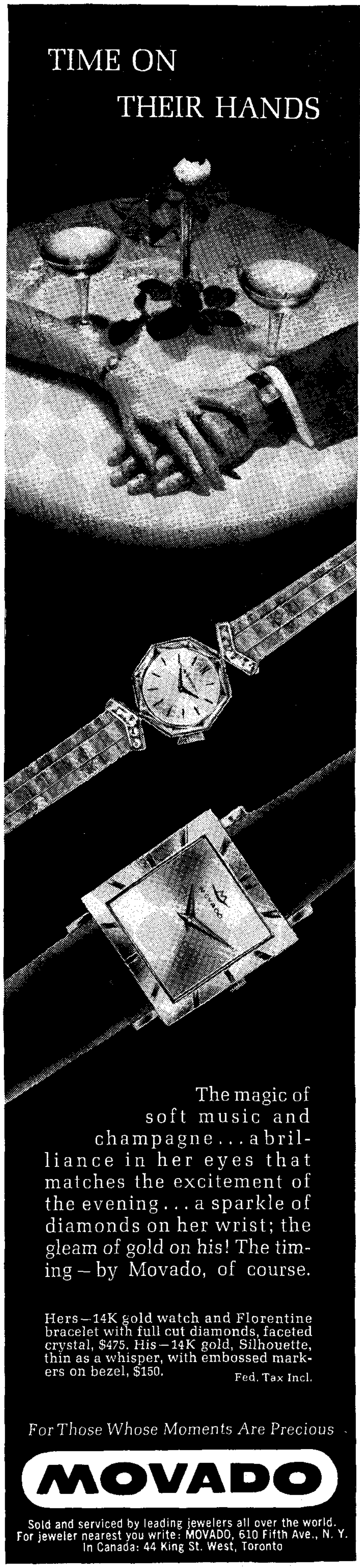
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great deal has been made of these two brief engagements on the lower Nile; historians have concentrated upon the more imposing battle that was soon to follow outside Cairo. Yet the issue had already been decided here on July 13th. Up to this point, all of Bonaparte's careful planning had been hardly more than intelligent conjecture. Wars, in the main, start with textbooks, but there were no textbooks here. No European army had campaigned in Egypt since the Crusades, no one could speak with finality about the effects of a Mameluke charge, no one knew what unexpected tactics the enemy might produce. But now, in an instant, a gap in history was closed, and the Mamelukes were revealed as expert horsemen who were both incredibly brave and incredibly out of date. It was their misfortune, of course, that in their first contact with the West they had to meet the greatest soldier of the age, but even without Bonaparte the French could hardly have failed to demolish so primitive an enemy. They overturned entirely the medieval notion that cavalry was always superior to infantry, and war was revealed to the Mamelukes as anything but a hot-blooded skirmish; it was a calculated plan of mass destruction, carried out mainly through intense rifle fire and cannon barrages. The charge, instead of being the whole battle, was merely a secondary affair. It is true that Murad did not yet recognize defeat—his main forces were still waiting to give battle *outside Cairo—but it* was the French who were now the supermen in Egypt, and the Mamelukes could only fight them out of a sense of blind pride, out of desperation and hatred; they could not hope to win.

After the Jibbrish encounter, Murad retreated directly to Cairo, eighty miles away, and probably this was the best thing he could have done, since he thus lengthened Bonaparte's tenuous line of communication with Alexandria, and the country itself was a far more formidable obstacle to the French than anything the Mamelukes could contrive. The heat grew worse as the soldiers moved inland, and the Bedouins now began to harass the column in earnest. These tribesmen were a wholly unexpected hazard, since they constituted a kind of third force in Egypt. They had no common cause with the Mamelukes; it was simply in the nature of their grinding life in the desert for them to fall on any defenseless traveller who came their way, and every invasion or civil war was a signal for them to take up arms. They could do no real damage, but, like gnats that set upon an elephant, they could make life miserable for the French, and it was impossible to come to terms with them.

Had the French known what was happening in Cairo, they would have felt a good deal more cheerful. The city was demoralized by the news of Murad's defeat at Jibbrish. He had set out so confidently with his cavalry and his gunboats, and now, in a matter of a few days, he was back in Cairo, routed and defeated, with this new and terrible French army apparently following on his heels, getting nearer every moment. The first reaction followed the familiar pattern of civilian panic, but the Mamelukes were able to check this and organize a rough-and-ready defense of the city. Guns were mounted on the walls, a line of boats was sunk across the Nile to prevent the approach of the French flotilla, and a tented camp was set up on the west bank of the river, around the village of Embaba, where all men of military age were ordered to assemble. The big question, of course, was what the French were going to do. Would they approach on the west bank or on the east bank or on the river itself? Each day, the bazaars filled with fresh *rumors. And now it* was decided to adopt a plan that was the last extreme of foolishness: Ibrahim was to remain on the east bank with the reserves, covering Cairo, while the bulk of the Mameluke army, under Murad, was to take up positions in the desert at Embaba, on the west bank. Thus, Bonaparte, who was already on the west side of the Nile, was to be spared the danger and difficulty of crossing the river before the battle was joined. A general move was made from Cairo to Embaba. Guns taken from the river boats were placed around the camp, and the digging of a rough system of trenches was begun. By July 20th, some twenty-four thousand men had been assembled, but of these only the Mameluke cavalry, numbering about six thousand, could be described as a coherent

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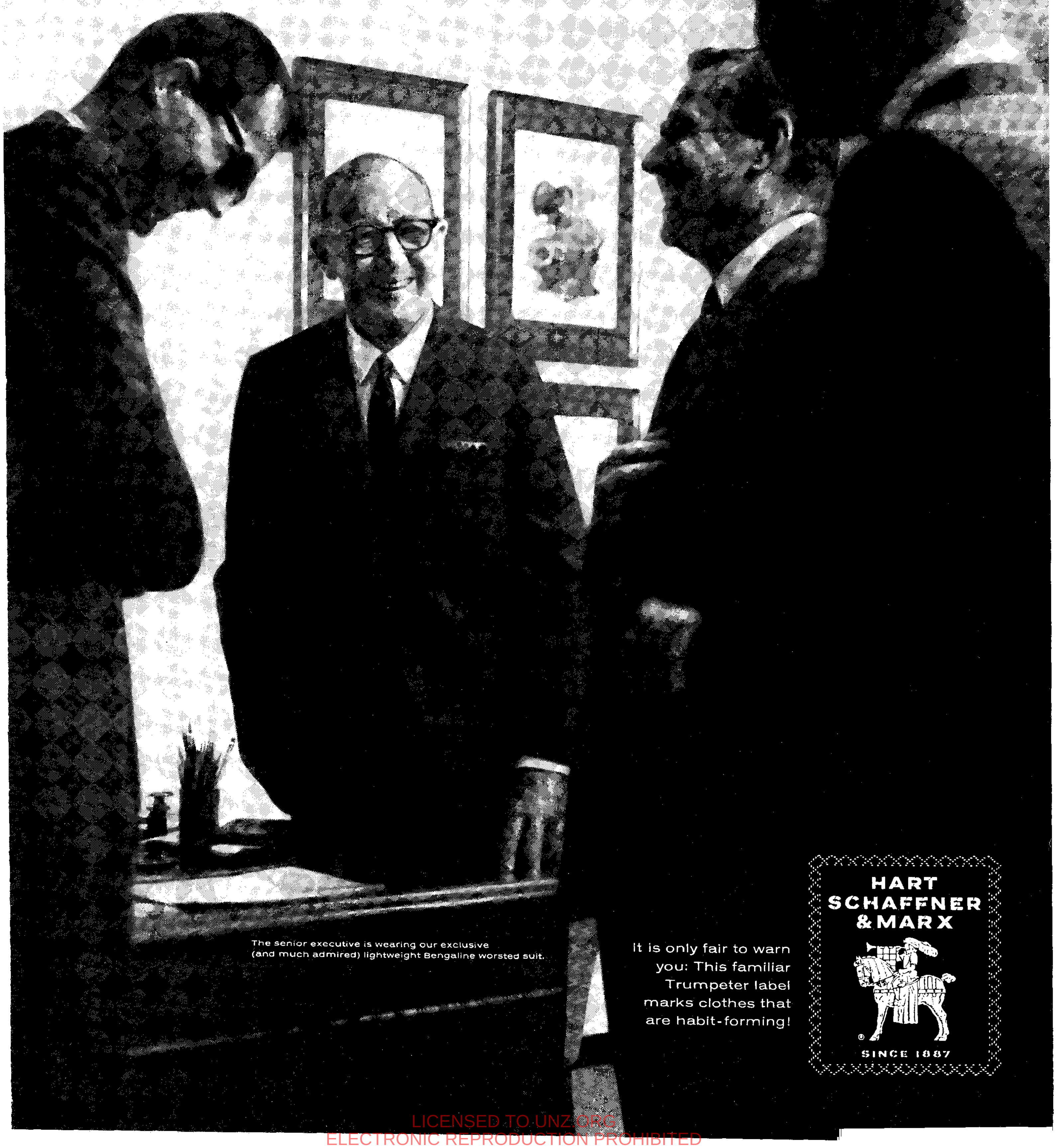

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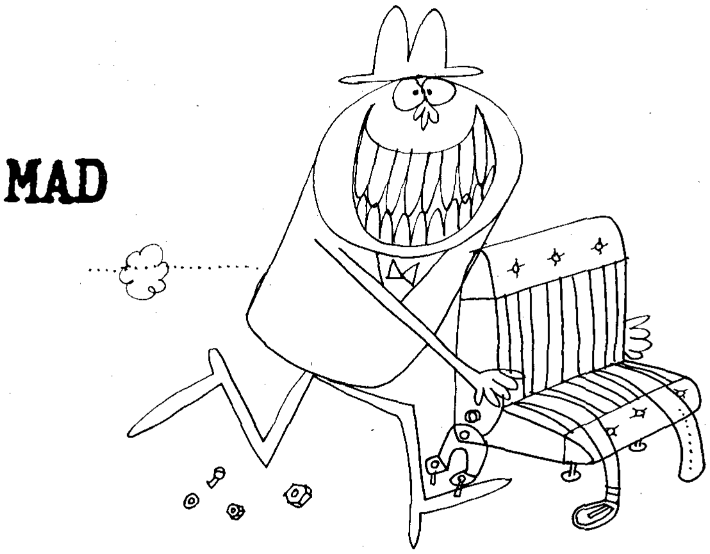

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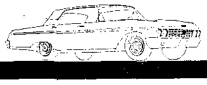

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force; the remainder were infantry and camp followers, many of whom were armed only with spears and swords.

Bonaparte, during these eventful days, steadily continued his advance up the river. "Melancholy and sadness reigned in the army," he records. But still he pushed his murmuring soldiers on, and on the night of July 20th the army was bivouacked within a mile or two of Embaba. At 1 A.M. the next day, the French camp was already astir, and in the dawn light the soldiers saw the Mamelukes for the first time since Jibbrish—a thousand of them, drawn up silently in line across the desert. Bonaparte went forward on horseback and surveyed the position through his spyglass. He saw beyond the enemy outposts the great camp at Embaba, and he judged that there were about twenty thousand enemy infantry there, with perhaps forty guns in crude entrenchments. The chief interest in these guns for Bonaparte was that they were river-boat guns, without wheels or carriages, and therefore immobile. To the west of the camp, the bulk of the Mameluke cavalry appeared to be drawn up astride the road to the Pyramids at Gizeh, and he judged them to number between nine and ten thousand. It was now 10 A.M., and the sun was rising to its full power.

The Battle of the Pyramids had many strange aspects—it took place, for example, nowhere near the Pyramids, which were eight or nine miles away—but perhaps the really significant factor in the whole affair was that Bonaparte, in these outlandish circumstances, and still a young man of twenty-eight, should have divined in one instant, and apparently with absolute conviction, precisely what he had to do. Never was a battle more clearly planned. He sees the fixed guns in the enemy camp and decides at once to keep them *hors de combat* for the time being by remaining out of their range while he tackles the Mameluke cavalry in the open desert. If the enemy infantry chooses to come to the aid of the cavalry by sallying out of the camp, so much the better—it will have to fight without the aid of its artillery. If, however, the infantry decides to remain where it is, the chances are that he will defeat the Mameluke cavalry with his own mobile guns and the concentrated fire of his squares; then it will be time enough to turn on the enemy camp. Thus Bonaparte designed the battle, and at all stages of the fighting the Mamelukes, instead of acting upon their own plan (which was presumably t draw the French into an assault on th camp while they charged in upon them from the flanks), were forced to react to Bonaparte's plan. So now Desaix was sent off to meet the Mamelukes on the right flank, and it was a long business—a matter of three hours—before all was ready. Murad appears to have been confused at first about what was happening; at all events, it was not until 2 P.M., when the sun was at its fiercest and a strong wind was blowing from the north, that he realized that his cavalry was about to be cut off from his infantry. Then, at last, he gave the order to charge.

At least six thousand horsemen were involved in this movement, and it is probably true to say that it was the last great cavalry charge of the Middle Ages. The contemporary attempts to describe it, whether in words or in drawings, are not very satisfactory. They leave one with a confused picture of the Moslem pennants flying over the horses' heads; of the Mamelukes in their enormous turbans and fluttering robes, each man leaning forward with a sabre in his right hand; of the foot attendants running beside them; and of scores of camels, laden with panniers of ammunition and weapons, following on behind. But all this vanishes in a moment in clouds of dust and smoke, and the noise of the charge—the thousands of hoofs beating on the sand, the shouts, the drums and bugles—becomes lost in the general uproar of cannon. Few eyewitnesses ever really see a battle or comprehend what is happening while it is being fought, every soldier being isolated in the small, frantic world of his own experience, and this battle was more tumultuous than most—quicker in action, more savage in character, and more concentrated in time. It was, indeed, one long crisis while it lasted. Desaix had just reached a sparse grove of palm trees when the charge began, and he barely had time to settle his soldiers into their action stations before the Mamelukes were upon them. They waited until the leading horsemen were within fifty paces. Then they fired. Denon speaks of the enemy's riding right up to the mouths of the cannon before they fell or turned aside. Those who wheeled around the squares, seeking to breach the sides or the rear, were soon caught in the crossfire of Reynier's division, which was coming up behind Desaix's, and when they turned to charge again, their frightened animals were bucketed back and forth from one square to another. Murad, who had put himself in the van of the first assault, escaped with a slight wound in one

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cheek, and he appears to have realized that the battle was lost almost before it had begun. He gathered the remnants of his men and retired toward the Pyramids. Desaix's infantry, following on their tracks, soon got themselves behind the enemy camp at Embaba, and took up a position close to the riverbank.

Meanwhile, Dugua's division, with Bonaparte in one of the squares, was advancing on the camp itself. The troops turned aside a cavalry charge and, seeing the way clear, rushed straight upon the enemy guns, which up to this point had taken no part in the battle. Nor were the gunners able to contribute much even at this desperate moment. They fired once, but before they could reload and fire again, the French were on top of them, and a hand-to-hand struggle began among the entrenchments and the baggage of the camp. Murad attempted to come to the assistance of his infantry from the rear, but he found himself blocked by Desaix's division, and now, in fact, the bulk of the Mameluke army and its thousands of camp followers were surrounded. "From this moment," Denon says, "it was no longer a battle but a massacre."

Ibrahim, waiting with his reserves and a huge crowd of townspeople on the east bank, was appalled to see Embaba go up in flames. Soon, out of the shroud of the sandstorm raised by the north wind, thousands of figures—Mamelukes as well as infantry—came running to the river. There were no boats, but apparently these men preferred death by drowning to the bullets of the French, and so they flung themselves into the choppy water—even rode their horses into it—and were swept away by the current, at first in twos and threes and then in dozens, the Mamelukes, in their gorgeous robes, looking like great tropical flowers on the surface of the water. Back on the battlefield and around the camp at Embaba, the French soldiers found that they had reached their El Dorado at last. The Mamelukes had gone into action carrying their wealth with them. Some had as many as three or four hundred gold pieces in their saddlebags, and their equipment—the inlaid swords and daggers, the silk scarves, and the jewelled turbans—was worth fortunes to men who earned only a few sous a day. There was no shortage of this loot. Three, perhaps four, thousand Mamelukes and their men had been either shot or drowned, and few of the French failed to get a share; barely thirty of their own number had fallen. It was a measure of the ferocity of the fighting and of the bravery of the Mamelukes

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Life has not all been a picnic for painter-designer, Vera. But she cheerfully admits to having a generous share of the world's rosy fruits. The nation has heartily acclaimed her inimitable scarves, blouses and linens. And the virtuosity of Vera designs deserves this enthusiastic acceptance. Recognized as works of art and registered in the Library of Congress, they are delights of color, composition and originality. Girls, women, tables and towel racks now may personally display appealing art objects.

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Vera's inspirations can come from anywhere. The friendly ferns and leaves in her own garden may engender enticing studies. Or the estranged sands of the Sahara have inspired exotic colors. But Vera's watermelon came from very close to home. And connoisseurs of the arts of fashion will find it very close to their hearts.

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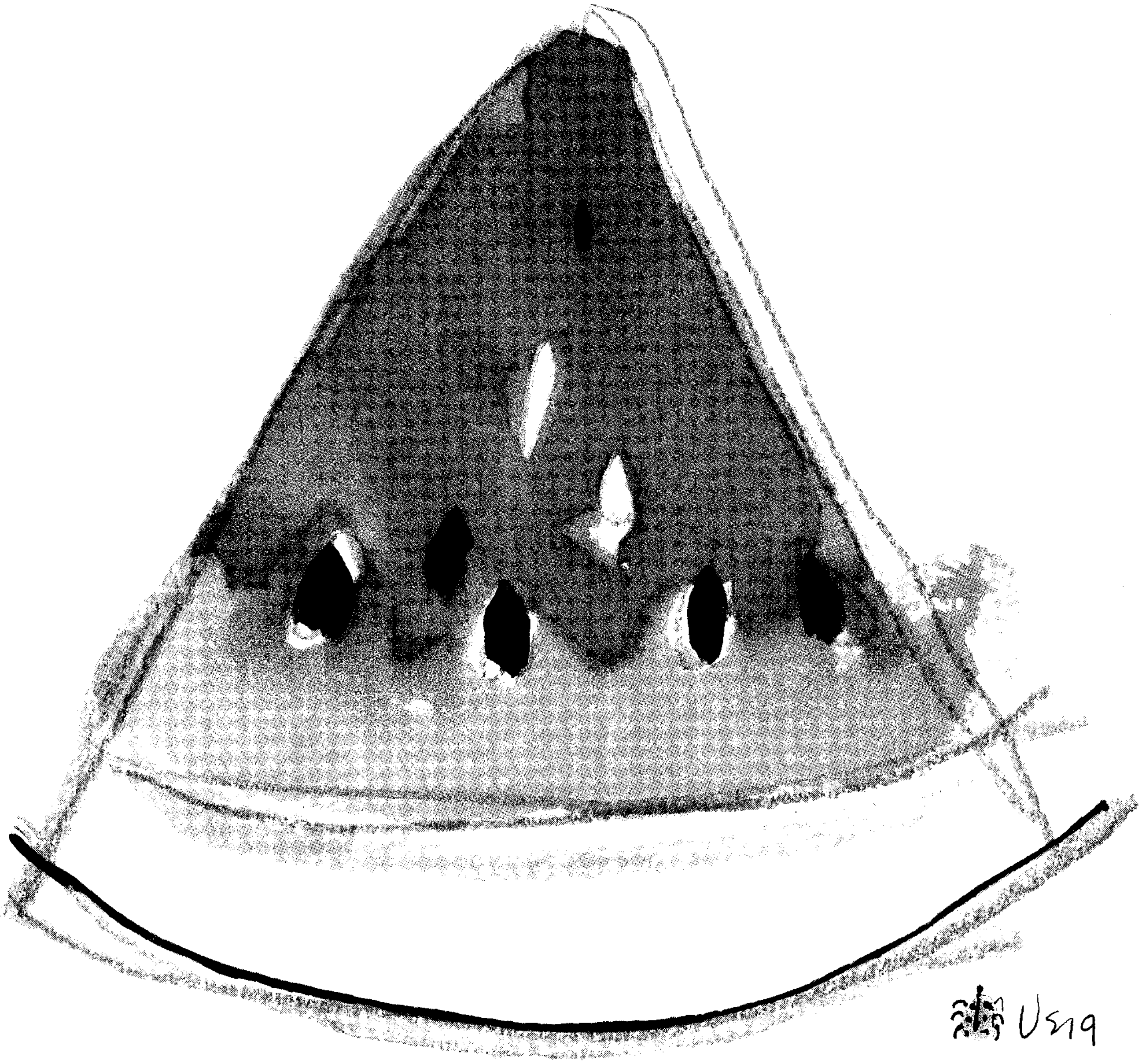

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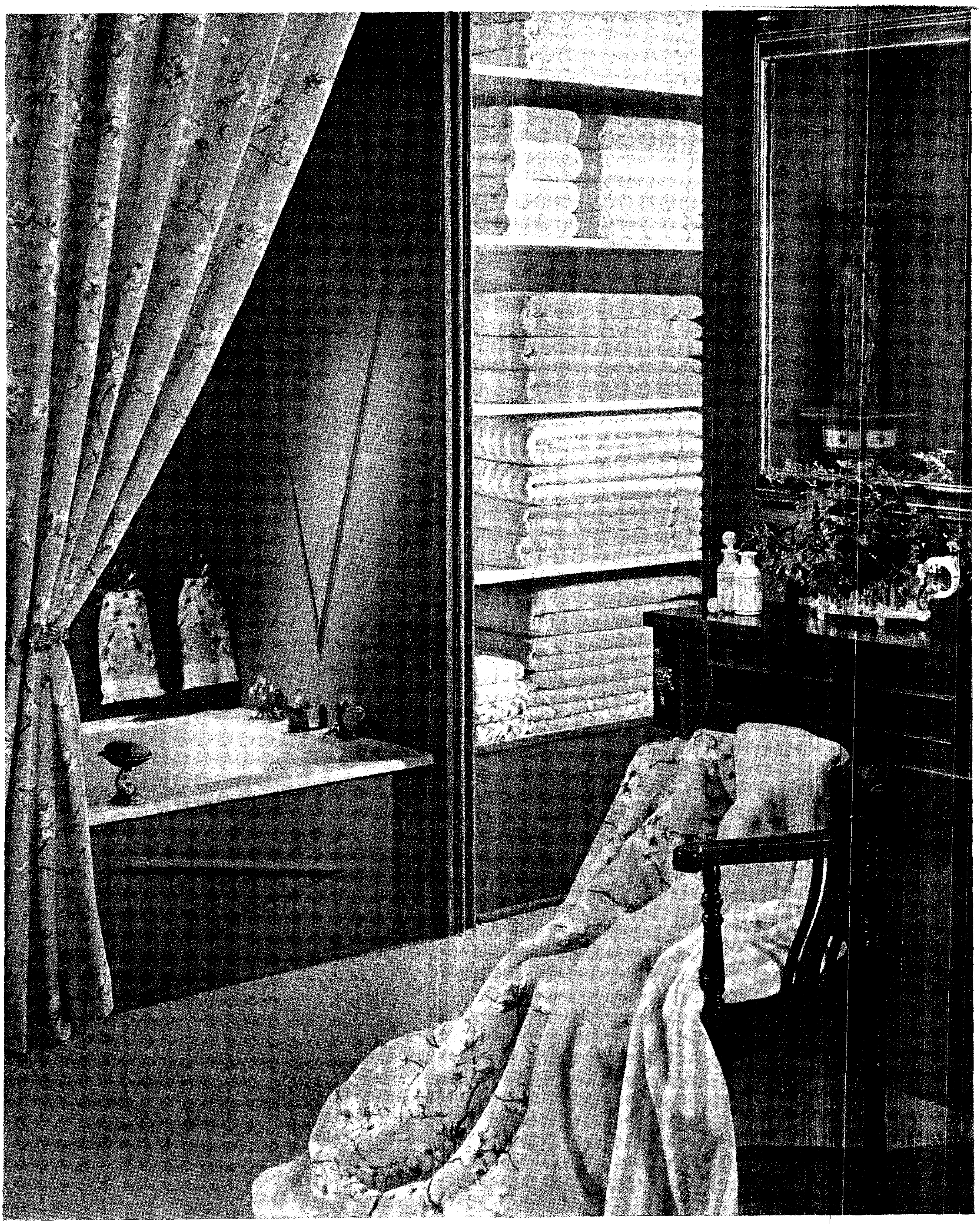

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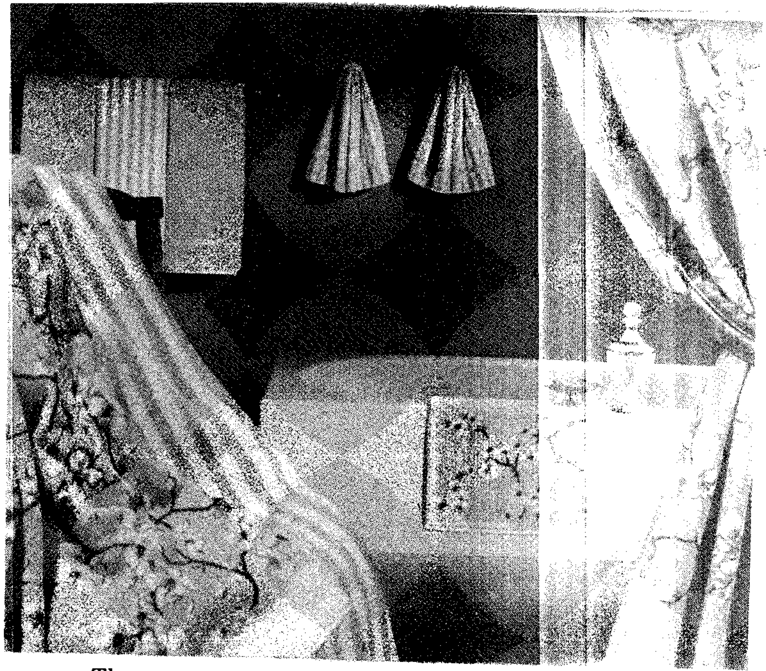

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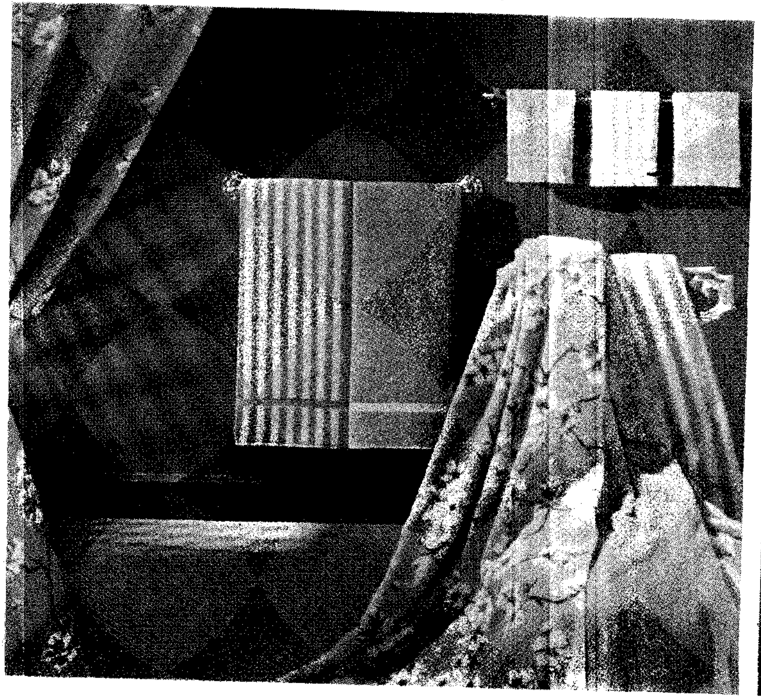

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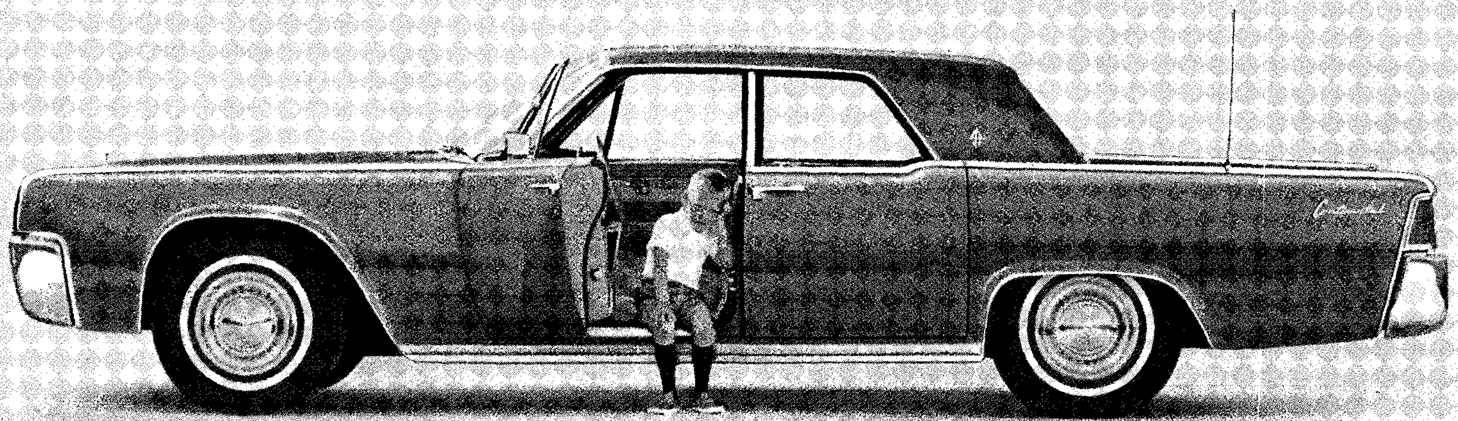

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It was still daylight. Murad, with about two thousand surviving cavalry, paused for a quarter of an hour at his country house, near the Pyramids, and then continued into the desert to the south. Toward nine o'clock, a glow lit up the sky over Cairo. Ibrahim had not waited until the French turned their guns on him across the river; he had retreated into the city with his bodyguard, and these, having gathered up their women and portable belongings, had continued directly out of the city toward the east, accompanied by Abu Bekir Pasha, the Sultan's viceroy, and followed by thousands of civilians. All night long, people streamed through the gates, the men with baggage on their heads, the women with children on their shoulders. The refugees, however, fared hardly better than the Mamelukes who had retreated into the Nile; a few miles outside Cairo they were set upon by Bedouins and stripped of their belongings. Only Ibrahim and his column of armed Mamelukes were able to get safely through. With the Mamelukes gone, Cairo was taken over by a mob. They burst into the beys' houses one after another, looting them of every movable object and in some cases setting fire to the empty shell of the building as well. It was the light of these fires that the French saw from across the river. Abdul-Rahman al-Jabarti, the son of one of the principal imams, describes this as "the most horrible night of Cairo's history." For the French, however, it was the marvellous, almost unbelievable reward for the hardships of the past three weeks, and Bonaparte, his every promise to his men fulfilled, could sit down with some elation in Murad's country house near the Pyramids and write his dispatch to the Directory. One can imagine him lying down to sleep at last on one of Murad's divans, still dressed in his uniform. He had been awake for some twenty hours. It was a wonderful thing to be young.

BONAPARTE, after his Italian campaigns, was an old hand at the business of dealing with captured cities, and the arrangements he made in Cairo will be familiar to most soldiers who fought in the Second World War. The frightened leaders of the community are sent for and are assured that there will be no reprisals if no further resistance is offered; the shops must be reopened, law and order reëstablished, and billets made available to the soldiers who are to occupy the city. An officer is appointed military governor, procla-

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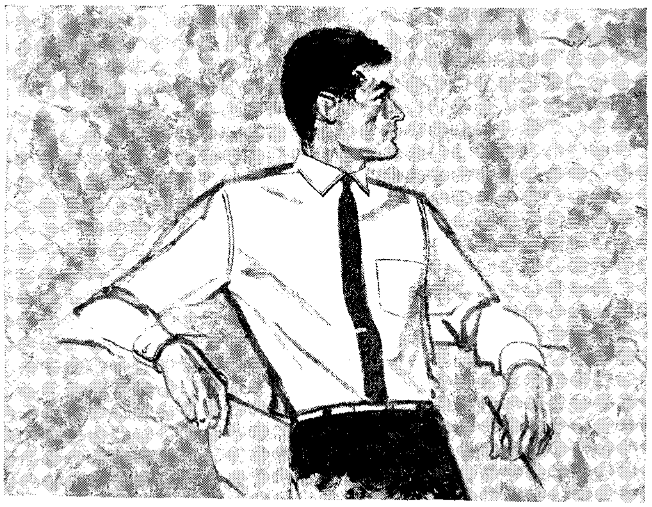

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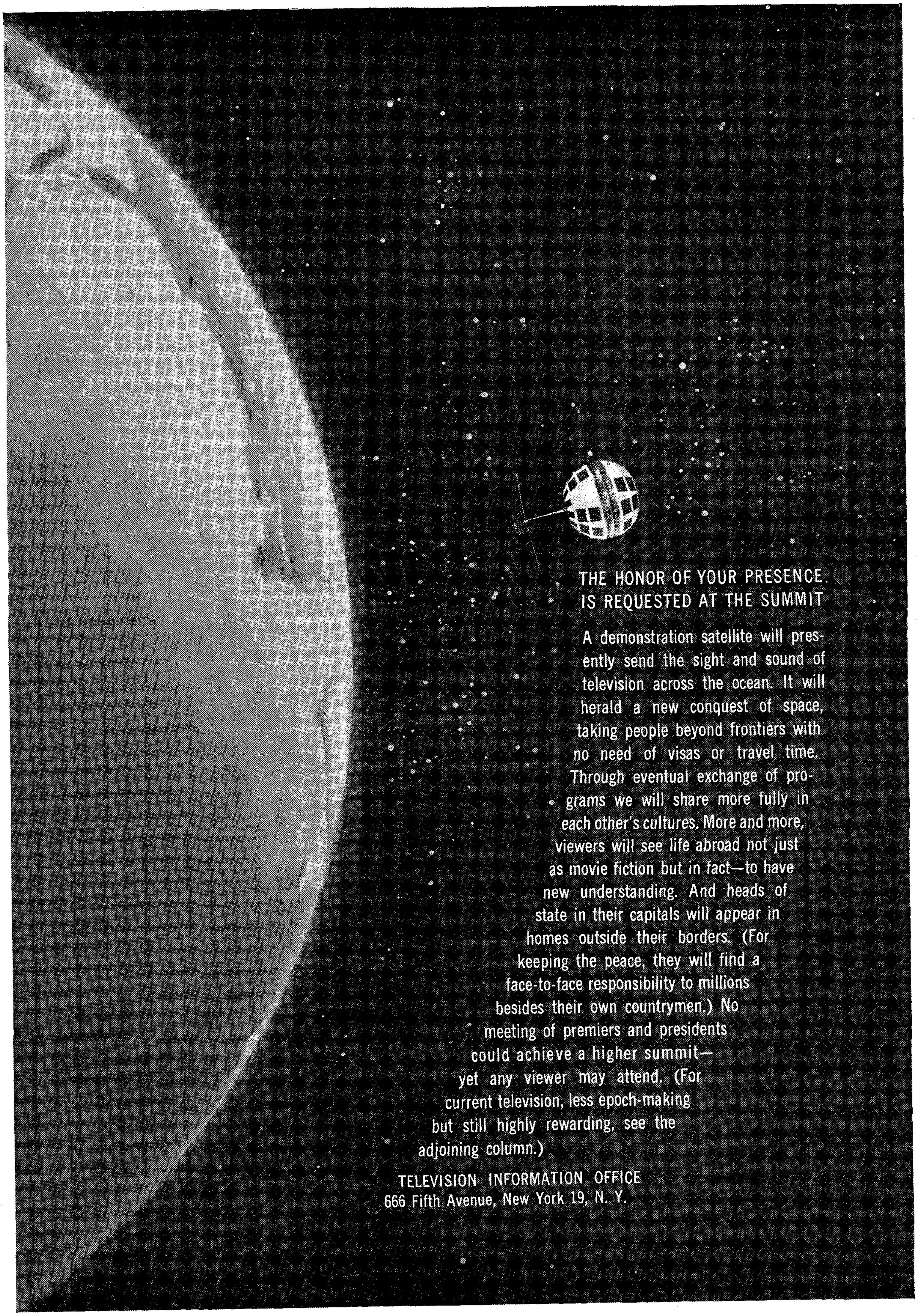

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MAY . . . Some
Television Programs
of Special Interest

The Satellite That Talks
Research on communications satellite.
Sunday, May 6 (6-6:30 PM)

Meet the Professor
Bell Wiley on the Civil War soldier.
Sunday, May 6 (2:30-3 PM)

The Unstoppable Gray Fox
Lee J. Cobb in Saroyan's play.
Sunday, May 6 (9-9:30 PM)

Look Up and Live
Excerpts from Camus' *The Plague.*
Sunday, May 13 (10:30-11 AM)

Whitsuntide
Elizabethan music for Pentecost.
Sunday, May 13 (3-3:30 PM)

The Bing Crosby Show
Guests: Bob Hope and Edie Adams.
Monday, May 14 (10-11 PM)

Cry Out in Silence
Celeste Holm portrays an ailing actress.
Tuesday, May 15 (10-10:30 PM)

Mother and Daughter
The troubled adolescent.
Thursday, May 17 (3-4 PM)

White Paper: The Inferno
Report on life in a Sicilian slum.
Friday, May 18 (9:30-10:30 PM)

The Adams Family: An American Dynasty
Tour of the Adams house in Quincy, Mass.
Sunday, May 20 (1-1:30 PM)

The "Emmy" Awards
Tuesday, May 22 (10-11:30 PM)

The Overseas Chinese
Growing influence of Chinese in Singapore.
Tuesday, May 22 (10:30-11 PM)

Breakthrough: Cancer
Progress report on medical research.
Friday, May 25 (9:30-10:30 PM)

Hurricane
The story of Hurricane Carla.
Sunday, May 27 (10-11 PM)

The Fifty Faces of '62
Issues and personalities in '62 elections.
Wednesday, May 30 (10-11 PM)

Regularly Scheduled
Mon.-Fri. CONTINENTAL CLASSROOM
  Probability and Statistics
  American Government
  COLLEGE OF THE AIR
  The New Biology
Wednesdays: HOWARD K. SMITH—NEWS AND COMMENT
  DAVID BRINKLEY'S JOURNAL
Thursdays: CBS REPORTS
Fridays: EYEWITNESS
  CHET HUNTLEY REPORTING
Saturdays: CHAMPIONSHIP DEBATE
Sundays: CAMERA THREE
  WASHINGTON CONVERSATION
  ACCENT
  MEET THE PROFESSOR
  DIRECTIONS '62
  ADLAI STEVENSON REPORTS/EDITOR'S CHOICE
  ISSUES AND ANSWERS
  PATTERNS IN MUSIC
  UPDATE
  COLLEGE BOWL
  THE TWENTIETH CENTURY
  MEET THE PRESS
  1,2,3—GO!
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mations are pasted up on the walls, and presently the victorious soldiers come marching in. From the windows of their houses, the people watch them silently and intently, fearing the worst, trying desperately to understand what the future is going to bring. There is a certain arrogance in all soldiers occupying a conquered town. It is muted and disguised for the time being, but it is there; they despise the helpless, dejected civilians, with their averted faces and their shabby houses, and the young officer ordering his men to ground their rifles in the square conceals beneath his air of punctiliousness a secret complacency about his own power. This will change as the civilians grow more confident and the soldiers begin to feel the need of more human relationships. Strange faces and manners will become familiar, and as the soldiers' indolence increases, the civilians will learn how to placate their new rulers, how to use them for their own advantage, and eventually, perhaps, how to cheat them. For the moment, however, all is wariness and suspicious curiosity, with confidence on one side and fear on the other, and when, at last, the commander-in-chief comes riding into the city, he appears to them all, soldiers and civilians alike, to be a very great man indeed—the symbol of absolute power, the final arbiter of their lives. These effects, which were now about to be produced in Cairo, were of extraordinary interest, not only because it was the French, the most talented people in Europe, who were the victors, and the Egyptians, by nature a devious and long-suffering race, who were the conquered, but because this was the first real integration of the West and the East in Egypt since the departure of the Roman garrisons, well over a thousand years before.

On July 23rd, having accepted the submission of the sheikhs who remained in the city, Bonaparte himself entered Cairo to the sound of drums and trumpets, and the population came out to gaze on him as he rode by. A sumptuous palace—the recently built house of Elfi Bey, one of the wealthiest of the departed Mamelukes—had been reserved for him in the center of the town, in Ezbekia Square. It had a garden reaching out to the countryside and stood on the site where the old Shepheard's Hotel was eventually built. Here the commander-in-chief—or the Grand Sultan, the Sultan Kebir, as the Egyptians called him—lived in great style. His coachman, Caesar, caused much astonishment when he appeared in the narrow streets of Cairo with his

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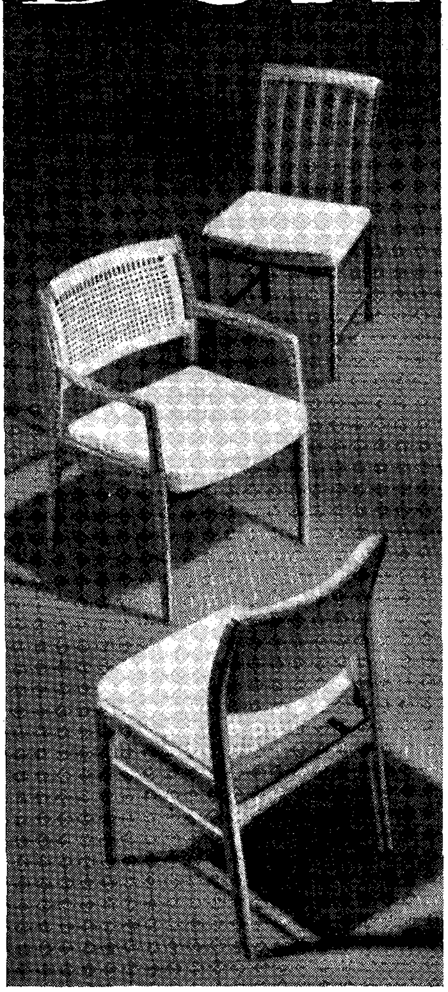

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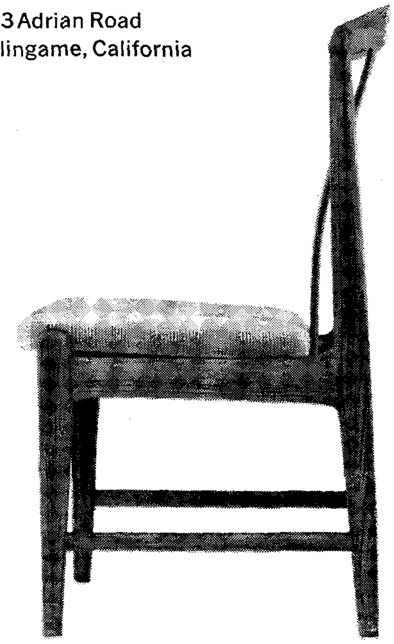

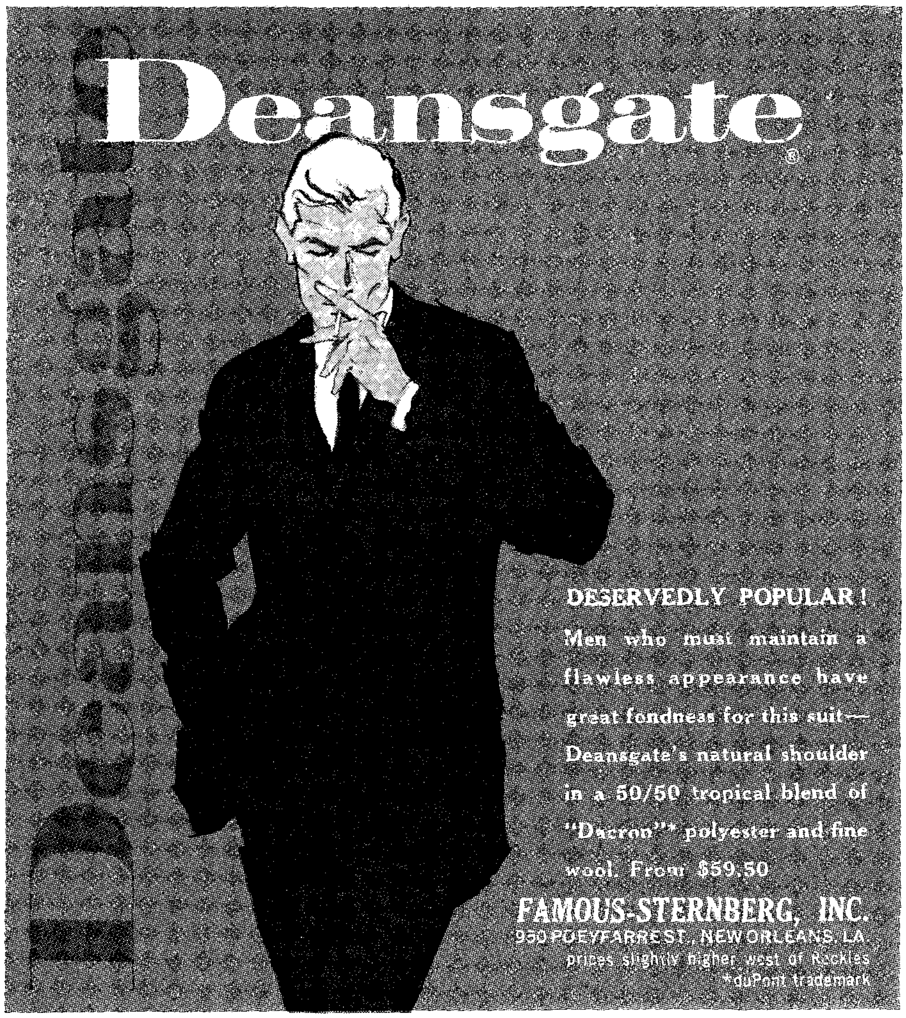

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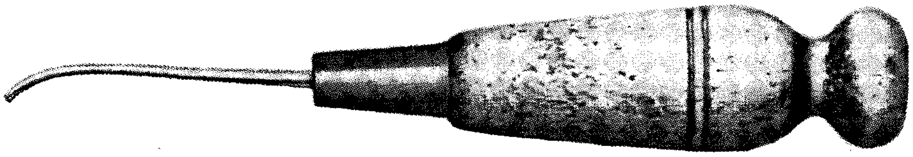

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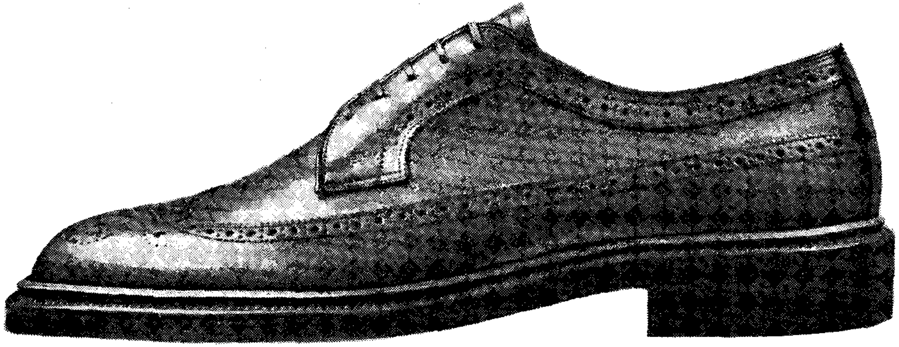

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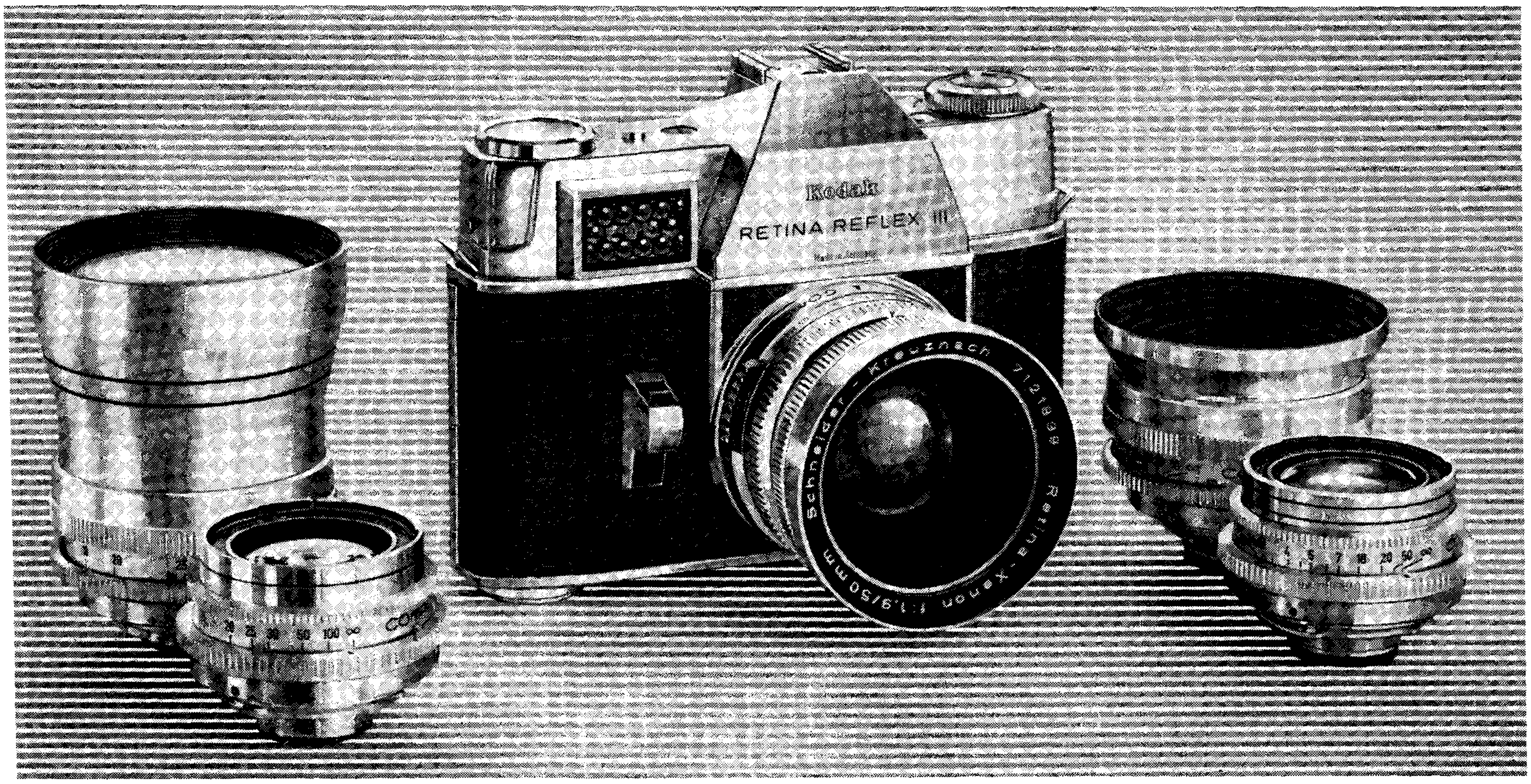
coach-and-six. Other large houses were found for the general staff and for the savants who were to set up the new Institut d'Egypte.

Awakening from the daze created by the battle, the French and the Egyptians at first were immensely relieved. If the French had their mad idiosyncrasies, such as the order obliging the citizens to wear the Revolutionary cockade *in* their turbans, they were also generous, even to the point of naïveté; they paid for what they bought at very high prices, and the Egyptian bakers, full of wonder at such gullibility, were soon mixing earth with their flour and making smaller loaves. The bazaars and coffeehouses reopened, and many of the people who had fled to the desert began to return. There were excesses, of course, but the mosques were respected, and the wives of the Mamelukes were protected, the French merely demanding of them a ransom—a pretty stiff ransom in the case of Fatima, Murad's wife, who had to pay seven hundred and twenty thousand francs. Bonaparte during these early days tried hard to make himself acceptable to his new subjects. A council of Egyptian elders was set up to replace the Mameluke beys, and a genuine effort was made to encourage them to govern. Egyptians were appointed governors of the provinces, each with a French commissioner to assist him, and Bonaparte himself designed for these officials a splendid new uniform with a blue-plumed hat. Taxes were imposed on what was believed to be a fair and reasonable basis, and in the law courts and government offices there was an attempt to do away with the Mameluke system of corruption and bribery. Next, an elaborate scheme of public works was set on foot; canals were cleared, rubbish was removed from the streets, a bridge of boats was thrown across the Nile, and engineers repaired the hydraulic machine that supplied the citadel with water. Troops were sent off to rescue a caravan of pilgrims to Mecca who were being harassed by the Bedouins outside Cairo. In other words, this was a policy of appeasement, and what the French were attempting was nothing less than the regeneration of Egypt. It was here that the intellectuals were to play their part. At the opening meeting of the new Institut d'Egypte, Bonaparte accepted the vice-presidency under Monge, and he elected to direct the work of the department of mathematics himself, while Berthollet attended to physics, Caffarelli to economics, and Parseval-Grandmaison to literature and the fine arts. The In-



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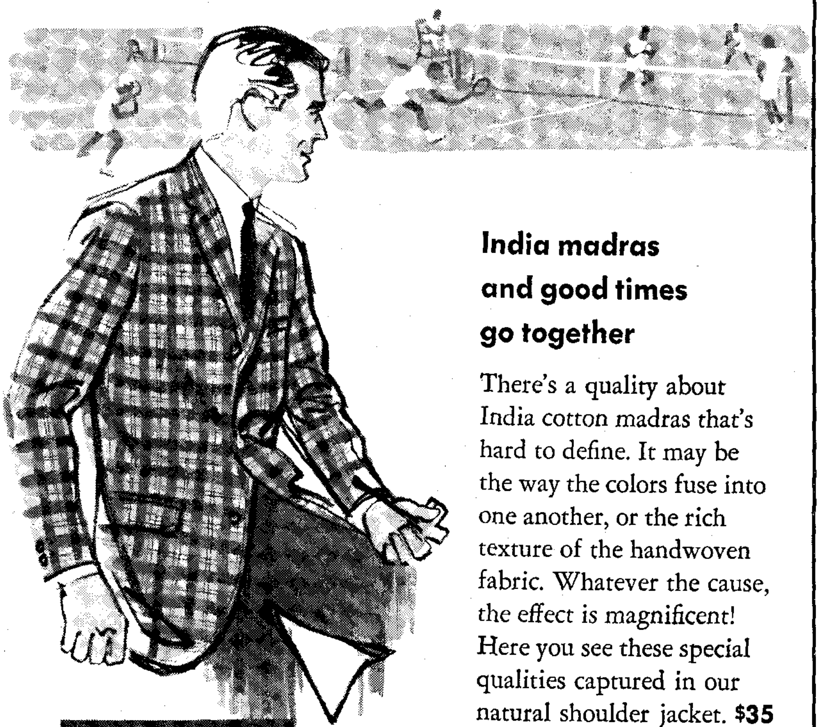

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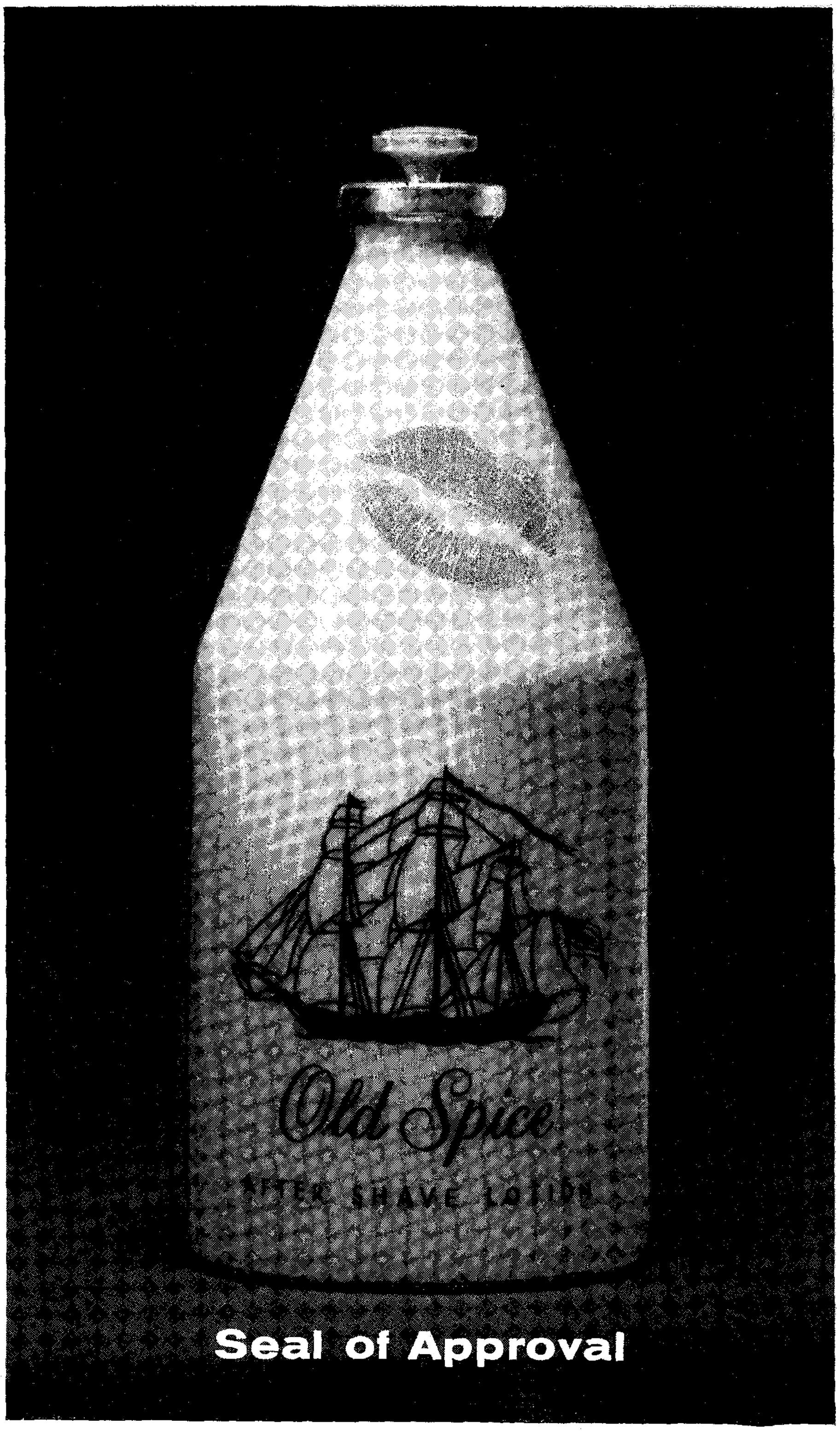
stitut's program would have done credit to UNESCO. In the field of the arts, its members were to study the monuments and the antiquities, to write a history of ancient Egypt, to prepare a French-Egyptian dictionary, and to publish two journals, *La Décade Egyptienne* and *Le Courrier d'Egypte*. In engineering, they were to devise a plan for the cutting of a canal at Suez, and plan for the preservation of fresh water by the erection of a series of dams on the Nile. The causes of the annual flooding of the river were also to be examined. In agriculture, they were to experiment with new crops; in medicine, they were to investigate the disease of ophthalmia and reorganize the sanitary and hospital services; in economy, a new scheme of weights and measures was to be devised. Monge and others were to busy themselves with such esoteric matters as the desert mirage, the hippopotamus and the crocodile, and the movements of heavenly bodies in the bright Egyptian sky. A census was to be carried out, the country accurately mapped, and a study made of geology and natural history. Egypt, for the first time, was to be revealed to itself and to the world.

It seems clear that the Egyptians, on recovering from the first shock of the conquest, neither liked nor approved of any of these doings. Bonaparte and his savants were moved by the ardent Revolutionary principle that all men wish to be free and to improve themselves, but this was not necessarily the case in a country that had scarcely ever known either freedom or improvement. The Egyptian sheikhs and imams had no wish to take on the responsibility of government; they were frightened of it. The Mamelukes had been lax in gathering taxes, but the French were proving very thorough; they employed Copts and Greeks to ferret out the last piastre, and it was difficult to come to a comfortable arrangement with a bribe. The projected census was going to make concealment even harder. Everything these new conquerors proposed was a strain; it was a strain *not* to throw rubbish in the streets and *not* to bribe witnesses and officials, and it was upsetting to be obliged to undergo medical treatment when prayers had always served in the past. They had been getting on very well, they felt, as they were before. They had no need for new canals, new weights and measures, or new schools. Above all, they hated the Christian interference in their private lives. It was perfectly true that the Mamelukes, in moments of violence, had behaved infinitely more cruelly to the Egyptians than the French did. But this was not the point. The Mamelukes were the devil they knew, and Bonaparte was not. His sincerity—and there is no doubt that at first his approach to the problems of governing Egypt was both very sincere and very intelligent—was misunderstood. The Egyptians naturally looked for duplicity beneath the apparent altruism, and at the same time, like spoiled children who are offered undreamed-of liberties, they began to expect that more and more would be given them.

The French, on their side, were no better pleased with the situation, once the first glow of victory was over. Campaigning with Bonaparte in Italy, they had moved among familiar scenes, where the inhabitants behaved more or less as they did. But here they were surrounded by dark, shuttered houses, by women who in general revealed nothing of themselves except their eyes and the tips of their fingers, by a people whose language and religion were a mystery, whose celebrations were gibberish, and whose food was uneatable. They had had no mail from home since they sailed, and now that the first pressure of the campaign was over, many of the men fell ill. They were forever hot and uncomfortable, and it was not long before they were beset by that bane of all occupying armies—restlessness and ennui. And so each day the malcontents grew in number, and they could talk of nothing except how soon they could return to France.

But no one could return to France—not for a long time yet. It was soon realized that the campaign that had opened so brilliantly had only just begun, and was about to enter a new phase; in place of pitched battles, which were short and victorious, the French were faced with guerrilla warfare, which promised to be long and hard. Bonaparte sent a message to Murad, who had reached the Fayum Oasis, offering him the governorship of Upper Egypt if he would submit, but Murad merely replied with a counter-offer; he said he would pay the French a ransom if they would get out of Egypt. Nor did Bonaparte have any better luck with the Mamelukes who had gone east; when he proposed to Abu Bekir Pasha that he return to Cairo and resume his role as the Sultan's viceroy, he received no reply at all. The Pasha by now was well on his way to Syria with Ibrahim, each of them with enormous baggage in their train, and they had no intention of returning. Ibrahim, at least, Bonaparte consequently decided to destroy. He himself joined a detachment that set off in pursuit, and although he caught



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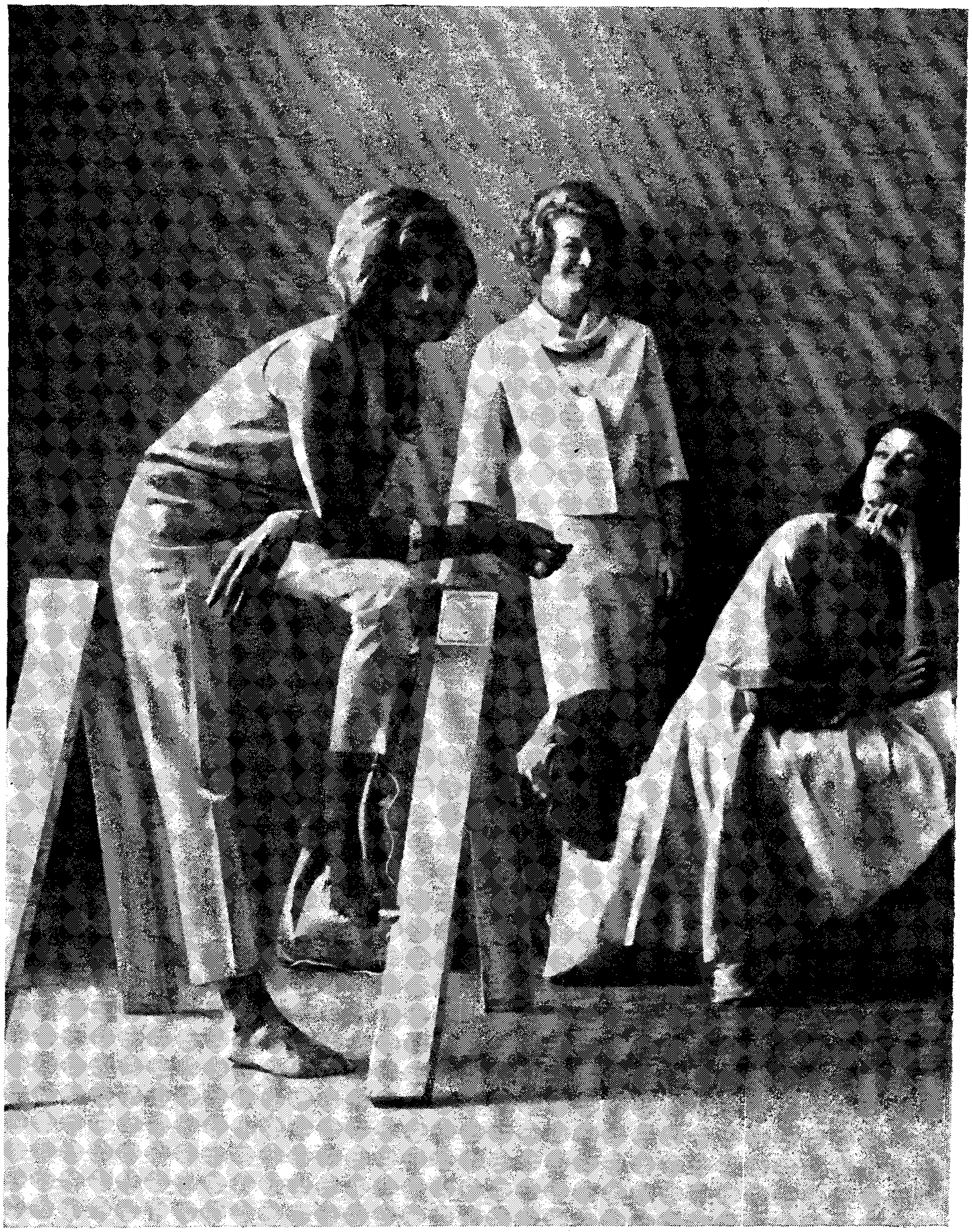

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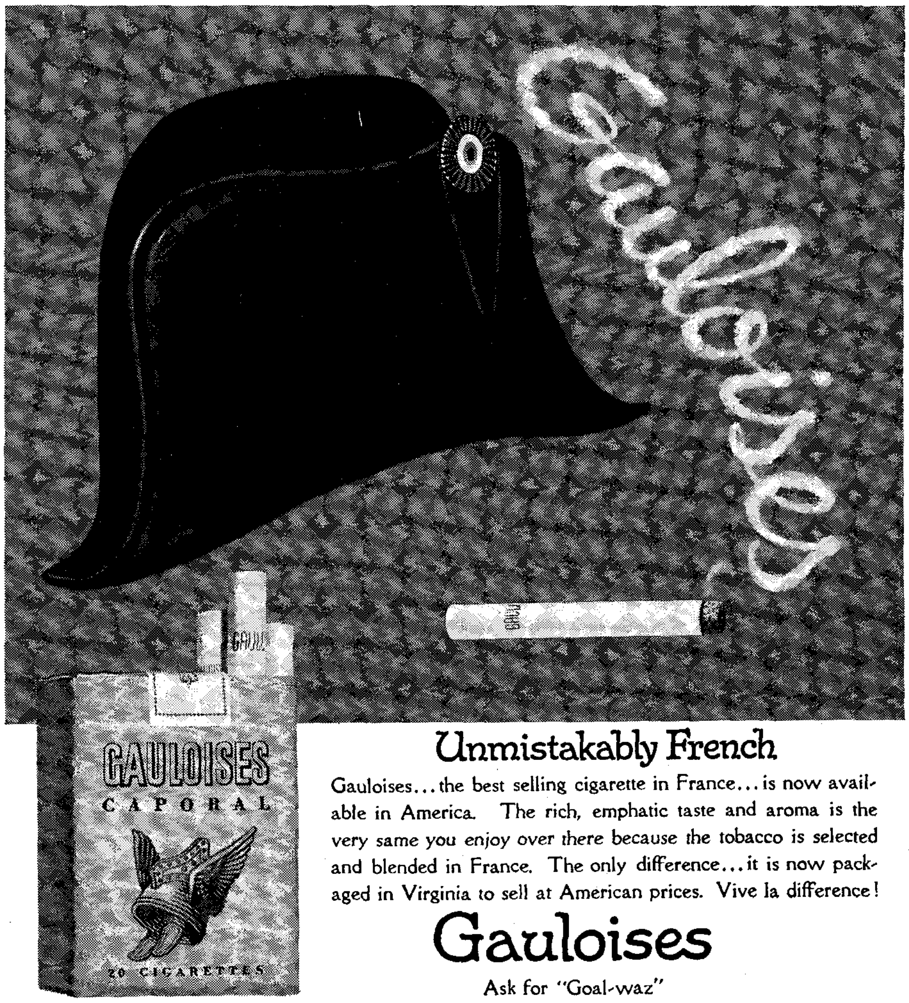

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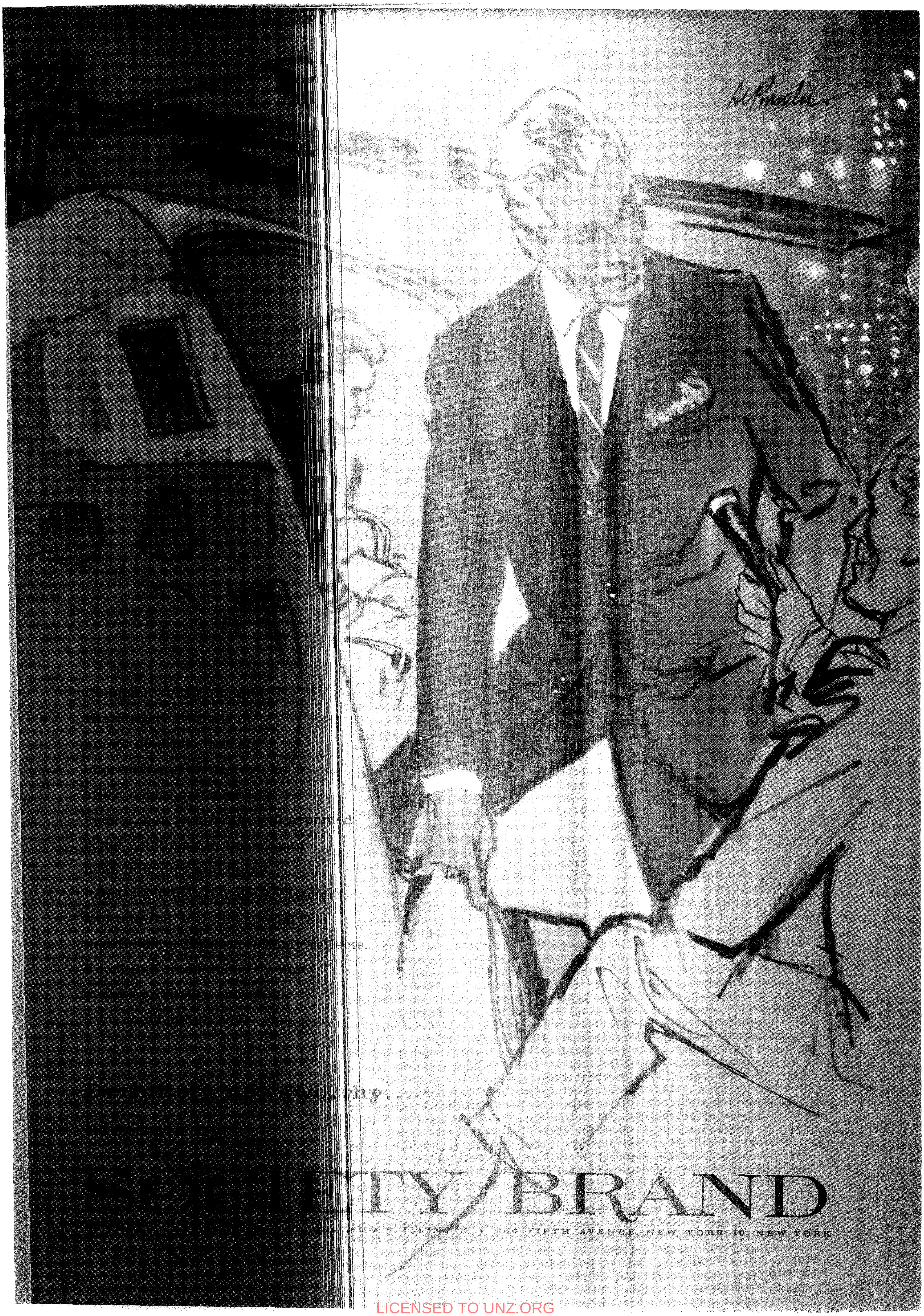
up with Ibrahim's escort—a hand-to-hand skirmish was fought at Salihiya, on the eastern edge of the delta—Ibrahim and Abu Bekir escaped and continued on their way. Bonaparte spent two days at Salihiya organizing his provincial administration, and it was on his journey back to Cairo that he received word from the garrison he had left behind at Alexandria under Kléber. It is said that he read Kléber's message with an air of imperturbability, and if this is true, it is remarkable, for the message contained terrible news, the worst that could possibly be: the French fleet had been utterly destroyed by Nelson in Abukir Bay, about fifteen miles northeast of Alexandria. The expedition was cut off from France. "On the morning of July 31, 1798," Denon wrote, "the French were masters of Egypt, Corfu, and Malta; thirty vessels of the line united these possessions with France. [Now] the Army of the East was imprisoned in its own conquest." Overnight, the French had become marooned colonists instead of conquerors.

NELSON remained off Abukir for two and a half weeks, landing the prisoners taken in the battle, and then, leaving Admiral Hood to establish a blockade, sailed for Naples. He had dealt Bonaparte a blow from which any other commander would never have recovered. But in one unexpected way, the very magnitude of the disaster was of assistance to the French. It left them without an alternative; being cut off from all hope of returning to France, they concentrated their energies on Egypt and began to accept a life of exile. This, of course, did not prevent the soldiers and the camp followers from writing the most dismal letters home, and even Bonaparte gave way at times to fits of despair. In a letter to his brother Joseph, he says, "I am sick of humanity: I need solitude and isolation. Greatness wearies me, emotion chills me, my passion for glory has vanished. At twenty-nine years of age, I am worn out." Such letters as these were dispatched by frigates from Alexandria, and often the frigates were intercepted by the British blockade, which had been reinforced by Turkish and Russian ships. Already the British were disposed to believe that it was only a matter of time before the French expedition collapsed of its own misfortunes, and these letters seemed to confirm that view. There was no need, it was thought, to land a British force in Egypt; the Turks, who had now declared war on Bonaparte, would be able to deliver the coup de grâce without assistance. Nelson gave



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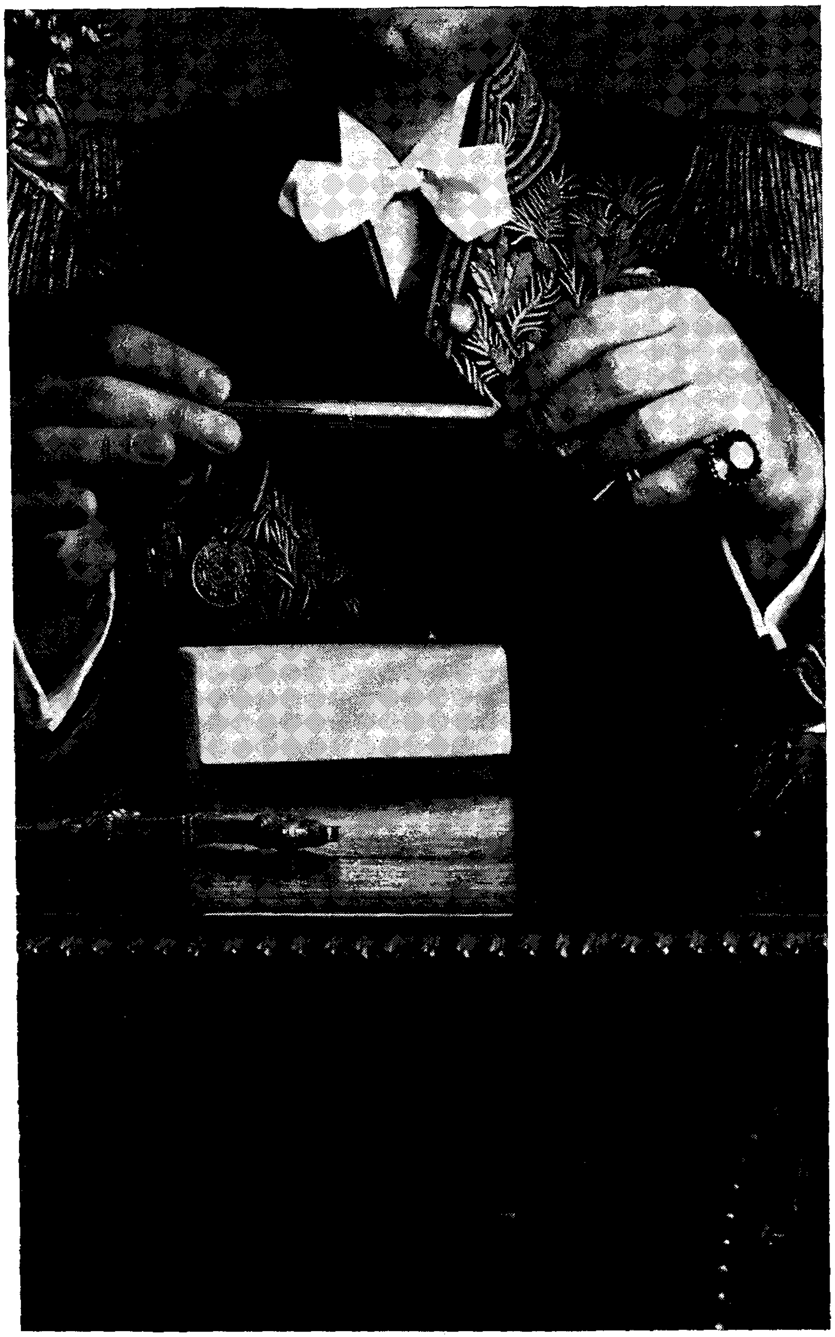
it as his opinion that the French could be forced to surrender within three months.

In point of fact, however, the French army was a long way from being desperate. It suffered hardly at all from the lack of supplies from France; the soldiers were being amply fed from the rich fields of the delta—perhaps better fed than they would have been at home—and gradually they had begun to acclimatize themselves. Indeed, Bonaparte, far from thinking of surrender, set about redesigning Cairo and building new boulevards (no doubt with Paris in mind). He established a mint, and he visited Suez on horseback in order to put his great project for the canal on foot. (It was abandoned when Le Père, his engineer, reported—erroneously—that the scheme was impossible because the Red Sea was some thirty feet higher than the Mediterranean.) Conte, the balloonist, managed to get a tricolored balloon into the air, and his windmills, the first ever seen in Egypt, were another demonstration of the marvellous inventiveness of the French. Yet it was the Nile that preoccupied Bonaparte. He might be able to exist for the time being without contact with France, but it was impossible for him to remain secure in the delta as long as the Mamelukes had control of the river to the south. At any moment, they could mount a counterattack from Upper Egypt, and, in fact, it was known that Murad was already assembling a new army there. He had taken some two thousand Mamelukes with him to the Fayum Oasis, together with about five thousand irregular Arab cavalry, and he could count to some extent on the assistance of the Bedouins and of the tribes living along the riverbank. This was an ample force for armed raids into the delta—perhaps even for the siege of Cairo itself. He was in contact by courier with the malcontents in Cairo and Alexandria and with Ibrahim in Syria, and every week the ancient cry for a jihad—a holy war to expel the infidel—was growing stronger. By the middle of August, it was apparent that the French would have no peace in the delta until Murad had been either destroyed or driven so far off that sheer distance would make him harmless. So now, in the midst of his kaleidoscopic activities in Cairo, Bonaparte began to prepare for a campaign on the river.

It has been the fate of this adventure to be regarded as a sort of sideshow of the French expedition to Egypt—as a sort of appendage to the main operations—and so it was, militarily speaking; not more than five thousand French

The gift that the dictator dictated



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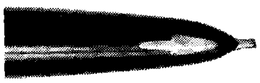

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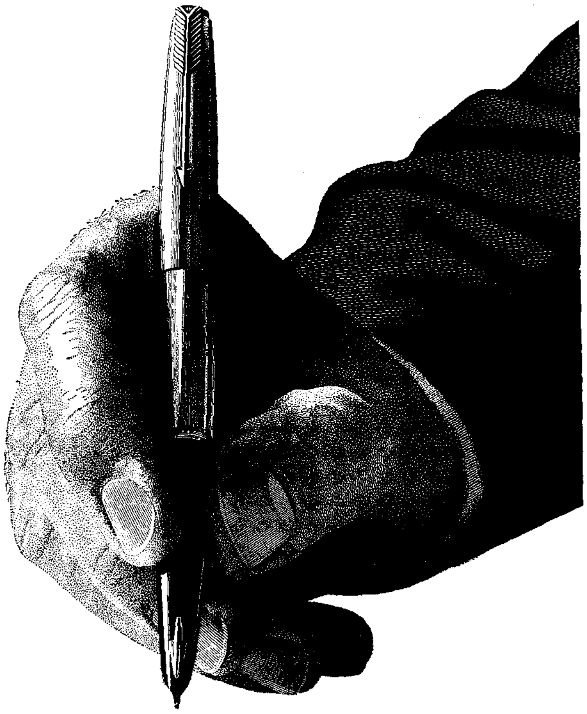

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were involved, and Murad at no time commanded more than about fourteen thousand men. And yet, like a new branch that becomes more virile than the parent tree, this campaign was to accomplish wonderful things. It was to unlock the forgotten culture and history of the ancient Egyptian past for the first time since the days of the Romans; it was to prepare the way for the penetration of the modern world farther and farther upstream, until the whole mystery of the river system was at last explained—the White Nile as well as the Blue. Perhaps one of the reasons the campaign has been so widely overlooked is that Bonaparte himself did not accompany it; nearly all his senior generals, and nearly all the historians and memoirists who were later to write about their deeds, remained with the commander-in-chief in Cairo, and subsequently went off with him to Syria. The Nile expedition was a campaign within a campaign, and nobody in Europe knew or cared anything about it. For fourteen months, the two little armies, alien to each other in every aspect of their being, were sealed off from the rest of the world on the upper reaches of the river, between the Pyramids and Aswan.

Desaix, who was considered second only to Bonaparte himself as a field general, was given the French command, and his orders were quite simple: he was to pursue Murad and destroy him on the Upper Nile. To start with, he was to have three thousand infantry, one thousand cavalry, about one hundred guns, and a little fleet of boats and a camel train to convey him up the river; General Belliard was to be second-in-command. On August 25th, Desaix set out. One of the last men to join the expedition was Denon, a queer fish in this amphibious operation, since he was a fifty-one-year-old civilian, and therefore something of an oddity among these aggressive young soldiers of the Revolutionary Army. He was not really interested in war at all, or even in the present; he was absorbed in the past. Baron Dominique-Vivant Denon, to give him his full name, had been everything in his time—a playwright, an artist, a diplomat, an archeologist, a designer (he had designed some of the Revolutionary uniforms), a favorite of Louis XVI (he had arranged a cabinet of medals and gems for La Pompadour), an acquaintance of Josephine, and a friend of Voltaire, of the painter David (who had saved him from the guillotine), and of Bonaparte. Now, as the representative of the Institut d'Egypte, he travelled along with Desaix's men. Over the next ten months, he was to prove himself the best of observers, and one of the ablest of pioneers in rescuing from oblivion the ancient past of the river.

TODAY, no journey can be quite as soothing as a voyage on the Nile from Cairo to Aswan. Day after day, as you sail upstream, nothing in the general pattern changes. Tonight's incredibly bright stars are the same as last night's and tomorrow night's. Lying back on deck, one idly observes the flight of birds, one dreams, one lets the hours go by, and nothing can be more satisfying than the sight of the brown pillars of a ruined temple that has been standing alone on the edge of the desert for the last two thousand years. This is the past joining the present in a comfortably deceptive glow, and the traveller, like a spectator in a theatre, remains detached from both. It is stimulating, of course, to know that Cambyses and so many other conquerors came this way, and that one is following in the path of the Roman legionaries, but they remain securely in their own age; the blood and misery are absent. It was not quite so, however, with Desaix's little army. For it, the Nile Valley was a hard and hostile place, and as the soldiers advanced upstream, they experienced all the brutal realities of life as it was actually lived on the river, whether by invading armies in the past or by the present Egyptians. The climate had not altered—the blinding heat of August, the sandstorms, the glare—and the march seemed endless; the desert rocks were so hard that each soldier required a new pair of boots every month. At the very outset of the campaign, Desaix exclaims, "Never have I seen the men so tired!" It was no wonder. They were still dressed in heavy serge—and how spectacular those crimson and yellow facings must have looked in that bright sunlight—and all of them at one time or another appear to have suffered from dysentery and ophthalmia. It was not their sang-froid that took them up the Nile, it was their endurance.

The scenes they saw along the Nile were not quite the same as those we see now. The green belt on either side of the river was narrower then, since there were fewer canals and no locks or dams, and the groves of eucalyptus, a modern importation from Australia, did not exist, so there was less shade. The villages, though smaller then, have not altered much in the intervening years, but the ancient temples were very different. Many were half buried in sand, and successive generations of Arabs

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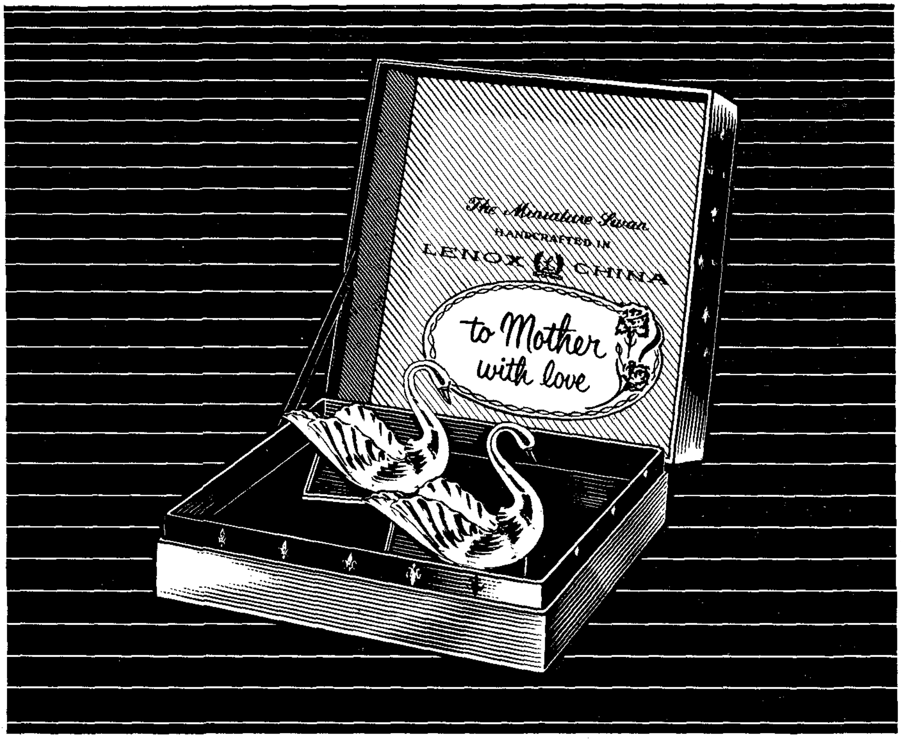

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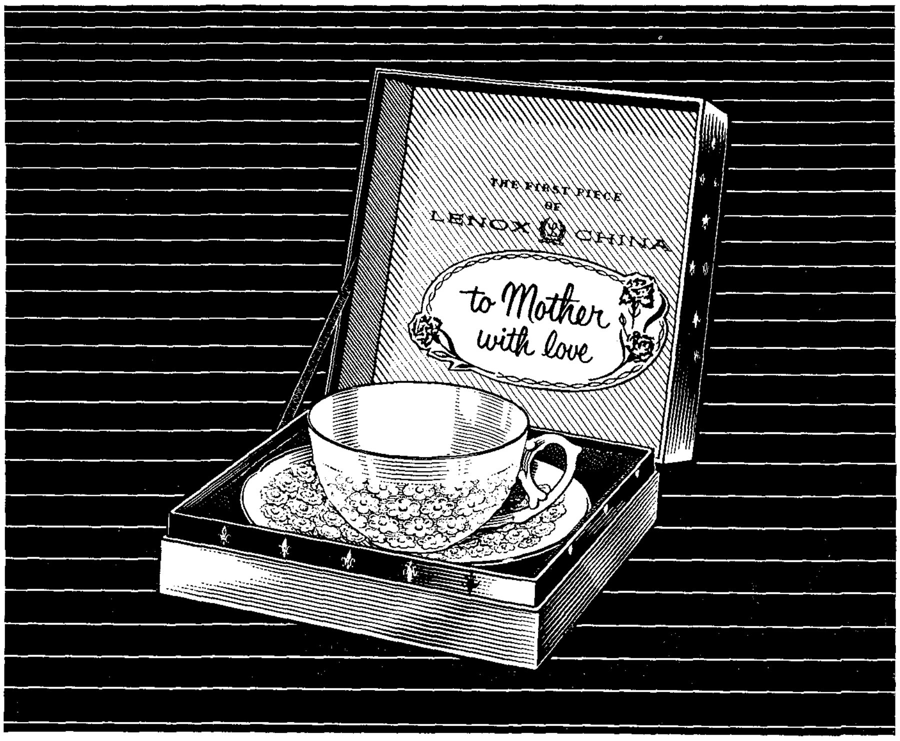

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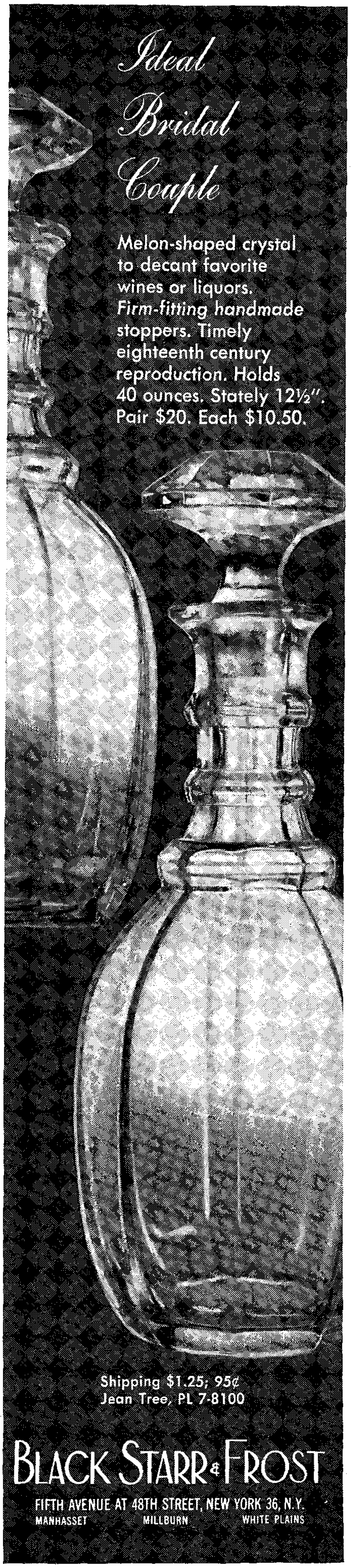
had built mud-brick houses among the crumbling walls, throwing out their rubbish everywhere. No one cared for these old columns and statues, no one could read the hieroglyphics on the walls. The mummies, hidden in their hundreds in underground caves, were of interest solely because the resin with which they were impregnated could be extracted and sold in the Cairo market. The fallen obelisk was simply another rock. In a way, perhaps, all this was an advantage; a certain staleness overtakes great monuments that have been too much excavated and restored, and then photographed, painted, and walked over by millions of tourist feet. But for a man like Denon in 1798, everything was fresh and wonderful. Reading his account of the campaign, one finds it impossible not to feel something of his excitement as he groped his way down dark passages with a lamp and saw, as few eyes had seen for a thousand years or more, great underground chambers full of statues, with mystical inscriptions and paintings that were still brightly colored all around them on the walls. One understands how he marvelled at the sight of huge, forgotten temples rising out of the sand. To have had so much to see, all of it so new, so strange, and often so beautiful—this must have filled him with a constricting sense of his own inadequacy, an impatience to see more and more. Very often, his observations on the temples are erroneous, and perhaps a little too mannered, but there is a certain freshness about them, and one has to remember that up to this time Egyptology did not exist; Herodotus, Strabo, and Pausanias were almost the only guides to places and monuments that have since become tourist clichés. Perhaps, too, the very fact that Denon was living in circumstances of some danger and discomfort, and had so little time, sharpened his perception and made him more than usually sensitive.

Denon was lucky to find in both Desaix and Belliard men with educated and inquiring minds who were ready, and even eager, to indulge him, but the war had to be fought, and it was hardly ever safe for him to linger. No sooner would he begin a sketch or start to trace an inscription than the trumpet would sound the advance, and he would have to scramble onto his horse and hurry after the others. It was intensely frustrating. He was like the enthusiast who, having come miles to see a painting, is turned out of the museum by the closing bell—except that he never knew whether he, or any other trained observer, would ever be able to come there again. To have remained alone behind the army would have meant more or less certain death from the Bedouins, and on several occasions he had to gallop off through a fusillade of shots. He pleaded and pleaded for time—just another twenty minutes to examine this mummy, to explore this colonnade, to finish this drawing—and Desaix did what he could, sometimes even allowing a squad of soldiers to remain and guard the artist at his work. But it was never enough, and Denon, who had to live as the soldiers did—sword in hand, sleeping on the ground, and often unwell—confessed at times that even his excitement was not enough to drive his tired mind to further effort.

The army's problems were more exacting. After leaving Cairo, Desaix's boats had much trouble with shoals and sandbanks in the falling Nile, and it was not until October 6th that he caught up with Murad, at a place called El Lahun, where the Joseph Canal enters the Fayum Oasis. Through his glass he could see Murad himself, sitting outside his tent with his sheikhs on one of the neighboring heights. They soon retired, however, and Desaix, after spending all the following day getting his boats up, ordered the men to sleep at arms that night, and in their squares. On the morning of October 8th, he moved forward in battle formation toward Murad's entrenchments. The men in the lead had barely mounted a slight elevation when a drum was heard in the enemy camp, and dust, rising from under horses' hoofs, made it evident that the Mamelukes were coming in for a charge. Straight into the French guns they rode, and once again it was a matter of wildly charging horsemen falling in rows before the deadly fire of disciplined riflemen. When it was over—and it was over quickly—Murad had left about four hundred of his men dead and wounded on the field.

After this encounter, the Mamelukes came to their senses at last and realized that their best means of harassing, and perhaps defeating, the French lay in



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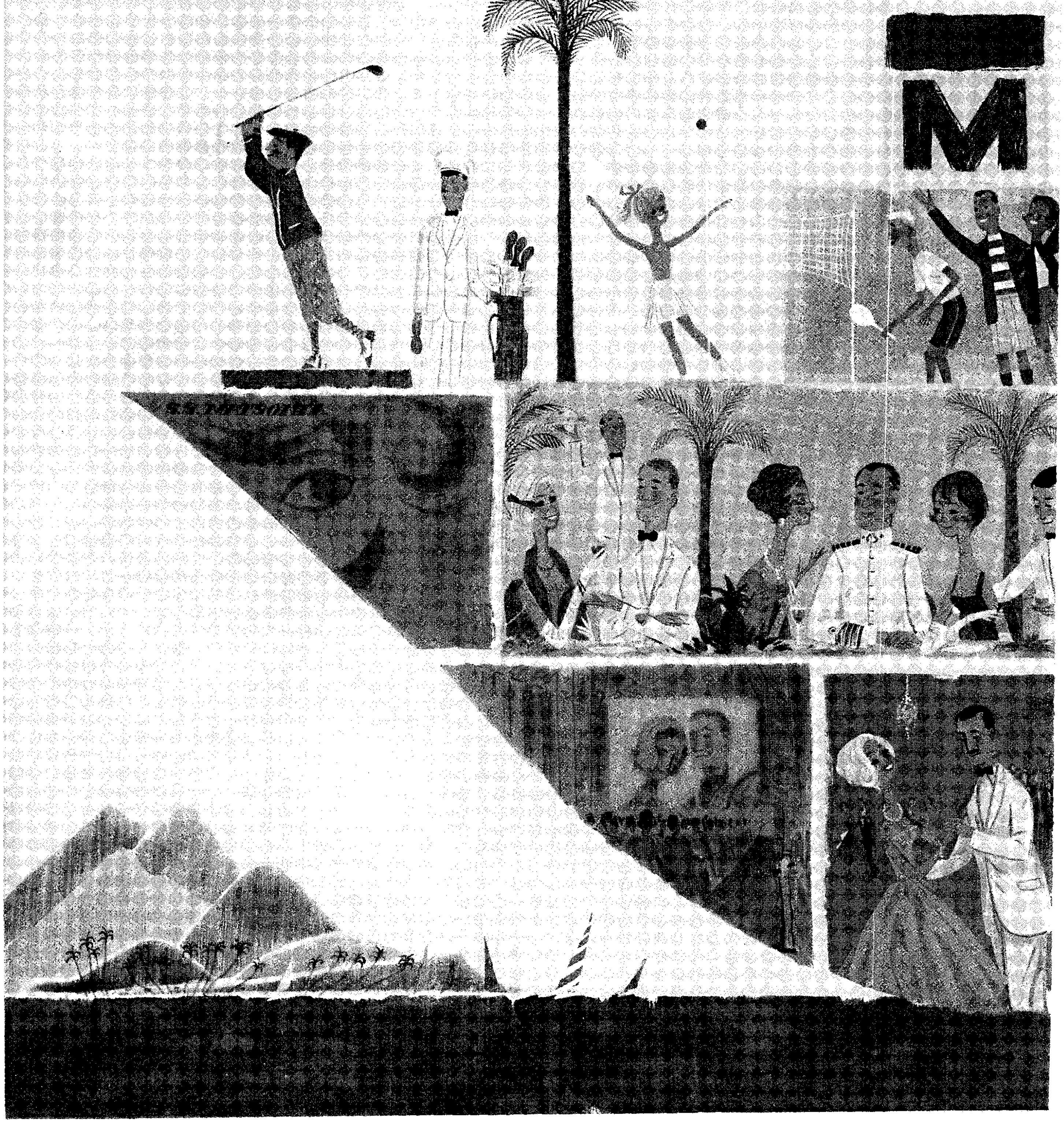

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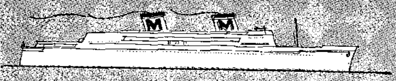

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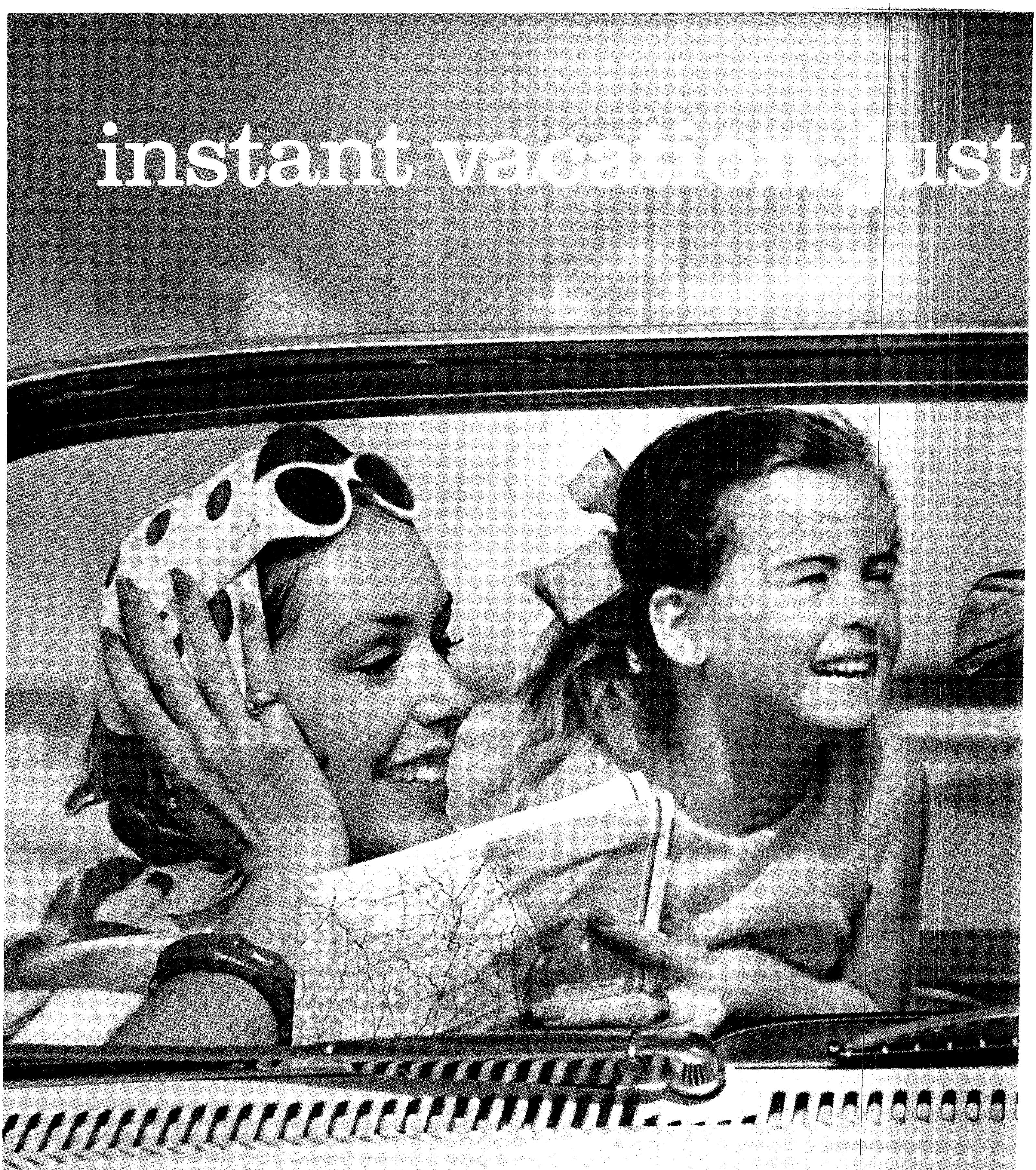

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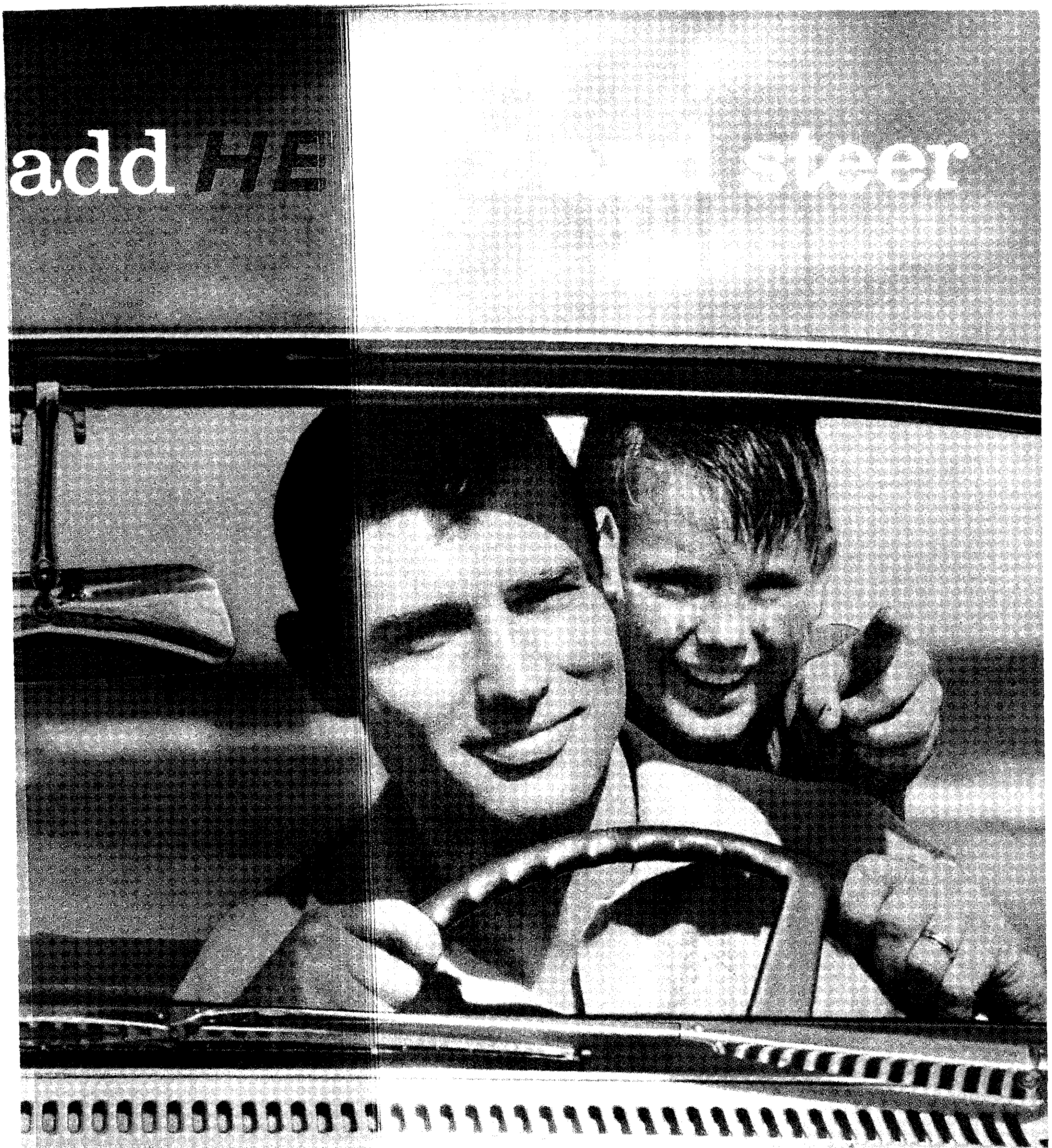

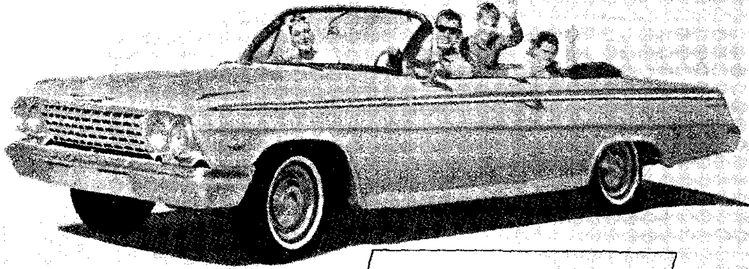

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B-9 ____________________ (*Name of your travel agent*) guerrilla tactics. They knew the country, and the French did not. The French were impeded by heavy baggage and stores, while the Mamelukes travelled light, despoiling the land behind them as they fell back. There was every possible advantage to Murad in extending Desaix to the utmost by retreating farther and farther up the Nile. By doubling back on his tracks through the empty desert, he was then able to cut in on the French line of communication. So what we have to contemplate here is a disjointed running battle on the river. It ranges up the Nile as far as Aswan, nearly six hundred miles from Cairo, and at times spreads deep into the surrounding desert; three months go by, and it is marvellous that Desaix, far from despairing, never for an instant gives up the chase. "I think," said one of his officers, "that General Desaix is ten degrees colder than ice," and one remembers Desaix's own admiring comment on Bonaparte: "He follows his enemy to the end of the world."

For Denon, of course, this close-pressed pursuit was a galling business; the army's pace had to be his, and he was rushed through Dendera, Karnak, Luxor, the Valley of the Kings, Esna, Edfu, and Kom Ombo, which were precisely the places he most wished to see. The temple at Dendera, half covered with sand and disfigured by the tumble-down Arab huts on the roof, moved him to "a delirium of imagination," but he was hardly given time to make a rough sketch of the zodiac there and to snatch up from the debris a few Roman lamps and a few glass and porcelain figurines before he was hurried on. Riding regretfully away, he noted that the temple was dedicated to Isis (which it is not; Hathor is the presiding goddess), that its bas-reliefs resembled French playing cards, since their style never altered, and that the Egyptians, having no rain in their country, had no need of pitched roofs. Karnak, despite its grandeur, repelled Denon a little: "Not a circus, not an arena, not a theatre! Temples, mysteries, initiations, priests, victims! For pleasures, ceremonies! For luxury, tombs!" At Luxor, he declares, "the army, at the sight of its scattered ruins, halted of itself and, by one spontaneous impulse, grounded its arms." But when he attempted to enter the galleries with Desaix, they were assailed by troglodytes living in the ruins, and the two horsemen, in a shower of javelins and stones, were forced to gallop away. ("This was a war with gnomes.") The Colossi of Memnon were disappointing. Except for their simplicity

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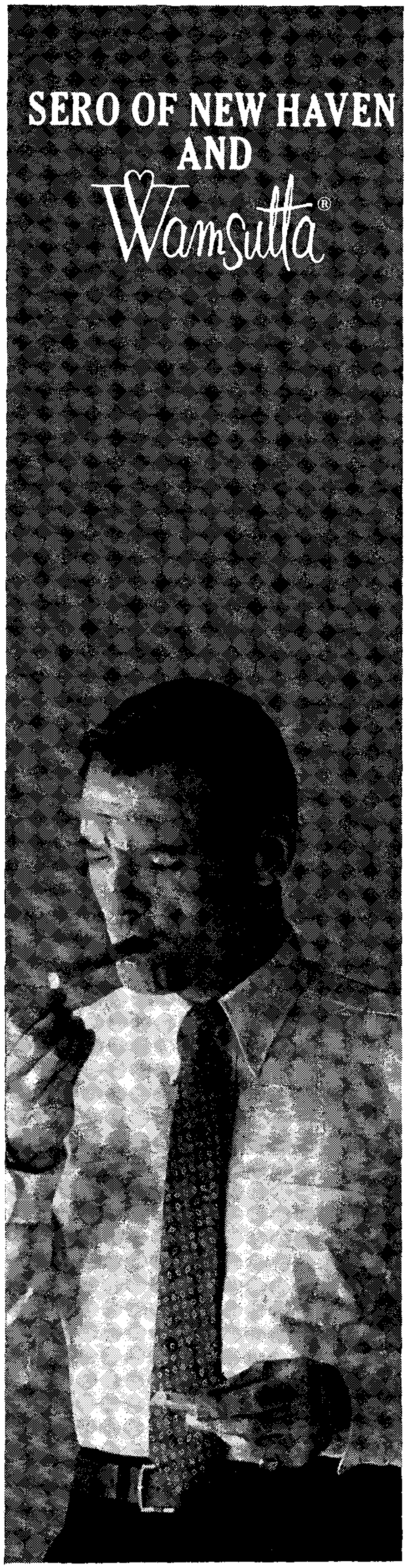
and gravity and their correct proportions, they were "without charm, without grace, without action: they have nothing to delight." At Esna, which Murad had left the night before the French arrived, Denon was struck by the reflection that the Egyptian architects had not borrowed from any other country. They owed nothing to the Doric, Ionic, or Corinthian styles, but copied from nature; the papyrus stalk inspired the column, the opened bud of the lotus its capital. At Edfu, there was time only to note the temple's resemblance to Dendera and to deplore the Arab village that had been built inside its walls. Kom Ombo Denon scarcely saw at all, since the French were on the opposite bank of the river.

There now began a final and terrible forced march to Aswan, the last hope of catching Murad before he escaped into the deserts of Nubia, beyond the Egyptian border. But all was in vain. On February 1st, 1799, the soldiers crossed the river and entered Aswan, only to find that they were too late; Murad had gone up the cataracts and had vanished into the unknown wastes that lay beyond. The army was now five hundred and eighty-seven miles from Cairo and strained to the limit of its endurance. Desaix broke off the pursuit and settled into the town.

During the next few weeks, Aswan must have borne some resemblance to what it had been in Roman times. A fort was built, and a rather grandiose *plaque* was erected to commemorate the French victories on the river. The soldiers set up cafés and eating houses, and made the best of the local beer. Having no playing cards, they designed their own and gambled with their loot. They explored the ruins and carved *their names* in the stone, precisely as the Romans had done a thousand years before. Since there was no dam at Aswan, the temples on the island of Philae were not submerged, as they are now, and Denon was eager to explore them. His every effort to land by boat, however, was met by the howls, threats, and, eventually, the spears of the natives living in the ruins. The Nubians, it seems, were people of extreme barbarity—"their costume, as far as regards the males, is absolute nakedness, to which they add a morsel of woollen or cotton cloth," while for the women a girdle of little strips of leather "descending halfway to their knees, suffices, till the time of marriage, to tranquillize all the alarms of modesty." At all events, it was not until Philae was taken by assault that they fled. Denon, who had come along to admire



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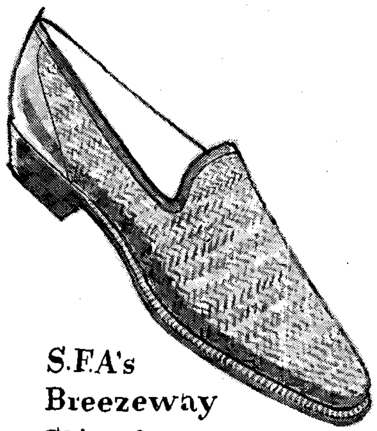

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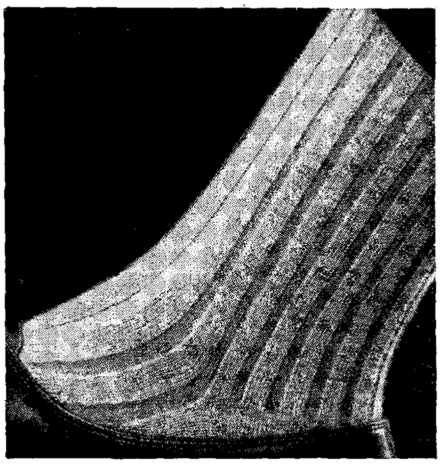

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and sketch the temples, was horrified to see mothers drown their children in the river rather than allow them to be captured, and his musings on the overlay of Christian and Egyptian paintings in the ruins were interrupted by the cries of a horribly mutilated little girl, whom he subsequently adopted.

As the days go by, Denon's notes take on rather a fated air: "We sometimes went out at night to breathe for a few instants, and our breathing was the only sound that disturbed the frightful sound of nothingness." And now the heat was beginning again. "It boiled our blood. . . . Nothing is as frightful as this death: the victim is suddenly surprised with a disorder of his heart, and no assistance can save him from the faintings that succeed." Moreover, the French were much deluded in thinking that Murad had been defeated. At the end of February, they had word that, with some hundreds of Mamelukes still in his train, he had made a wide detour through the desert and was descending again into Egypt.

The next seven months are a confused story of marches and countermarches along the Nile Valley between Aswan and El Fayum, of ambushes and violent skirmishes on the river. One can hardly fail to sympathize with Murad. He is not Robin Hood, and the Mamelukes were scarcely a merry lot, but they were men fighting for what they believed to be their rights; their pride and indignation were equal to every weariness; and they never gave up. "Like the Hydra, cut off their heads and another grows," Desaix wrote. This was the end of a tradition of five hundred years of unbroken Mameluke rule in Egypt, and it had its moments of nobility. Even the wounded would accept no mercy, preferring to die fighting as long as there was a hope of killing just one more Frenchman. By June of 1799, however, Desaix could fairly claim that he had the upper hand. For nearly three hundred miles, he was keeping the enemy off the river, and many of the local sheikhs had submitted. A headquarters was set up at Assiut to administer the vast territory that had been conquered, and trade was beginning to flow again along the Nile.

Denon went back to Cairo to report to the Institut on the scientific and cultural results of the campaign, and he had a wonderful story to tell. He had been defeated in some of his more abstruse inquiries—he had not been able to capture a baby crocodile, and many hours spent in putrid tunnels had failed to yield him a mummy intact—but he had brought back hundreds of draw-

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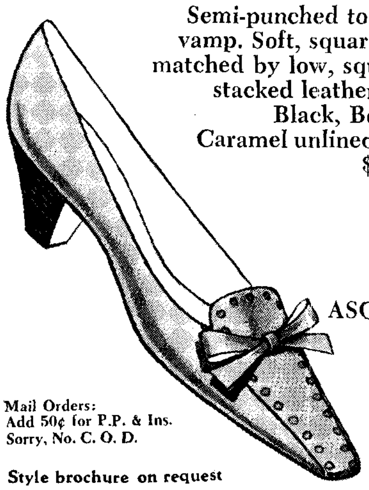

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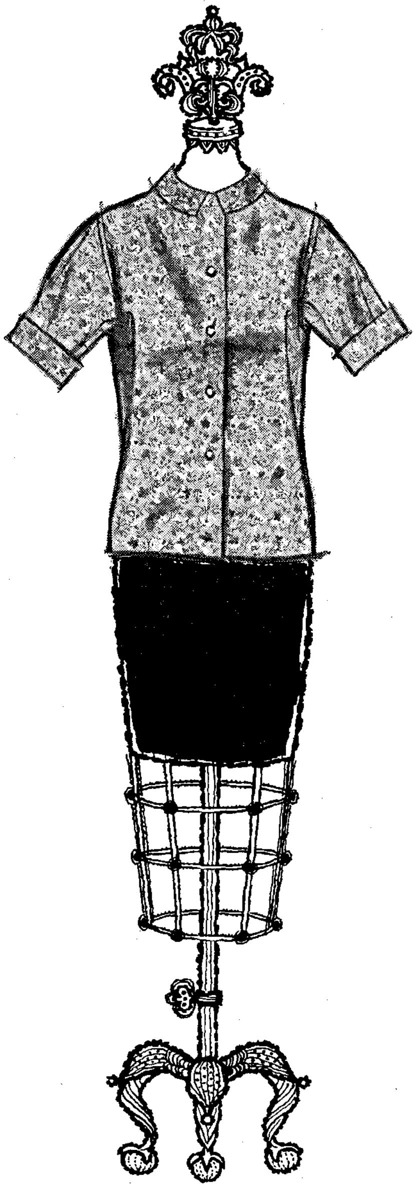

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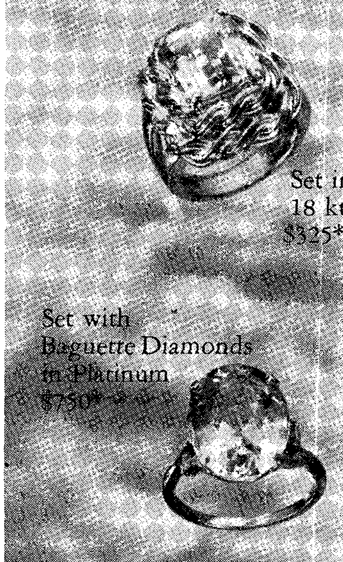
ings of temples, tombs, and inscriptions, and an encyclopedic volume of notes, which ranged from studies of the sandstorms and the plagues of locusts to accounts of the Nilometer at Aswan and the habits of the troglodytes. He had also secured a number of ancient Egyptian manuscripts, which later were to play their part (together with the Rosetta Stone, which had just been unearthed at the mouth of the river and brought to Cairo) in the deciphering of the ancient Egyptian hieroglyphics. The members of the Institut listened to these marvels with enthusiasm, and it was resolved that a large party of them must travel to the Upper Nile and continue with the work of research. Modestly, Denon could claim that he had "planted a few stakes along the way."

ON the Upper Nile, meanwhile, things had reached a stalemate. One must envision a chain of little garrisons dotted along the river, fifty miles or more apart, with the tents pitched on the green bank; the barbers and the drinking shops set up in the mud-hut villages; the cow-dung cooking fires under the palms, and the French soldiers sitting around them in the evening; the daily rumors and alarms; the sick lying derelict through endless hot nights; the commotion of the arrival of a boat with supplies from Cairo (but never with mail from home); the facetious signposts erected in the camp: "Route de Paris, No. 1"—the Paris that was impenetrably blocked off from them by the desert and the sea beyond. It was all very well for an artist like Denon to write about the extreme beauty of the river, with its feluccas gliding by in the dawn light. He wrote long afterward, and who remembers or wishes to record the ennuis and pettinesses of an adventure? One then makes a virtue of *forces majeures*, but no conscripted soldier gasping in the terrible summer heat of the Upper Nile thought that this campaign was inevitable or justifiable. Everybody hated it and longed for it to end. And so there must have been a certain stir throughout the camps when, in July, 1799, the calm was broken—Murad had suddenly reappeared, like some Oriental djinni, in Fayum, evidently heading for the delta.

Desaix at once marched north in pursuit, and at the same time another French column came out from Cairo, hoping to intercept Murad before he could reach the delta; now, at last, they seemed to have him in a trap. July 13th was a dramatic day; Murad was reported to be in the vicinity of the Pyramids, and Bonaparte himself hurried to the scene. During the eleven months that

AQUAMARINE RINGS



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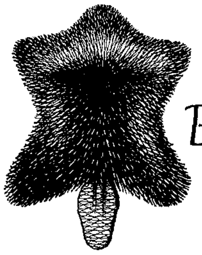

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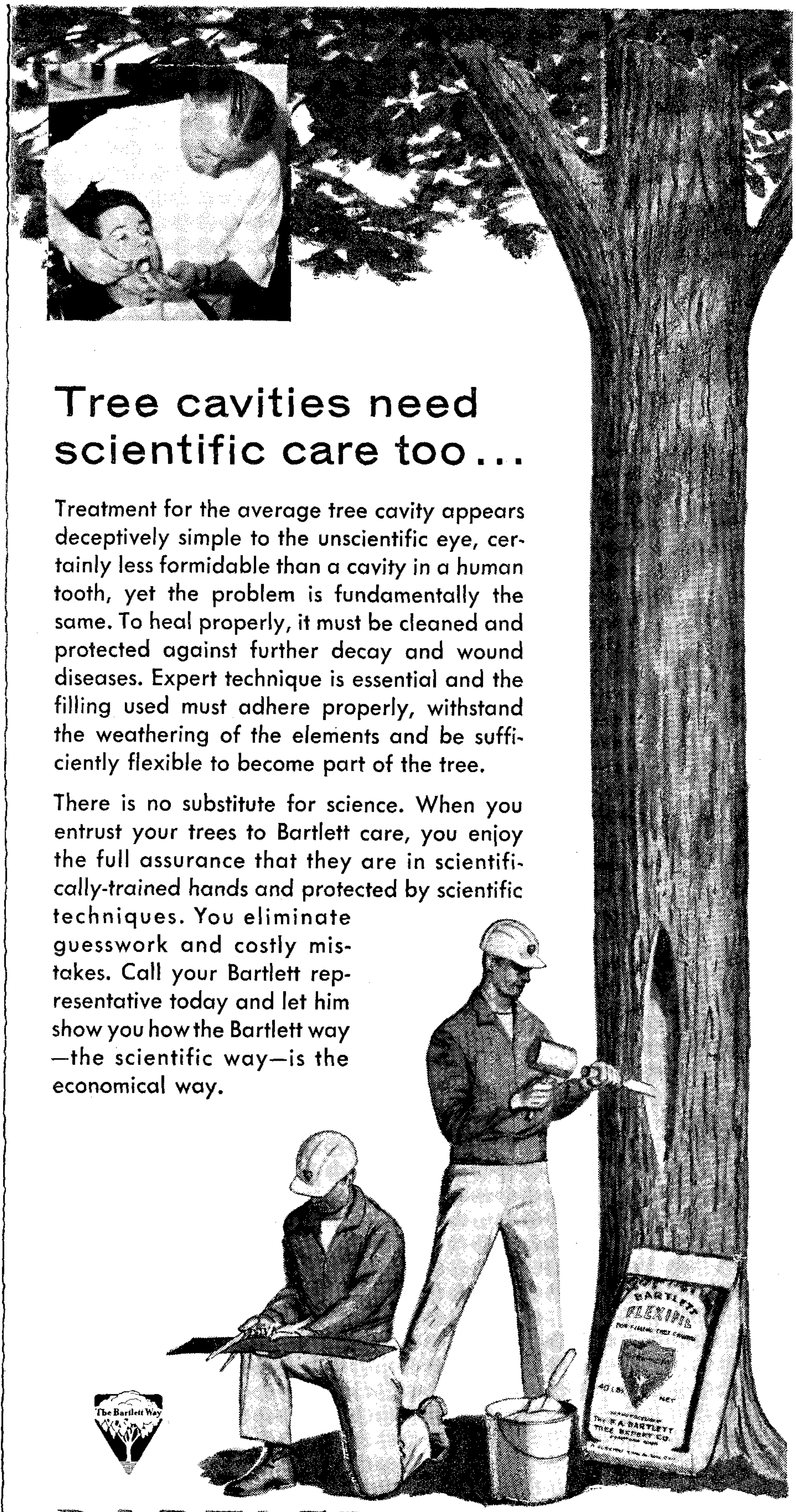
Desaix had been away in Upper Egypt, so much had happened to Bonaparte that one can only marvel that he had kept his sanity, let alone his powers of initiative. Indeed, it was remarkable that he had survived at all. He had received no help from France of any kind. Russia, Turkey, and England had combined against him, and the blockade of the coast continued. Yet he had managed to put down a serious rising in Cairo, he had made a disastrous expedition into Syria (where he had been stopped at Acre by the Turks and Sir Sidney Smith), and now, apparently unshaken, he was back in Cairo, his army still more or less intact and Egypt still under control. There had been rumors of a Turkish invasion, but he appears to have been confident enough at this moment to turn all his attention to the capture of Murad.

In point of fact, the rumor of the arrival of the Turks was entirely true. A fleet with sixty transports and an army of twenty thousand men was actually about to arrive in Abukir Bay, and Murad, having received word of its approach by some means not entirely clear, had come forth with the intention of joining forces with it there. This was the moment for the French to pounce on him, and Bonaparte was deploying his men when couriers arrived from Alexandria with the news of the Turkish landing. Murad had the pleasure of seeing the French army abruptly turn about and march directly for the coast. He himself followed discreetly in the rear.

The Battle of Abukir was not by a long way the most important victory of Bonaparte's career, but certainly he never fought with such devastating effect. On July 20th, he was at El Rahmaniya, and, having paused there for a day or two to await the arrival of his reserves, he advanced directly on Abukir with ten thousand men and a thousand cavalry. The Turks had already killed the French garrison on the shore and established a beachhead, but they appear to have been poorly armed; they had no cavalry, no modern artillery, and no bayonets for their rifles. At dawn on July 25th, Bonaparte attacked, and, in the massacre that followed, something like fifteen thousand Turks were killed, captured, or drowned in a headlong flight into the sea. Mustapha Pasha, the Turkish commander, was taken prisoner in his tent. Not even the Mamelukes had fared as badly as this; not even Nelson could claim a more decisive victory.

When Murad heard the news, he turned about and rode back into Upper



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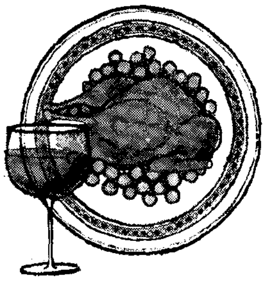
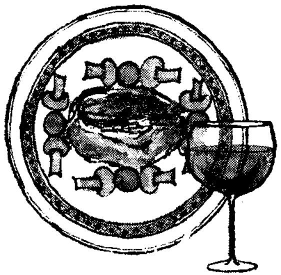


And you want steak (mignon filet)



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Egypt, with Desaix still at his heels. But the Mamelukes were now growing very tired. Early in August, Desaix surprised their camp at Samhut, and Murad himself was so near to being captured that he left behind him in his tent his arms, his clothes, and even his slippers. A month later, while he was still on the run, Desaix overtook him near El Fayum. And this was the end. A short, sharp skirmish was fought, and soon afterward a message was received saying that Murad was prepared to negotiate. By the terms of his submission, he agreed to serve under the French.

It was now mid-October of 1799, and Desaix could look back on his achievements with some pride; the Mamelukes who had not surrendered with Murad were cut off and helpless in the deserts of Nubia, and from Aswan to Cairo there was peace on the river at last. In a little more than a year, and with a force of barely five thousand men, he had conquered a territory half as large as France. Yet it was a victory without meaning. Time had already run out beyond recall for the French. Indeed, Desaix could not even report his victory to his beloved commander-in-chief, for Bonaparte was no longer in Egypt. Soon after the Battle of Abukir, he had had news at last from France, and it was appalling: the French Army in Italy was in retreat, the Ionian Islands had been taken by the Turks, Malta was blockaded, and in Paris the political situation was chaotic. He had decided to return home at once, leaving Kléber in command in Egypt. On October 9th, together with Monge, Berthollet, Denon, Marmont, Lannes, Berthier, Bourienne, Murat, and a number of others, including a captured Mameluke named Roustan, whom he proposed to exhibit in France, Bonaparte landed at Saint-Raphaël after running the British blockade. A month later, he was dictator of France.

Kléber, abandoned in Egypt, was bitterly resentful of Bonaparte's departure. His last instructions were to hold on until reinforcements reached him; only if they failed to arrive by May, 1800, or if he had by then lost fifteen hundred men through plague, was he to negotiate with the Turks. Not unreasonably, he saw very little point in waiting until his men had died of disease, and soon after the new year he opened negotiations with the Turks and Sir Sidney Smith at El Arish. The understanding they reached—that the French should leave Egypt, taking their arms with them and being accorded all the honors of war—was the happiest

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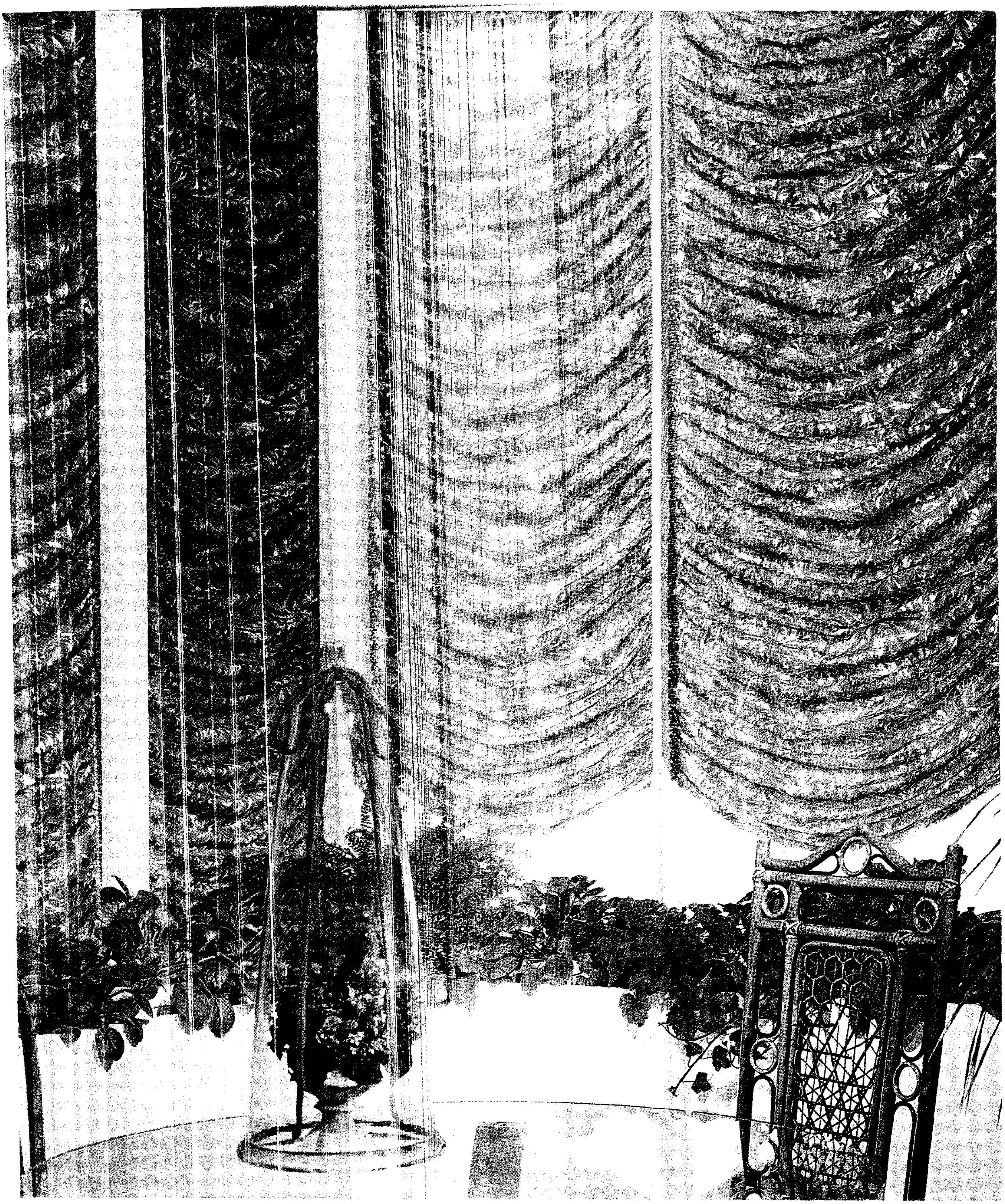

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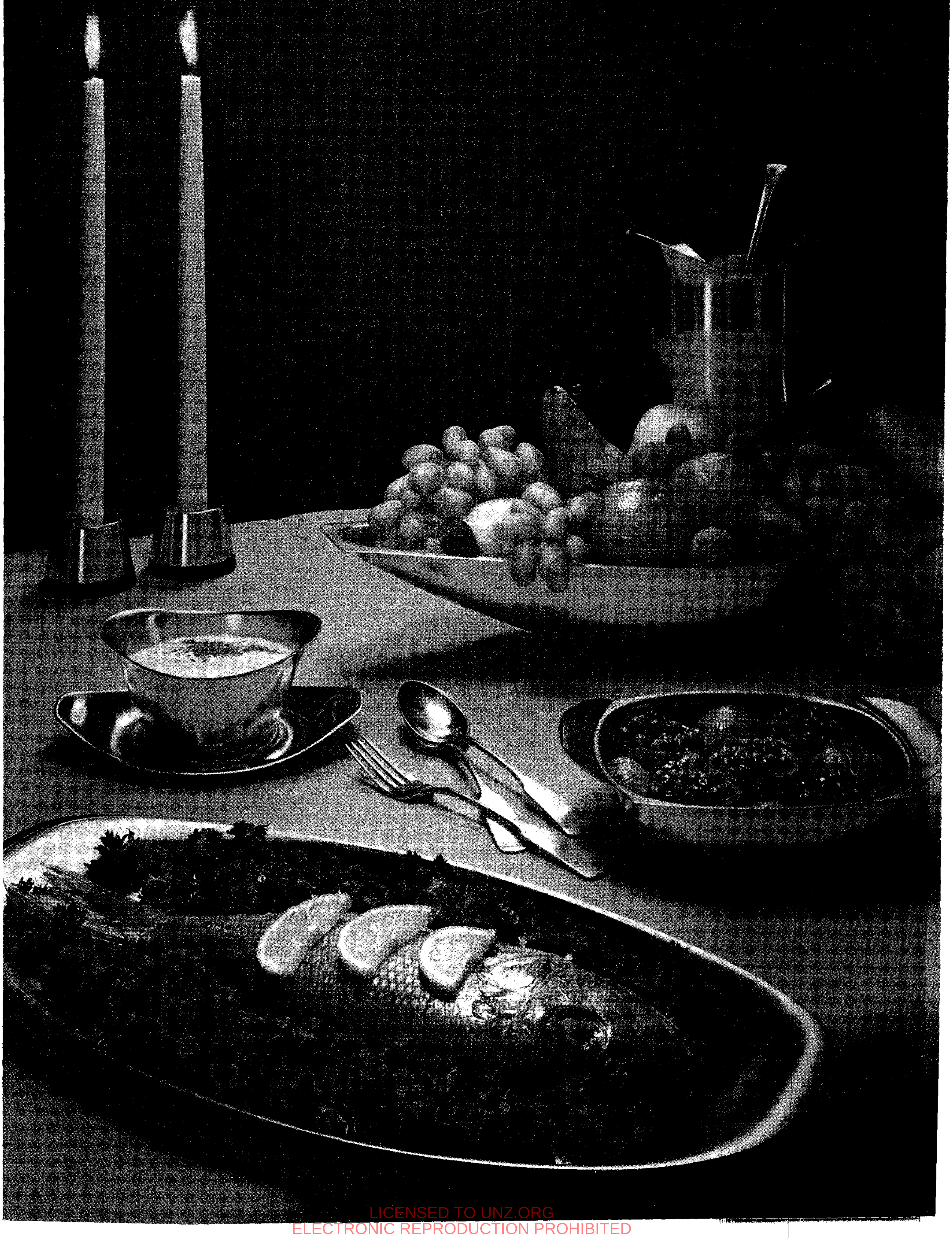

possible end to the affair, but it was a little too precipitate to satisfy the hatred and other passions that had been aroused; the British government wanted harsher terms and repudiated the agreement. This was a decision of the utmost folly, since it condemned Egypt to another eighteen months of war, and in the end, after another few thousand men were dead, the British found themselves obliged to agree to almost the same terms they had rejected. Pitt, it is true, saw his mistake after a few months and might have reopened the negotiations, but by then it was too late; Kléber had demolished another Turkish army, coming overland from Syria, and had crushed a rising in Cairo. After this, it was clear that if the French were to be got out of Egypt at all, it would be only by sending a European army to fight them. At last, in March, 1801, a mixed force of British and Turks landed near Alexandria, and although the French garrison there managed to hold out for a while, Cairo collapsed without a struggle. It was thought surprising at the time that the French should have put up so little resistance—Belliard, who was now in command in Cairo, had twelve thousand men and ample provisions—but by then their case was hopeless. The French army was sick of Egypt. All the best generals had gone; Kléber himself had been assassinated by a fanatic in Cairo on June 14, 1800—the same day on which Desaix, who had managed to rejoin Bonaparte in Europe, was killed at Marengo. Murad had remained faithful to his new alliance with the French, and was actually marching to Belliard's assistance from the Upper Nile, but he died of plague on the way. Soon, too, a British force from India landed on the Red Sea coast, and everywhere the delta was up in arms against the French. Belliard, with his twelve thousand half-hearted men, had no real choice but to give in, especially when the British offered to transport the entire army back to France. By October, 1801, the last French soldiers had left Egyptian soil, and the British soon followed them to Europe. As for the Nile itself, it fell once more under the control of the Mamelukes. —ALAN MOOREHEAD

(*This is the second of a series of articles.*)

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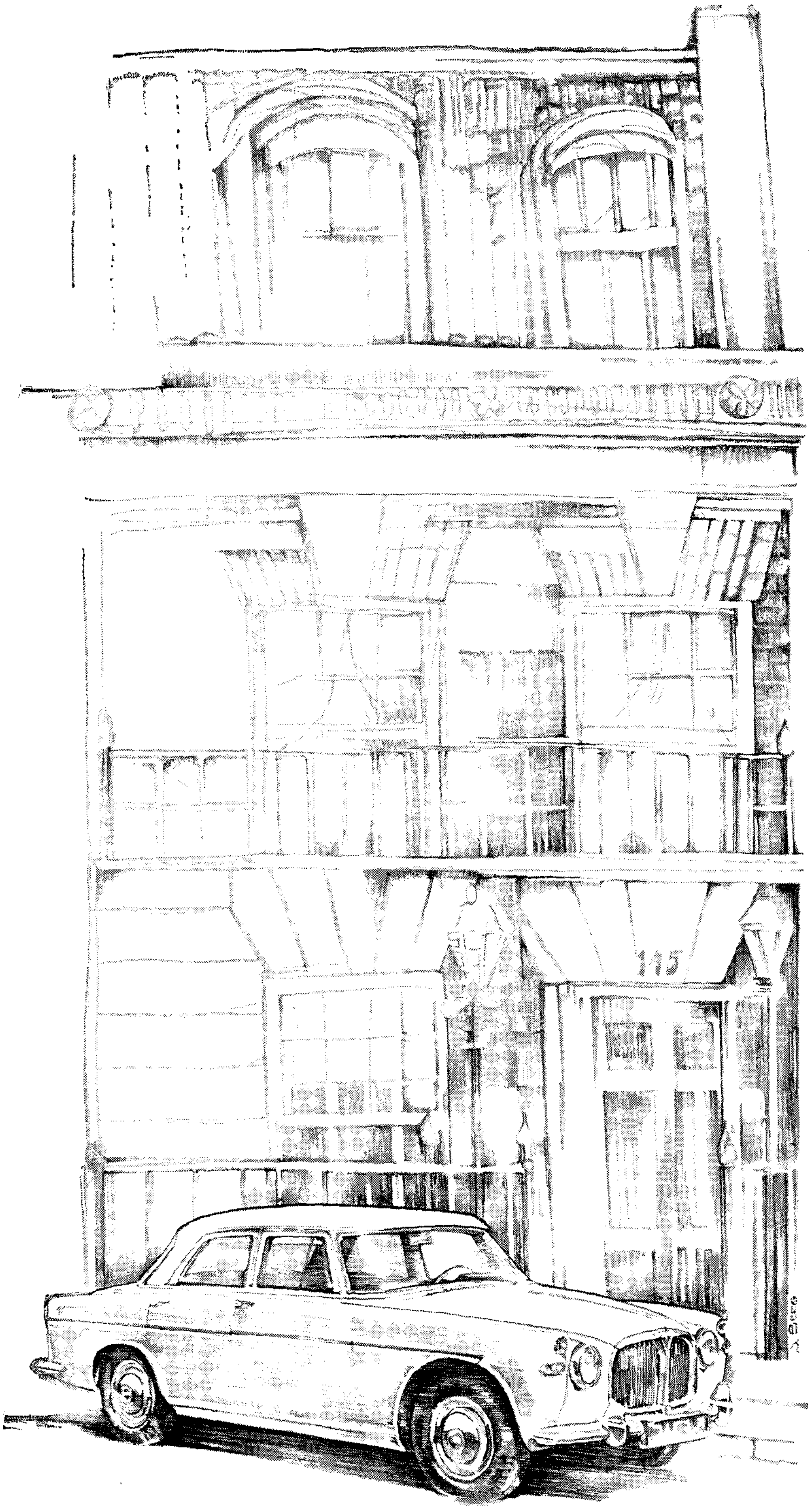
NEW YORK—More than half of the city's 40,000 school children struck today for more pay. Classes were disrupted and many unruly children ran wild.—*Kalamazoo Gazette.*

And people wonder why Russia is ahead in the education race.



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THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

“Thus” and “It’s All Yours” are a couple of one-act plays by Holly Beye, which, under the covering title “Deuces Wild,” make up half of “A Pair of Pairs,” a program of one-acters in repertory at the Vandam. (All this nomenclature may seem excessive, but that’s the way things are down there.) “Deuces Wild” is a poor choice of title, for in spite of a few funny lines and some fooling, wild is exactly what the plays are not. They aren’t really nonsense at all—just a shaky approximation of it—and time after time Miss Beye grounds her own balloons with such sandbag words as “mythology” and “reality,” or with routine notions on such battered topics as loneliness, television commercials, and the end of the world. Nevertheless, funny lines and playfulness are not so common that they can be just brushed aside, and several times during the evening there were moments that made me, at least, laugh out loud. “Thus” is about a mother, her daughter of twenty-five, and their imaginary playmates. Most important of these is a nonexistent Mr. Passenger, a potential suitor of the daughter’s, with whom they chatter and play casino while the daughter’s nonexistent children frolic outside. The mother keeps hopping up to answer a phone that never rings, and has intense conversations with non-callers. “If I were you, I’d stick with the cesspool and forget the oil,” she tells one, and she answers the summons of another to help quell a prison riot with “Keep your machine guns trained on them.”

The characters in “It’s All Yours” are visible. There are three of them—a doctor and two of his patients, a man and a woman. The setting is three connected examining rooms in a Bronx hospital. The man, who is in good health, has spent his waiting time building an elaborate dollhouse, with Persian rugs and sixteen tiny typewriters, which he plans to use, if he can persuade the doctor to go into partnership with him, as a rest home for retired typists. The woman has a number of pains. (There is a skeleton in the third examining room.) The doctor, a bouncy, precocious chap who “took his Hippocratic at sixteen,” is played with just the right unfocussed ebullience by Michael Higgins. He is all for the partnership with the dollhouse builder; he prescribes “the one that works twice as fast” for the woman’s pains; and he joins both patients in a patter of television commercials. Gaby Rodgers and Sylvia Stone play the daughter and mother in “Thus,” and Miss Stone and Conrad Bain play the patients in “It’s All Yours.” All of them seem to do with some competence whatever is required of them.

“Sure, coffee’s only a dime. But I have to play ‘Melancholy Baby’ on the jukebox, don’t I?”

Claude Fredericks’ “Charlatans,” the second brace of one-acters, is made up of “On Circe’s Island” and “A Summer Ghost.” Both of them, in spite of flaws that can wait for a minute or two, are really plays, rather than parlor games. The lines propel the action, and they are written for actors. The charlatans of the title are, in the first case, Circe and, in the second, an old spiritualist, Daddy Jack, of Houston. The first play tells of Odysseus’ one-day visit to the enchantress. He comes to berate her indignantly for having turned his men into swine and to persuade her to switch them back again, and stays on, tempted not only by her charms but by the charms of her timeless island, without clocks or mirrors. She almost has him—he is almost ready to desert Penelope and remain there forever—but the grunts of the temporary pigs snap him out of it. He decides to leave and, on the side, to accept mortality. Michael Higgins is a splendid Odysseus, for he can handle heroic speeches and handfuls of rhetoric without rant or ham and make them sound truthful. Elizabeth Burke is an attractive Circe.

“A Summer Ghost” is set in the parlor where Daddy Jack conducts his séances, and is about his efforts (successful) to get a young man off to New York and his efforts (unsuccessful) to help a girl who is in love with the young man, and has been his mistress, to weather her misery at being left behind. Even allowing for the fact that people south of the Mason and Dixon Line tend to be talky, there are too many words. The actors, though, never let us forget the urgency under the

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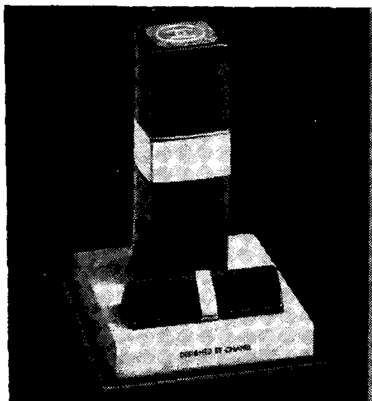

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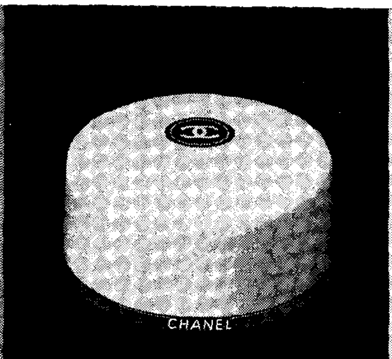

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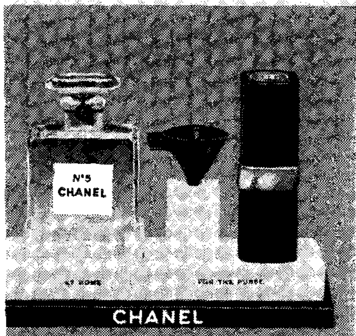

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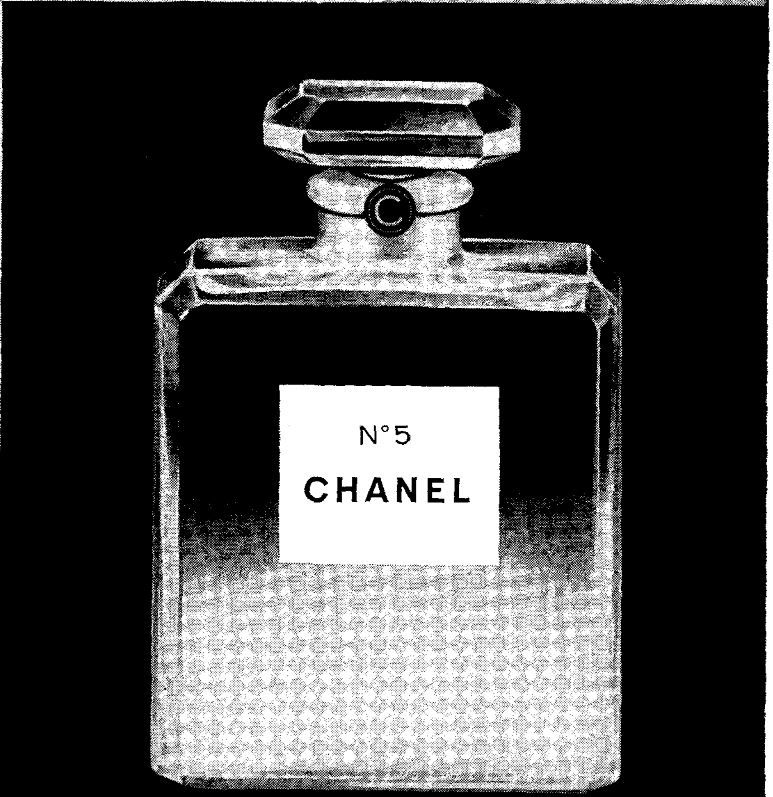

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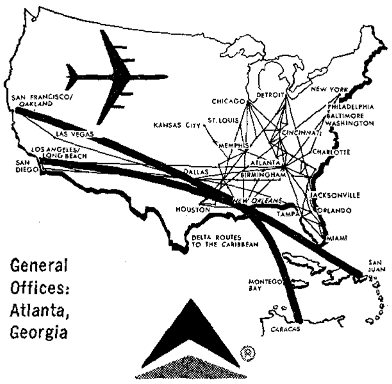

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words. Some of the words are sharp or touching or witty; others, again, are just rhetoric. Mr. Fredericks also has a weakness for the not-quite (or drop-dead) aphorism: "You taught him what a woman teaches a man; that's love," says Daddy Jack to the girl. (The changes you can ring on this sort of thing are endless: "I taught you what a man teaches a girl; that's love," Humbert Humbert might say to Lolita.) Conrad Bain, the affable patient of "It's All Yours," shows considerable strength and humor and flexibility as Daddy Jack, and Larry Bryggman and Irma Hurley do pretty well as the lovers, whose names, I'm sorry and a bit puzzled to report, are Tallahassee and Zebediah.

There is awkwardness in both plays, and particularly in "A Summer Ghost," in which a bottle of poison is planted in the stagiest possible way, and which contains great lumps of exposition—endless backtracking to fill out the characters and justify the action. On the other hand, there are characters and there is action. Herbert Machiz is the director of "A Pair of Pairs," and he has set the right tone for each of the four works. —EDITH OLIVER

•

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER
(CLEVER BETH DOES IT AGAIN)

[*From the Houston Press*]

Eeekkkk! Guests caught the hostess in her boudoir cap but that's okay, it was planned that way.

A luncheon that was as ridiculous as the Azalea Trail is sublime provided noontime hilarity for the friends of clever Beth (Mrs. Hubert) Groth at 5202 Woodway who scribbled the invitations on grocery sacks.

She implored them to come as tacky as possible and by all means avoid the beauty shop.

And the response warmed the heart of hostess Beth who was turned out in a cocktail dress and slippers with the roundest toes and the thickest heels that must have been (MUST HAVE BEEN? THEY WERE!) plain stunning 15 years ago. Her eyes were heavy-lidded at noon but it was from blue shadow.

The buffet was utterly repulsive.

•

TACOMA, WASH., April 11. (AP)—Alvin (Creepy) Karpis, once the most feared gunman in America, was quietly transferred over the weekend from Alcatraz to McNeil island federal penitentiary in Puget Sound.

Karpis was convicted in the summer of 1936 of the $100,000 ransom kidnaping of William A. Hamm, jr., St. Paul brewer, in 1933. He was sentenced to life imprisonment. Karpis was once the marble champion at a Topeka grade school.—*Kansas City (Mo.) Star.*

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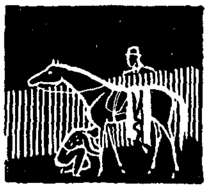
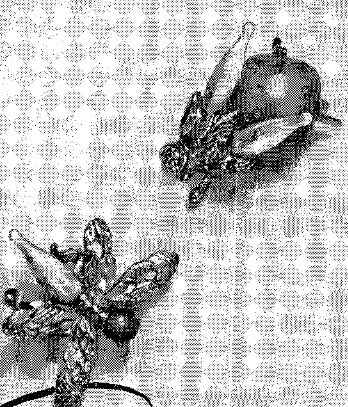
THE RACE TRACK

Derby Ho!



WELL, the Kentucky Derby comes up at Louisville this weekend, so let's gather round and pick a few names out of a hat. Taking first grabs, I'll pick Sir Gaylord. Though he has had ankle trouble and hadn't been under colors since he won the Everglades Stakes at Hialeah in February, he romped off with the Stepping Stone Purse at Churchill Downs last Saturday, a race preparatory to the Run for the Four Roses. From all accounts, he looked very fit and won much as he pleased from Sir Ribot, covering the seven furlongs in the first-rate time of 1:22⅖ and finishing out the Derby distance of a mile and a quarter in 2:02⅖. Horsemen were impressed no end—especially those who had been saying he wouldn't get to the post this spring. Half an hour after the Stepping Stone, Sir Gaylord's stablemate Cicada also won, as expected, in the Oaks Prep. She had a bit of trouble getting out of close quarters in the early running, but once she was in the clear the rest was just pie for her. Indeed, many people believe that if she ran in the Derby she'd finish second to Sir Gaylord. (She'll probably win the Oaks in a gallop.) Of course, worshippers of speed will take their Derby tickets on Ridan, because of his brilliant performance in the Blue Grass Stakes at Keeneland last Thursday. I'm told that Ycaza, who rode him, had him under restraint for half of the mile and a furlong, after which he swept past Roman Line and Decidedly to win by four lengths in 1:47⅗—only a fifth of a second slower than the track mark set by Round Table five years ago—and went on to do a mile and a quarter in 2:01. That was faster than the record for the Derby—Whirlaway's 2:01⅖, in 1941. Be that as it may, I have a feeling that Ridan won't be among the first three.

While we're on the subject of fast horses, I can't help wondering what sort of colt this Vimy Ridge is. As you've probably heard, he sailed in five lengths ahead in the new Senatorial Stakes on the turf at Laurel last weekend, doing the mile in 1:34⅗—a new American record. He's trained by Tom Barry, who has brought off a couple of surprises in the Belmont Stakes—Ca-



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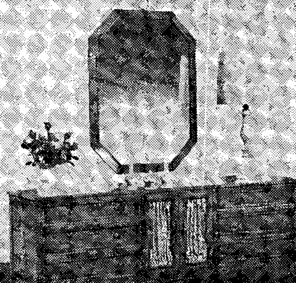

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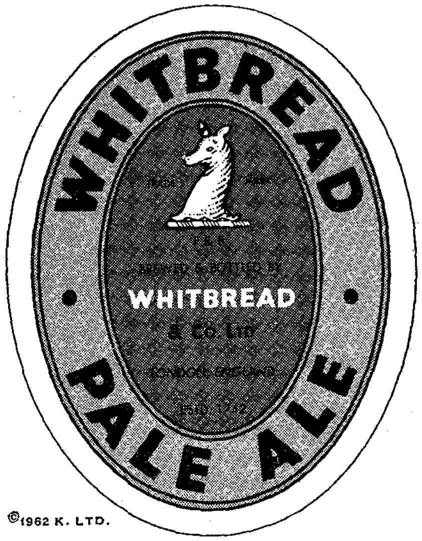

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van, in 1958, and Celtic Ash, in 1960. But we'll know more about Vimy Ridge when we see him in the Preakness at Pimlico on the nineteenth.

AMBIOPOISE is one of those horses who can be counted on to do the unexpected. (Race-trackers have a name for his sort—in-and-outers.) He ran one of his good races in the Grey Lag Handicap at Aqueduct last Saturday, stepping along with Globemaster for nearly a mile and coming away in the stretch to win by a couple of lengths from Carry Back. It was the first time Ambiopoise had won in nine tries, though he'd been in the money on several occasions. No wonder he paid a $33.70 mutuel. I hardly know what to say about Carry Back; he'd never looked better and he seemed to be on his toes at saddling time, but once more he failed to come through with the spectacular stretch run that marked his races a year ago. Perhaps he no longer enjoys racing.

TIME was when the Toboggan Handicap, one of New York's older fixtures, opened the spring meeting at Belmont, but now it's just the seventh race at Aqueduct. Still, the sixty-ninth running of the event, on Easter Monday, was a lively affair, Merry Ruler returning to his good form of last spring to win it by a neck from Rullah Red. Hitting Away was third.

IT is still too early in the season to clap hands for any two-year-old, and besides, the coughing that plagues stables in the spring has kept a lot of the better ones in retirement. However, quite the best I've seen is a filly named Affectionately. She's by Swaps out of Searching, and she's in Hirsch Jacobs' stable. A beautifully made thing, she won as she pleased at five furlongs last Saturday in the jig time of 0:59⅕. Jacobs says he really doesn't know how fast she can run, but it's faster than that, so if she starts in the Fashion Stakes on the sixteenth, I fancy it will be Kitty bar the door.

YOUR correspondent, who believes that races should be seen and not heard, is no public-address-system man, but since the Big A has such a system, he feels that it ought to work properly. Whether a couple of trolls got into the thing last Saturday or whether it was the wind playing tricks, what came out of the loudspeakers during most of the afternoon was just a fuzzy roar. Something should be done.—AUDAX MINOR

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NOURISHMENT

AT the hairdresser's, Annie was assigned to a stylist named Mr. Robert and to a manicurist named Molly, who also gave her a shampoo. Luxuriating in the posh atmosphere, she lay tilted back in a chair, her head over the basin, as Molly worked the suds through her hair.

"Take my advice," Molly said. "Take a Protein Rinse."

"O.K.," Annie said. "What is it?"

"Protein," Molly said. "Like milk. Eggs. Fish. Nourishment for the hair."

"O.K. I'll have it."

"With protein you get strong, healthy roots," Molly said.

Upright again after the Protein Rinse, Annie was turned around in her chair and faced the mirror, waiting for Mr. Robert. Molly moved in alongside on a rolling footstool and started the manicure.

"You got strong fingernails—healthy," Molly said. "You eat a lot of jello?"

"Sometimes," Annie said.

Mr. Robert came over and gave her tangled mass of hair a disdainful survey. He was a handsome young man, with blond, neatly barbered hair.

"Jello is good for the fingernails," Molly said.

Annie watched Mr. Robert in the mirror. Poker-faced, he sprinkled wave-set lotion on her hair and combed it through.

"Carrots are good for the eyes," Annie said to Molly, who stopped sawing away with an emery board and looked at her. "My mother used to tell me that."

"Meat bones are good for the teeth," Molly said, starting to saw away again.

"How?" Mr. Robert said.

"They exercise the teeth," Molly said. "Also the gums."

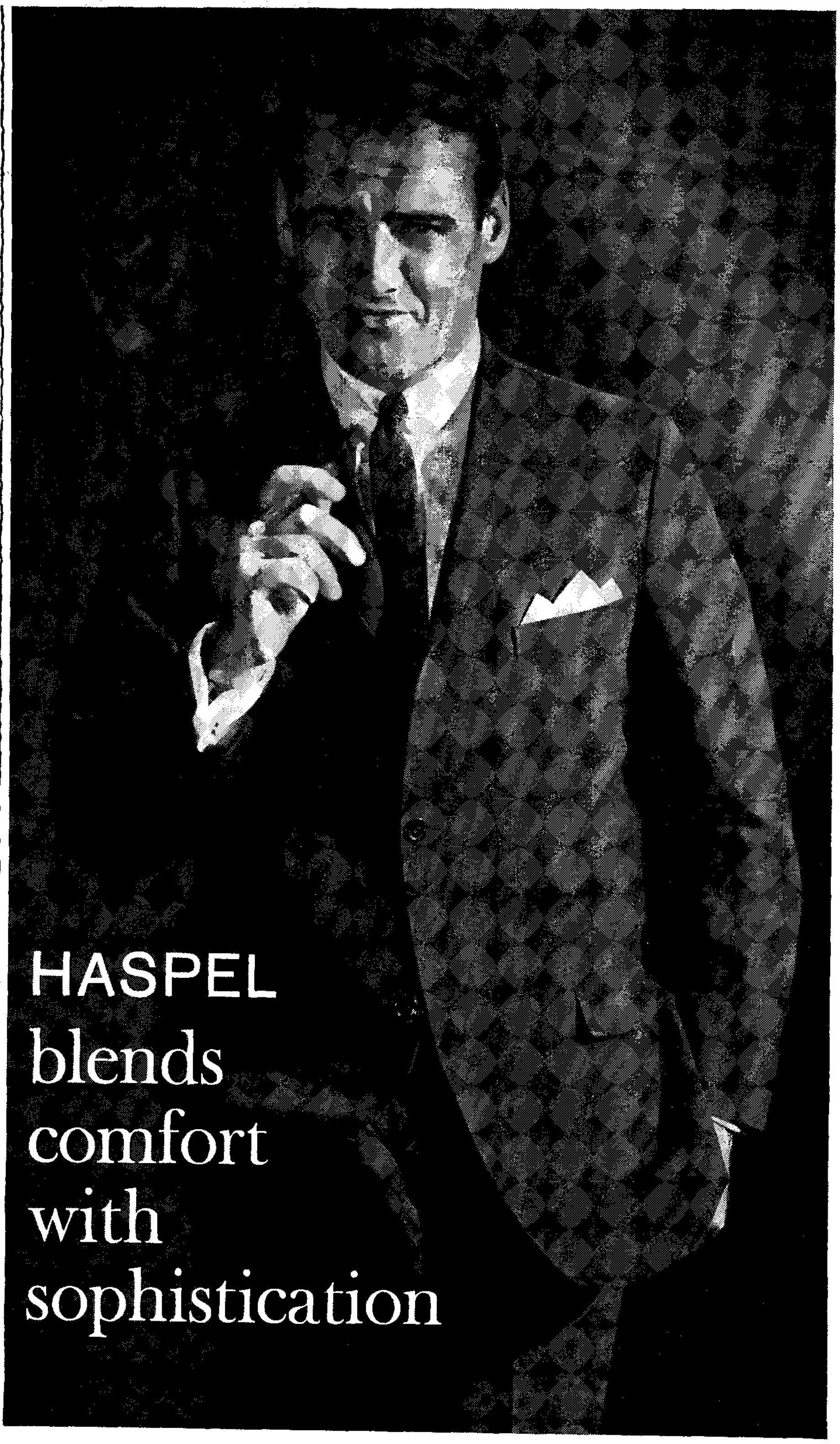
"Like dogs?" Mr. Robert said.

"Like my father," Molly said. "He loved the bone from roast beef. Also from chickens." She smoothed the corners of Annie's fingernails. "My father never went to a dentist in his life," Molly said. "His outstanding feature was his smile."

"My dog won't go near a bone," Mr. Robert said. "He hates them."

"He always said the best part of the roast beef was the bone," Molly said.

"He's this Pekinese?" Mr. Robert said. He talked soft Southern, in a hushed, confiding drawl. "I cooked some special chicken livers for him this morning? He won't eat beef liver. He's such a snob." He rolled a front curl over



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a large pink hair roller and looked fully at Annie for the first time. "Where you going tonight, honey?" he asked.

"To a party," Annie said.

Mr. Frederick, who presided over the salon, came by and said gently, "Pull it back, Robert. *Pull* it."

Mr. Robert nodded and pulled Annie's hair back, working another curl over another roller. "Frederick is leaving tonight for Grosse Pointe," he said to Annie. "He's got this big coming-out party? He's doing all their hair? He's being flown out in a private plane." He yawned. "I didn't get a wink of sleep all night."

"You stay up late watching television?" Molly said. "It's bad for the back."

"My dog," Mr. Robert said. "All Pekinese snore. Mine makes more noise than five of my brothers. I'm the youngest of seventeen children. Whole bunches of us used to sleep in the same room down home, in Alabama? My father is a Baptist minister, and he loved children."

"I'm the oldest," Molly said. "Of five."

"What are you, honey?" Mr. Robert said to Annie.

"Next to the youngest of four," Annie said.

"Natural polish?" Molly said to Annie.

"Please," Annie said.

"I could tell," Molly said. "I can always tell when it's that."

A handsome lady walked past behind Mr. Robert and blew him a kiss in the mirror. He looked pleased. "Her family invented one of the freezer doodads that go in the icebox," he said softly to Annie. "Every time an icebox is sold, she gets money. Some people have all the luck."

"Is Frederick going to be the only passenger in the plane?" Molly said. "Like the last time?"

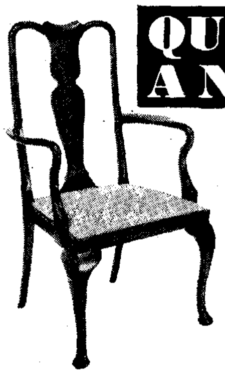
"They sent it up special for him," Mr. Robert said. "All the other guests are there now. They were flown in from the far corners of the world. It ought to be some party, for a coming-out party."

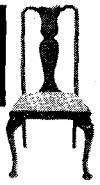
"Two dance orchestras," Molly said. "One a special Twist band."

Mr. Robert yawned again. "I've been trying for ages to get a coming-out party," he said. "All I ever got was a *bar mitzvah*."

"I never went anyplace in an entourage," Molly said. "It would be nice to go like to India with Mrs. Kennedy."

"She had only one," Mr. Robert





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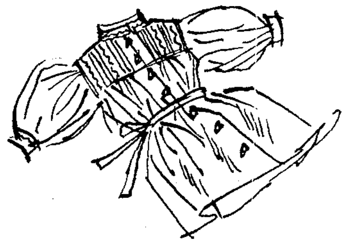

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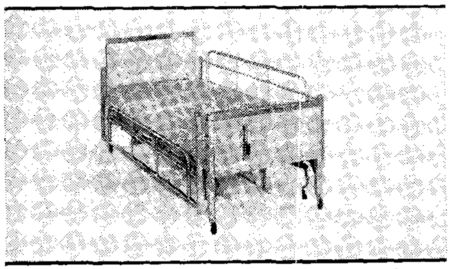

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said. "The Shah's wife and royalty like that take twenty."

"At least you travel with actresses, with singers, at concerts and galas and balls and things like that," Molly said. "I mean, I *never* went to *anything* once."

"One of my clients gave a party for the Duke and Duchess of Windsor?" Mr. Robert said. "I had to come half an hour early. Everybody had to be there ahead of the Duke and Duchess."

"You always have to do special things for royalty," Molly said.

"All the ladies were expected to curtsy for the Duchess," Mr. Robert said. "They don't *have* to curtsy the way they do for the Queen, but they do it because the Duke likes it?"

"What did *you* do?" Molly asked.

"I was in the other room, thank God," Mr. Robert said. "I always think I wouldn't give royalty the time of day, but when I'm up close, it gets me anyway, you know? Like when I was in Italy, and I saw the Pope, I felt really awed. I probably would have gone down on one knee or something like that for the Duchess."

"You don't *have* to," Molly said.

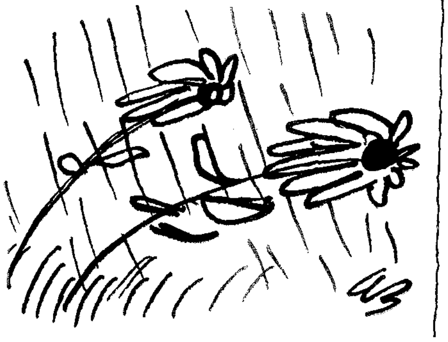
"You don't think you'll do it, but then it gets you and you do do it," Mr. Robert said. "You know?"

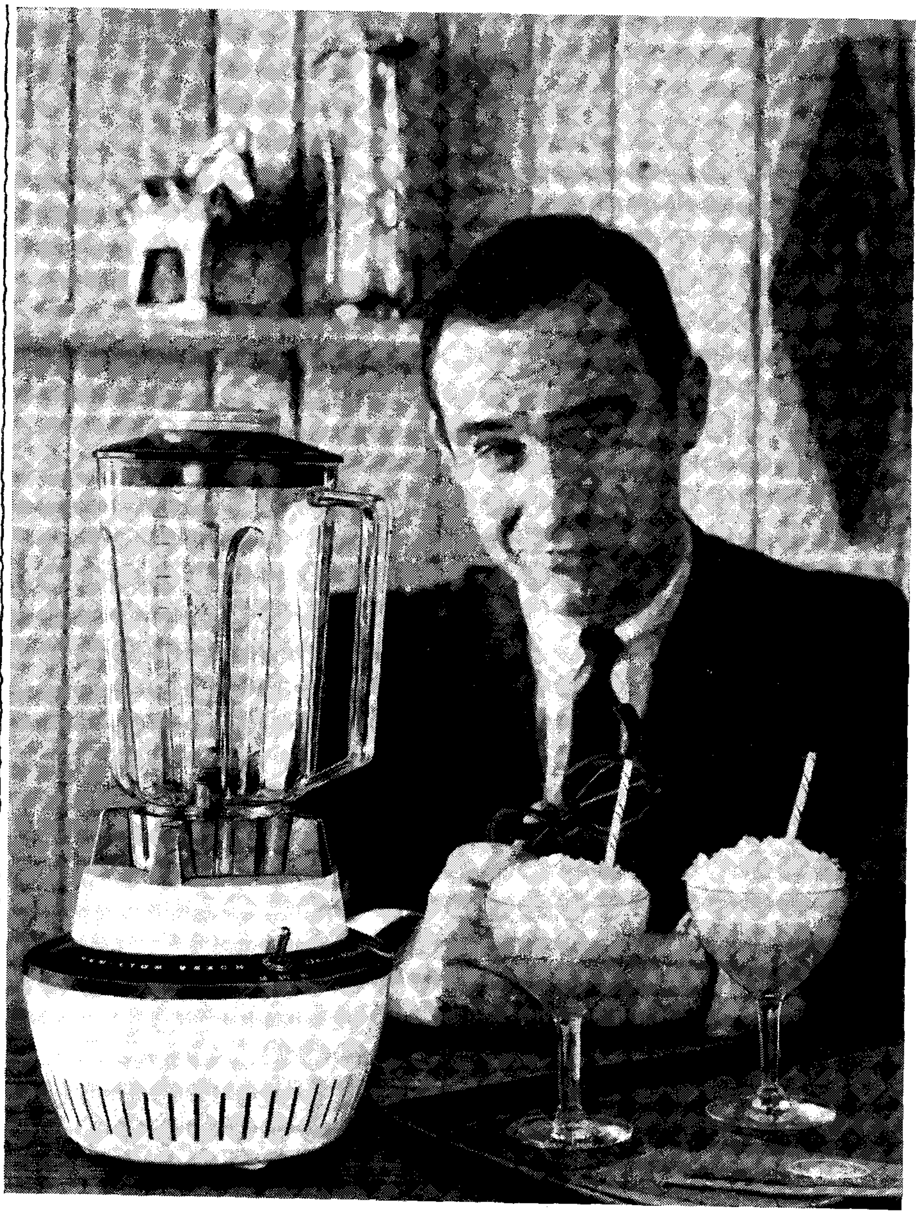
"If you're standing on the other side of the room and she comes in and you have your back to her or something like that, then you don't have to do it," Molly said.

"I went to this big party the other night," Mr. Robert said. "This man, the host, has so many paintings, he gives you a catalogue of them the minute you step inside the door. I stayed in the bedroom. All the ladies kept coming in to see me, one by one? To get their hair combed? I was the most popular man at the party."

"They're putting special food on the plane taking Frederick to Grosse Pointe," Molly said. "I heard it was flown in from Maxim's. From Paris."

"All caviar tastes alike," Mr. Robert said. "This *bar mitzvah* was loaded with it. At the other party, the big one the





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other night, they kept trying to get me stoned. Every time they came in for a hair comb, they brought me another glass of champagne."

"How about the *bar mitzvah*?" Annie asked.

"The boy's parents took over a whole resort hotel for it," Mr. Robert said. "Grossinger's. It's this party given for boys when they get to be thirteen years old."

"What's the capacity of Grossinger's?" Annie asked. "How many people?"

"Thousands," Mr. Robert said. "Nobody who wasn't a guest of the *bar mitzvah* was admitted. The party lasted a whole weekend. I did the mother and a dozen relatives' hair. The champagne flowed." Mr. Robert yawned again. "That damn Pekinese."

"You spoil him," Molly said. "Give him a bone—it's good for his teeth and his nature, too."

"Champagne for thirteen-year-olds?" Annie asked.

"Of course," Mr. Robert said. "The idea of the *bar mitzvah* is to celebrate their becoming a man. I'm mad for all that kind of Grossinger food. I'm mad for kosher food." He started working on Annie's back curls.

"If you had to choose, which would you choose?" Molly asked. "Grossinger's or Maxim's?"

"I never let myself be driven into those kind of choices," Mr. Robert said.

Molly spread the last of the nail polish on and blew on it to make it dry quickly. "You go to a lot of big dinners," she said. "You're accustomed to rich food."

"I went to the 'Salute to Javits' dinner," Mr. Robert said. "He's a great man, and I adore his wife, but the salutes were very boring."

"Was that at Grossinger's, too?" Annie asked.

"At the Waldorf, honey," Mr. Robert said.

Mr. Frederick came over. "When we comb it out, we'll give her a sort of little cap effect, Robert," he said.

Mr. Robert nodded. "I make the best matzo balls in town," he said to Annie. "Mine are better than Grossinger's. First I buy the matzo meal. Then I take two eggs. I beat the whites and fold them in with it, the matzo meal. Then I add lots of butter—half a stick."

"Butter is very important for the skin," Molly said.

"Butter is very important in matzo balls," Mr. Robert said. "I mix it all up good, with water and salt, and pepper it up. Then I leave it in the icebox for two hours. Then you either make little balls, which I don't personally care for myself, or you just drop the batter a little at a time in the soup. With lots of carrots and celery. Peas are delicious with matzo balls. My matzo-ball soup is better than Grossinger's. What kind of party you going to tonight, honey?" he said to Annie, as he fixed a hair net over his handiwork. He placed pads of tissue between her ears and the net, to protect her from the heat of the dryer.

"A party in an apartment, on Riverside Drive," Annie said. "Somebody's birthday."

"Birthdays are the worst," Mr. Robert said.

Molly finished the manicure and disappeared in a rush. Mr. Robert switched on the dryer. The roar of the motor shut out all other sound, and Annie settled back in her chair, enjoying the isolation. After about ten minutes, the dryer was clicked off and the sounds of the salon returned sharply. Then she heard Mr. Robert drawling in her ear. "Lots of people put dill in matzo-ball soup, but I'm not fond of dill. I put parts of chicken in—wings and necks and all like that? The necks have lots of meat on them." He gave Annie a pat on the shoulder, and turned the dryer back on.

—Lillian Ross

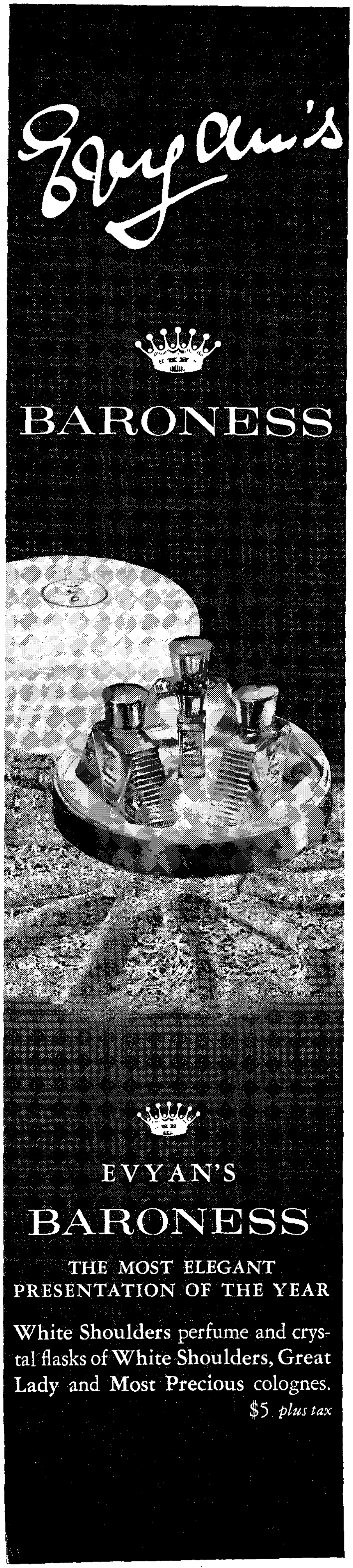
• •

SATURDAY MORNING

The racket of trucks on the main drag outside
Cannot quite wake me.
I lie still and listen
To rabbits sluffing their soles
Through oak leaves.

When I turn again to sleep,
Gulls poise on the wet arms
Of a woman who is in love with the sea.
She floats away from shore on an oak leaf, calling me
By a strange name.

—James Wright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THE SWALLOWS' NESTS

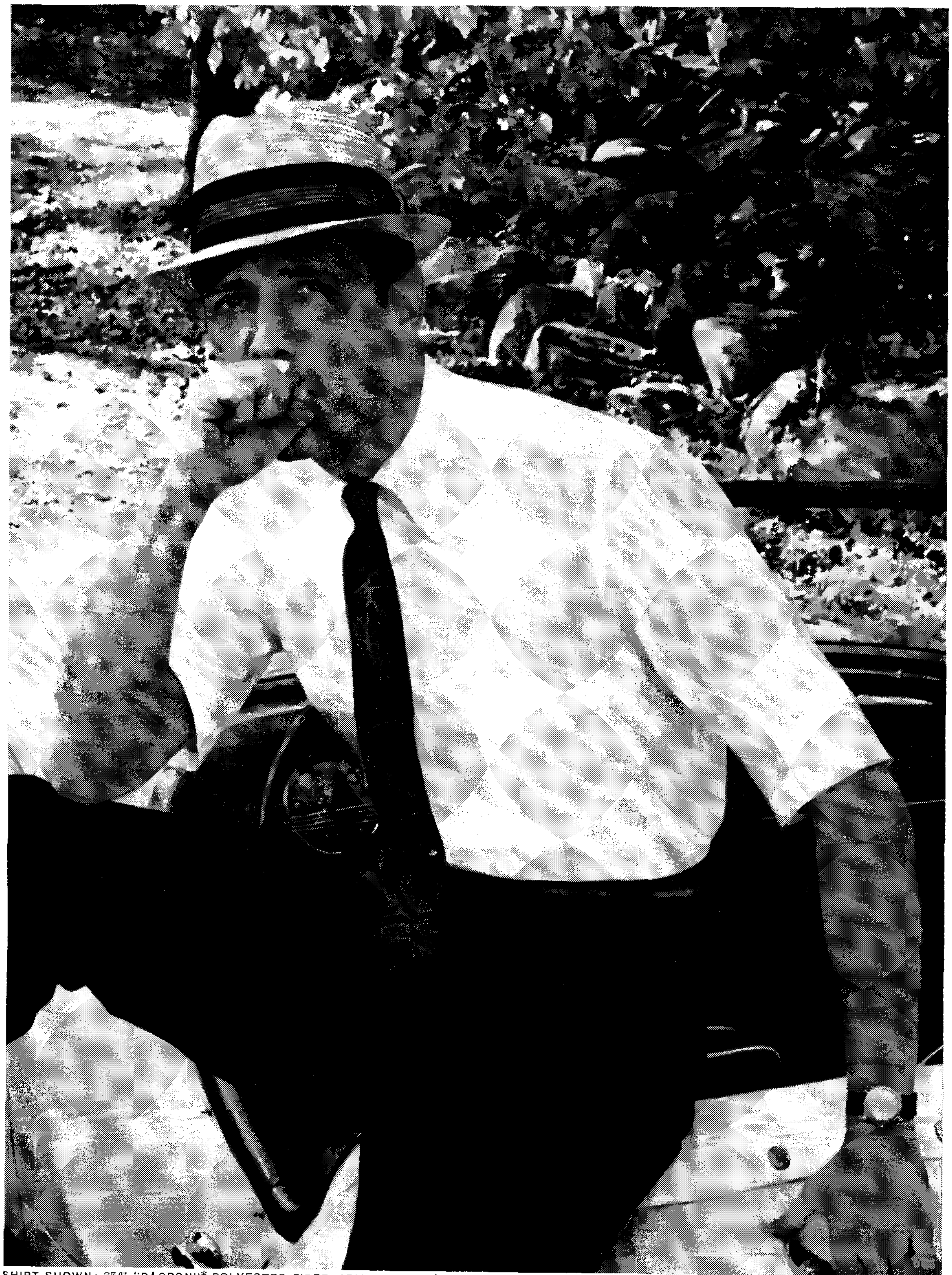
FOR nearly a thousand years, the Macedonian peninsula known, after the peak at its tip, as Mount Athos has been occupied almost exclusively by monasteries of the Eastern Orthodox Church and has been largely ruled by the monks as a semi-autonomous state. Thirty miles long and only six and a half miles across at its widest point, the peninsula juts out in a southeasterly direction into the Aegean Sea, forming a forty-five-degree angle with the mainland of northern Greece. In the nineteenth century, there were over seven thousand monks from various Eastern European countries on Mount Athos, but nowadays, with fewer and fewer young clerics replacing the older ones who die, the number has dwindled to something like three thousand, sharing the peninsula with a slightly larger number of the laymen who help them run their womanless and childless domain. One of the fundamental principles of the Mount Athos theocracy—first under the Byzantine Empire, then under the Turks, and now under Greece—has been to keep Mount Athos inviolate against any feminine intrusion whatever, but male visitors have always been welcome, and last spring I took advantage of the monks' hospitality to spend Holy Week—from Palm Sunday to Easter—on the peninsula.

With a travelling companion—John Yiannias, a Greek-American theology student from Dubuque, Iowa—I went through the necessary formality (which is no more than just that) of applying to the Greek authorities in Athens for permission to visit Mount Athos, and we were given passes that we were supposed to present, within twenty-four hours after our arrival, to the chief of a small contingent of police who, together with a civil governor, uphold Greece's suzerainty over the peninsula. We then journeyed north to Salonika, about eighty miles northwest of Mount Athos, in Macedonia, and from there, on the Saturday morning before Palm Sunday, we took a bus to the fishing village of Ierissós, where we expected to find water transportation to Mount Athos, whose only land connections with the rest of Greece are a few rocky footpaths. On the bus to Ierissós, we found three other passengers bound for Mount Athos—two Swedes and an American named John Yohannan, an associate professor of English at the College of the City of New York, who was in Greece on a Fulbright fellowship. On reaching Ierissós, the five of us arranged to hire a caïque—a small Greek sailboat, most modern versions of which are equipped with a tiny cabin and an auxiliary gasoline engine—and then we had lunch in the village. After our meal, we walked down to the beach, where we found the two-man crew of our caïque waiting for us. The vessel was nosed up on the coarse brown sand at the water's edge, and a long board, with one end resting on the caïque's gunwale and the other on the shore, served as a gangplank. When we had climbed this, it was whisked on board, the engine started, and we were off.

It was a good spring day—sunny, gusty, chilly, and lazy, all at once. The sea was a thick, bright Mediterranean blue, with whitecaps here and there. The nearby land was green, misting out to grayness in the distance. A few miles east of Ierissós, one of our crewmen pointed out the spot where Xerxes, the Persian conqueror, is said to have dug a canal, long vanished, across the Mount Athos peninsula, so that his ships, descending on lower Greece, could bypass the peninsula's headland, on which an earlier Persian fleet had been wrecked. As yet, we couldn't see Mount Athos itself, which was screened by a spur of land lying athwart our course. The caïque chugged toward it, and as we drew nearer, we saw that it was craggy, and covered with patches of green brush, like chaparral. Two caïques were fishing near the shore, and gulls were circling above them. We bore on toward the tip of the spur, and rounded it, cutting close. Then the six-thousand-foot peak of Mount Athos lay directly ahead, conical and dim—almost invisible—in the hazy distance. Beaches gleamed along the shoreline of the peninsula, and inland from them was a green, hilly wilderness in which, I knew, lay the scattered profusion of twenty monasteries and many more subsidiary religious institutions that make up the Mount Athos community.

Our immediate goal was Vatopedi, a big Greek monastery halfway along the northern coast, and to get there we passed at least two others—Khilandriou, a monastery of the Serbs, tucked away in a nearby valley and, except for its boathouse down by the water, all but screened from the sea, and Esphigmenou, a Greek monastery, standing just beyond a beach, that had high stone walls and battlements, like a castle. A cloud of white smoke rose from the beach, and our captain said the monks were burning driftwood and flotsam there. Elsewhere, we saw signs of desolation—the walls of old terraces along the lonely coast, and an abandoned church amid remnants of a garden.

The water was clear now, and we looked deep into its greenness. The air had also become clear as the wind died, and the weather was balmy. Then we rounded another point, and saw Vatopedi, across a cove. As we sped toward it over the smooth, sheltered water, I saw a complex of structures reminiscent of a medieval fortress town. In the foreground were several small buildings, all brightly colored in red and blue on white, and just above and behind them rose a slope planted with olive trees. Then came a sheer stone wall, a good twenty feet high, and atop this stood the monastery itself—an array of startlingly horizontal rows of windows and balconies rising tier upon tier, like long, slender strips of paper pasted one above another on a backdrop. Behind the monastery, and still higher, was a wooded ridge, and above the whole scene, standing out clearly now, towered the summit of Mount Athos—a peak of pale bare rock with streaks of snow on it. Much of the monastery's



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façade was painted red and pink and white, and some parts of its roof, made of gray slate, were sprinkled with golden-yellow moss.

We tied up at a concrete jetty on which some laborers were standing quietly, as if reluctant to disturb the calmness of the place. Somewhere in the distance, a rooster crowed, and the sound reached us with sharp clarity. After bidding our crew goodbye, the five of us stepped onto the jetty, asked directions of the men there, then pushed on up the slope to the monastery, along a flagstone path bordered with roses and fruit trees in bloom. At the top of the park was the monastery gate, where we were met by a monk who told us he had the title of *archondaris*, or guestmaster—a job, we learned, that is performed by one priest in each of the traditionally hospitable monasteries. In the manner of all the other Greek monks we were to see, the Vatopedi guestmaster was bearded and wore his hair long, under a cylindrical black hat. He led us inside and upstairs to a spacious reception room, looking out over the cove where our boat had docked. Vatopedi ranks second in prestige among the Athonite monasteries, and it happens to be also the most modernized and luxurious of them. Although its history goes back almost a thousand years, some of its present-day interior fittings suggest those of a Victorian club, as did the décor of the reception room, with its overstuffed furniture and its walls ornately painted and hung with big framed photographs of notables, including the King and Queen of Greece. There was also an electric chandelier, although we were told the generator wasn't running just then. Besides being relatively lavish, the room was well kept up, and the windows shone like crystal. This was not necessarily a point in the monastery's favor, according to the traditions of Mount Athos, which do not hold cleanliness to be next to godliness but deem it, instead, a vanity—a sign of worldly concern for superficialities—and which maintain that the dirtiness common to many of the peninsula's hermits is to be respected.

The guestmaster excused himself, and I went and stood at an open window and looked down on the slope above the waterfront. It was half past five by then, and some mules we had previously seen bringing timbers down from the hills to a warehouse were standing here and there below, resting and feeding from nose bags. Several of them had bells strapped around their necks, and these sounded occasionally as the animals moved. Like some of the monastery

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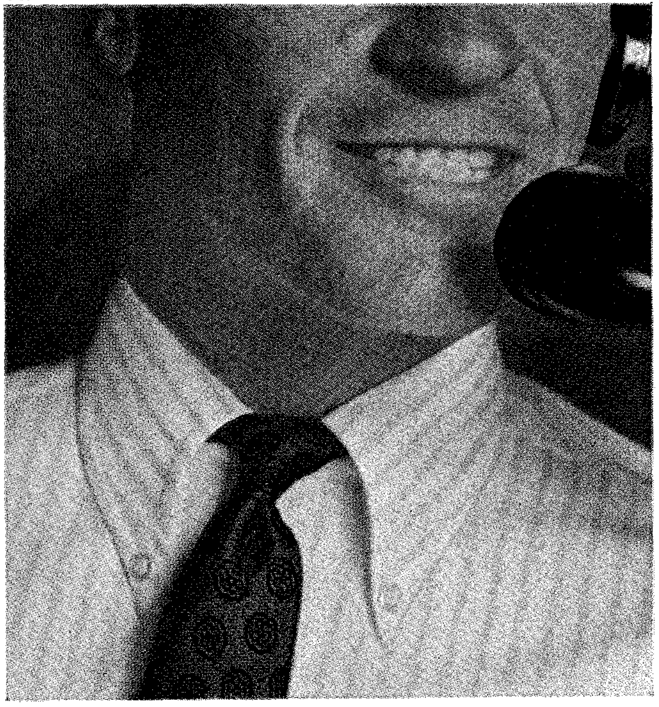

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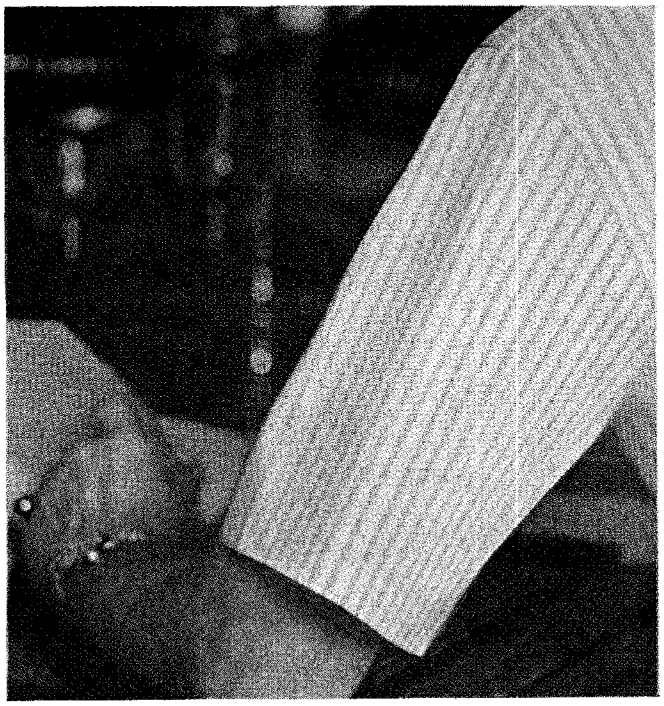

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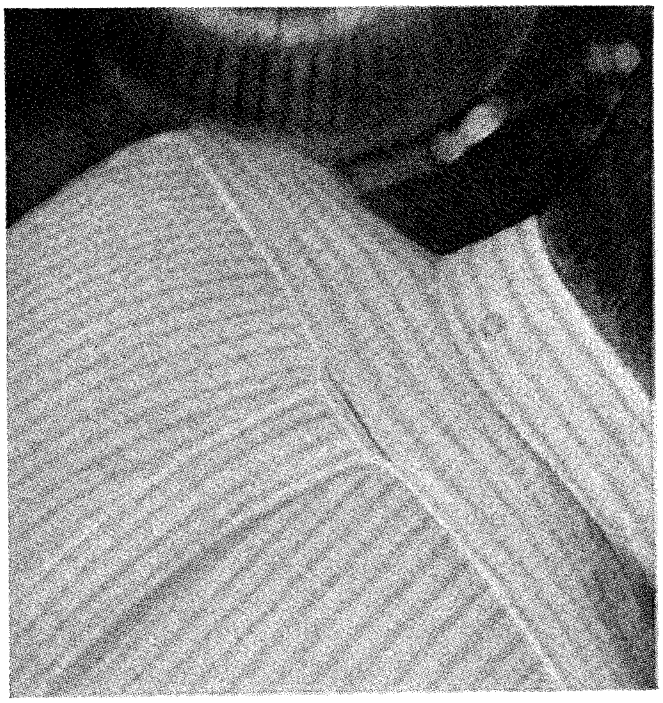

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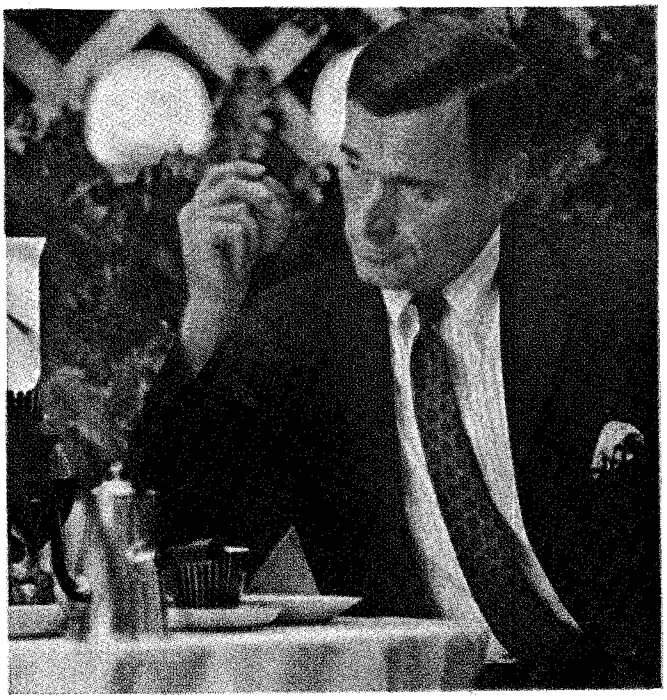

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roofs, a number of those on the outbuildings along the beach were also of slate, and on these, too, golden moss glistened. Water could be heard running and gurgling down below, through irrigation channels and into stone pools. Swallows darted about at window level, mewing in flight, and on the ground were larger birds: doves, chickens, turkeys, even peacocks. The swallows mewed, the doves cooed, the turkeys gobbled, the mule bells tinkled, the water sang in its courses, and, apart from such sweet noises, all was quiet.

In a few minutes, the guestmaster returned bearing refreshments on a tray: five little cups of Turkish coffee, five little saucers containing orange peel in syrup, five little spoons, and five big tumblers of water. After we had gratefully downed our portions, the guestmaster said that he was obliged to ask us to wait awhile, because our rooms were not quite ready. We went out into the monastery's central courtyard, which was about as big as the plaza at Rockefeller Center and sloped in the direction of the sea, its upper end a couple of stories higher than its lower one. It was paved with dark-gray flagstones—they tended to become steps in places—and in the cracks between them grass and other greenery were growing. The sides of the courtyard, given over mainly to living quarters, presented, like the front of the monastery, a strongly horizontal effect, with more long rows of windows and balconies. There was a good deal of light blue on the walls, interspersed with red and white and the gray of plain stone. In the courtyard were a well, a fine old bell tower, a chapel or two, a refectory, and a church, all small in scale and exquisite.

At dusk, we were called to supper in the guest quarters. Because of the Lenten fast, the meal was light. Meat, fish, and dairy products are ruled out during Lent in Athos. Wine ordinarily is, too, and so is olive oil, a mainstay of Greek cooking. What is left is meagre, and what we got that night was typical—bean soup, potatoes, and dry bread. There were three other guests at the table—two Greek laymen and a German Boy Scout in his late teens. We talked quietly with them, and turned in soon after we had finished our meal, passing up a seven-hour church service—a vigil—that was being held that night. We slept in good linen on good beds, though our small, bare quarters were a little chilly, their thick masonry walls still cold from the winter.

The next morning—Palm Sunday—we were given, for breakfast, another

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round of Turkish coffee, sweets, and water, and then we attended services in the church in the courtyard. Its splendid interior was filled with the smell of incense and with candlelight glittering on the surfaces of the gilt carvings and other objects everywhere around us, which included gilt candlesticks taller than a man. Though small in floor space, the church was lofty; its walls were covered with red, black, and gold religious murals in the Byzantine style all the way up to its crowning dome, from which the Byzantine conception of Christ as Pantocrator—the Almighty—looked down. The monks and visitors stood in stalls around the sides, leaving the central floor free. Made of black, white, and red marble, worn with age, the floor that day was strewn with green bay leaves representing palm fronds. We listened as the antiphonal Byzantine liturgy was chanted, and I thought the celebrants' voices and the answering voices very beautiful.

After the service, we were escorted up to a parlor, also looking out over the sea, for more coffee and more sweets. This room, too, had the marks of nineteenth-century grandeur—upholstered sofas and armchairs, small tables, photograph albums, and guestbooks with faded signatures. We ate our refreshments and chatted with some of the monks, one of whom told us he was seventy and had come to Vatopedi in 1906. There had been a hundred and thirty monks in residence then, he added, and now there were fewer than fifty.

We didn't linger long in the company of the monks, for we wanted to catch a jitney caïque that puts out from Ierissós every morning to make a run along the north side of the peninsula, and which we planned to take as far as another monastery called Iveron, a few miles farther down the coast. From there, we would have to hurry inland to reach Karyes, the Athonite capital, in order to register within the prescribed twenty-four hours. Only a few minutes after we had finished our coffee and sweets, the jitney was sighted in the cove, and we were summoned.

AGAIN the vessel followed the shoreline, and again we saw other monasteries near the water, but this time we stopped at them, to take on and discharge passengers—both monks and laymen—and freight. Iveron, when we reached it, proved to be a big monastery, but it seemed almost deserted, for most of the monks were sleeping after the prolonged services of the night before. Its guestmaster, a pleasant man, was on

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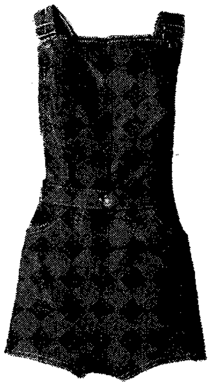

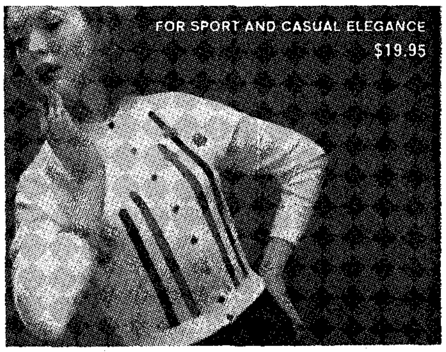
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Now for a little general theory: You'll notice that our description is hasty, but our Friday Sky Tours are not. Travel should be leisurely, in our view. Not a "drop in, see the government buildings, mail a postcard and scoot" affair. We haven't had time to list all the side trips available—to Cuzco, Lake Titicaca, La Paz, Montevideo, Iguassu Falls, etc. But be assured, they abound.

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hand to greet us, though, and he at once brought revivifying refreshments on a tray—five pieces of Turkish delight, and five little glasses of raki, a clear, strong liquor tasting of anise, along with five tumblers of water. The drinking of raki—by travellers, at least—did not seem to be forbidden during the fast, and we encountered it everywhere in our week on the peninsula; the monks distill it themselves, we were told, from the fermented residue of their wine presses.

After we had consumed the ritual refreshments, the Iveron guestmaster served us a lunch of bread, unflavored noodle soup, and olives. (Although olive oil is taboo during the Orthodox Lent, olives, by one of those anomalies that seem so common in the rules of fasting, are not.) After the meal, we went out to have a look at the monastery's church, which was of almost exactly the same general proportions as Vatopedi's—small but loftily soaring. Its decorations were much the same, too, but the gilt had less dazzle; tangled weeds grew in the courtyard outside, and, indeed, the monastery generally seemed poor and run down compared to Vatopedi. The name Iveron derives from the fact that the monastery was originally staffed and supported largely by the people once known to the Greeks as the Iberians—actually, the Georgians of South Russia. This connection ended centuries ago, and today Greek monks occupy the place. Although Iveron still has as illustrious a reputation as any religious house on Mount Athos, it appeared to have fallen on rather skimpy times.

We started up the road for Karyes, a couple of miles away, in the early afternoon—on foot, and carrying our bags and knapsacks. The road was actually a mule track, its surface roughly cobbled, and it wound uphill beside a stream, which ran at times far below us, at others right next to the road. The sun was warm, the stream was babbling coolly, birds were singing in the brush around us, and green things were starting to bud. All this made walking easy, and in little more than an hour we were in Karyes.

Karyes that Sunday afternoon looked very small and still—possibly the smallest and stillest capital on earth. It lies on a wooded hillside, and is centered on a church that, like so much else on Mount Athos, is nearly a thousand years old. Next to the church, though, for a change, stands a new building—the headquarters of the Holy Community, the semi-autonomous monkish body that rules under Greek authority. The

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church is built on a square traversed by a cobbled thoroughfare that might be called a street for a hundred yards of its length, beyond which, at both ends, it frays off into a network of rustic lanes, some cobbled and some plain dirt, leading to the twenty Athonite monasteries' *konakia*—the residences set aside for their delegates to the Holy Community, and for any of their other monks who might be in Karyes on business. Along Karyes' one street are a hotel; two restaurants; the shops of a barber, a tailor, and a cobbler; and two or three souvenir stores—all small and primitive, and anything but showy. We saw no automobiles, and heard no sound of a radio or of any musical instrument, for none of these contrivances are allowed on the streets of Karyes. Smoking is not allowed near the church, nor is singing, whistling, shouting, the wearing of hats, or the riding of mules. Various passersby—both monks and laymen—and some idlers in the square exchanged greetings murmurously. The racket of the outside world seemed far away.

Our first move on arriving in Karyes was to present our passes to the police. They gave us other passes, which we then took to the Holy Community's headquarters, where we had to hand them over in return for still others. There was some delay about these last passes, and while we were waiting, a monk escorted us upstairs and showed us the large room in which, he explained, the Holy Community meets three times a week. It is dominated by a table shaped like an elongated horseshoe, with twenty chairs around it and a desk, for a secretary, in the open end. Off to one side, on a dais, is a throne with a double-headed Byzantine eagle carved into its wooden back; this is for the Protepistates, or presiding executive. (The Byzantine Empire has been dead for five centuries, but many of its forms—and much of its outlook, one gathers—live on at Athos.) The monk told us that the chief executive is drawn in yearly rotation from the four leading Athonite monasteries—Vatopedi and Iveron among them—and that three other monks, drawn in yearly rotation from the sixteen other monasteries, serve with him as an executive committee, or *Epistasia.* Thus, each monastery is represented on the executive committee about once every five years, and meanwhile the delegates of all twenty houses sit together in what might be called the legislature—except that it is more than that, for it performs judicial functions, too. Nowadays, it seems, its jurisdiction is

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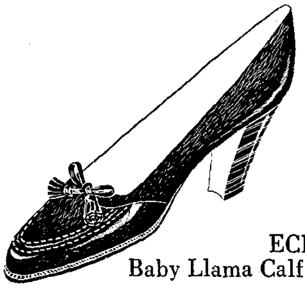

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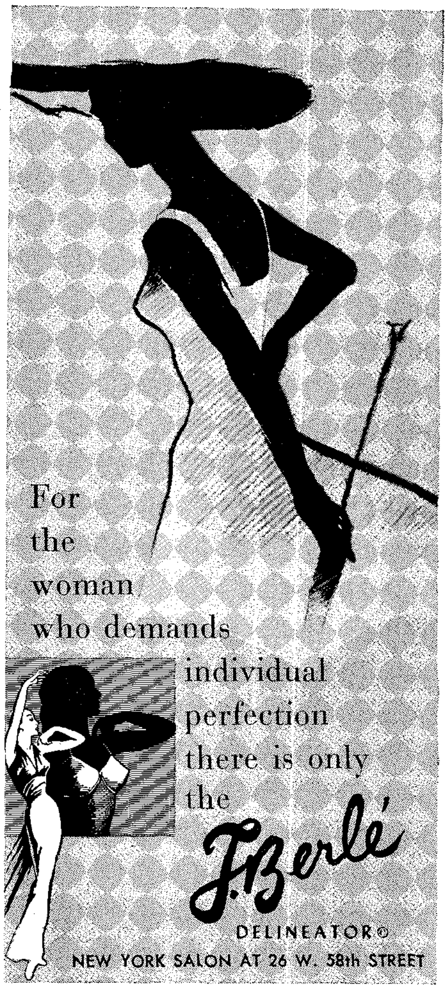
limited to small offenses, like disturbances of the peace; defendants facing graver charges are taken before the civil court in Salonika. But there appears to be no appeal from the Community's decisions in its fields of competence.

In time, we were given our last set of passes, which directed—unnecessarily, it seemed to us, in view of the way we had already been received—all the monasteries to take us in at our request. Each pass was signed by all four members of the *Epistasia*, and I got the impression that these officials exercise their rights punctiliously—even jealously—in a number of ways. Each member, I was told, has a key to the treasury, which cannot be unlocked without all four keys, and the Community's official stamp is made in four parts, one of which is held by each member and all of which must be given up and screwed together before a document can be validated.

The two other Americans and I went to call on the Greek civil governor, in his office in the *konakion* of one of the monasteries, five minutes away from the square. When we arrived, the governor was out, but we had a talk with his secretary, who told us more about the Holy Community. He said that while it is under Greek suzerainty in material affairs, and although all monks permanently inhabiting the peninsula must assume Greek citizenship, regardless of previous nationality, in spiritual matters the Holy Community is responsible to the Orthodox Patriarch and his Holy Synod, at Istanbul. Twice a year, the secretary went on, the Community holds an extraordinary meeting, at which the abbots of the monasteries gather to make basic decisions that affect Mount Athos policy; if these deal with worldly matters, they must be ratified by Athens, and if with spiritual ones, by Istanbul. The Community has a substantial income in its own right, he said, and this helps it preserve the trappings of autonomy. It levies a three-per-cent duty on all the peninsula's imports and exports, and it possesses a monopoly on domestic trade in certain commodities—among them meat and tobacco. It also has a traditional right to call on the individual monasteries for help, if necessary, but it hasn't had to do this in modern times, and probably wouldn't, now, in any case.

Some of the monasteries are poor, the secretary continued, but others engage in profitable businesses, especially the export of timber, for while most of Greece is deforested, Mount Athos is not. Some sell wine, olives, and hazel-



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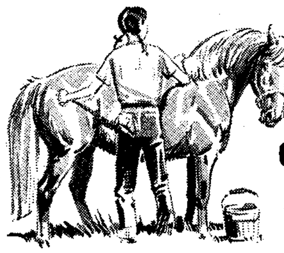

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nuts. In the past, a number of the monasteries derived their incomes from great landholdings elsewhere, but most of these tracts are gone; some, in countries now turned Communist, have been expropriated; others, in Greece, were taken over by the government to provide living space for Greek refugees from Turkey during the early nineteen-twenties. The refugees are still on the lands, and although Athens still pays the monasteries rent, the payments lapsed in the Second World War and are not yet back to normal.

The local Athonite economy sounded feudal, as the secretary described it. The twenty monasteries hold their land on the peninsula in perpetuity, he said, and farm out much of it to lesser religious institutions, known as sketes, which may be as big as actual monasteries, and kellions, which are smaller, often consisting of no more than three monks. (There are still smaller units, too, right down to individual hermitages in caves.) Theoretically, all labor on Mount Athos is done by monks on a communal basis, but now that their ranks have become so sadly depleted, much of it must be done by laymen if it is to be done at all. This dependence on lay workers involves cash transactions, of course—as do the imports and exports—but in comparison with the rest of the civilized world, Athos still makes almost negligible use of money as such. We experienced a good deal of the cashless life ourselves while there. None of the monasteries charged for food or lodging; they accepted "candle" money if we gave it to them, but we were not obliged to do so, and there was never any hint of what the amount, if any, should be.

OUR two Swedish companions left Karyes that Sunday afternoon, but we three Americans stayed overnight, sharing a room in the local hotel, whose facilities were sketchy but passable. A wonderful chorus of peepers—the loudest I have ever heard, I think—sang out behind the hotel in the evening, harmonizing well with the gushing of the spring freshets in Karyes, a place with water running through it everywhere. The hotel's cook was under the Lenten restrictions. He could give us no meat, he said, but he would send out for some eggs. If he did, they never arrived, and in the end what we had for dinner, in the privacy of our room, was salt codfish smothered in garlic, with greens and bread, and some wine.

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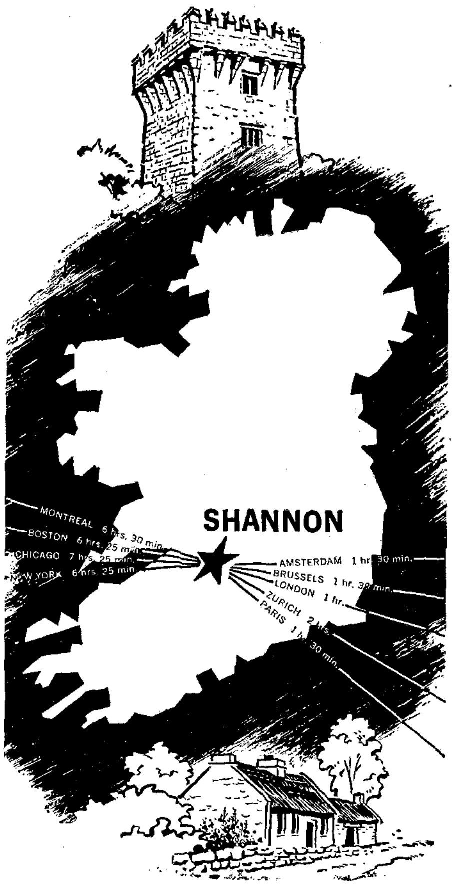

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stantinos Constantopoulos, and this time we found him in. A small, middle-aged, blue-eyed, energetic, intelligent-looking man with fine, strong hands, he was wearing a multicolored sweater under a brown jacket, with gray trousers, and his office, which had white-washed masonry walls and held a large desk and a well-stocked bookcase, had the informal atmosphere of a study in a country house. Almost at once, we fell into discussion of the history of his remarkable little domain—a subject on which he proved unusually knowledgeable. He was plainly a well-read man, and he came, I knew, from a learned Greek family.

"The fourteenth century was the high period of Mount Athos, because of the movement known as Hesychasm," he told us. "It was a movement essentially Greek, going back, perhaps, in some respects, to Plato. Its aim—and the aim of Athonite monasticism today—was, and is, to see Christ. This can best be done amid quiet and silence; the word '*hesychos*,' from which Hesychasm is derived, means 'calm.' There are two worlds—the world of noise and the world of silence—and it is right that those with a passion to hear God's voice should have a silent place, like Mount Athos, to which they can withdraw to hear it. Man wants to see the archetype, as Jung says."

At another point, Governor Constantopoulos, speaking intensely, told us, "The recollection of God is arrived at through *askesis*—through the ascetic life, through the doing of Christlike things, through the repetition of holy acts and thoughts. Humility is at the base of it; all *askesis* depends on humility. In monastic life, the elders teach the young men, and they always begin by instilling humility in them, by instilling absolute obedience." And so on and on for a full hour, while water trickled in the garden outside the window, until at last, after a reference to Adam's fall and the need for men to redeem themselves by monastic contemplation, the Governor said, "In short, the goal of monasticism is the achievement by man of a paradisiacal existence."

Following this exhaustive interview, or monologue, the Governor leaned back and permitted us to question him on more down-to-earth subjects. He conceded that Mount Athos was at present undergoing a crisis, with the monastic population falling off and with little zeal in evidence for replenishing it. But he maintained that the crisis was simply a reflection of the greater crisis in the outside world, and he was confident that Athos would survive it. He clearly felt that it was his duty to do what he could to this end. "The Greek state," he said, "has as one of its objectives the preservation of Athonite monasticism. We are trying in every way we can to help. Among other things, we have recently restored some of the art in the monasteries and built fireproof libraries for several of them. We are also trying to attract more visitors. We don't want tourists, for tourism and monasticism don't mix, but we hope to get more pilgrims and more scholars. In 1963, we are going to celebrate the thousandth anniversary of Athonite monasticism. Most of the observance will center on the monastery of the Great Lavra, which is the oldest on the peninsula, and the whole thing will be conducted with true monastic simplicity. A typical event will be a spiritual symposium, in which Orthodox theologians and philosophers will take part. We are planning new footpaths in our forests, too. We are not building auto roads on the peninsula, as some laymen have suggested, but we are greatly improving the road from Salonika to Arnaia, near Ierissós. We are building a hotel at Arnaia, too, where the wives and children of our visitors may await them. Beyond that, we are trying to acquaint the whole Orthodox world with Mount Athos, in the hope that more men will become monks here. Our one basic law on the peninsula is freedom; monks from many nations live here in peace and coöperation. The only requirement is that they be Orthodox."

AFTER lunching on bean soup and olives at the monastery of Koutloumousiou, just outside Karyes, we set out for St. Andrew's, a Russian skete not far away. This institution, a dependency of Vatopedi, is bigger than some of the full-fledged Athonite monasteries. In the nineteenth century, great numbers of Russian Hesychast monks were moving to Athos, with the backing of the Czarist government, which was happy to spread its influence, and the Greek monks were in danger

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of being outnumbered. Before long, St. Andrew's, which was built in the mid-nineteenth century, had seven hundred monks—living rather splendidly, according to local report—and it applied for the formal status of a monastery, and a voice in the Holy Community (prerogatives that were already enjoyed by one other Russian house on the peninsula). Greek counter-maneuvers thwarted this ambition, and then the Russian Revolution left St. Andrew's almost completely stranded. Although a few monks were allowed to go there from Russia between the First and Second World Wars, in recent years the Greek government, fearing Red penetration, has refused to admit any more. Hence, the ranks of the Russians on Mount Athos have fallen off far more than those of the Greeks, and we had heard that St. Andrew's was a leading sufferer.

St. Andrew's was a ten-minute walk from town, along a lane flanked by man-high stone walls. We climbed up on one of them en route and viewed the skete from afar. It was a vast, impressive composition, with a façade a hundred yards wide and more than a dozen green onion-domes rising from various parts of it—a handsome example of the style that might be called Russian baroque. We continued walking and, on entering the skete, found ourselves in the midst of a stately assemblage of courtyards, pediments, columns, arches, and vistas. But it was all sadly deserted now, and on every hand the courts were overgrown with grass and weeds. Fire had damaged the buildings in one corner of the compound, and they had not been repaired. Elsewhere, windowpanes were broken, and cordwood was piled roughly beside several once elegant doors. In the heavy stillness, a cat crossed a courtyard, silent in the silence. Then a woodpecker sounded nearby, and the atmosphere seemed even more desolate.

After some scouting around, we came upon an old monk, in a greasy habit and big Russian boots, shuffling down a corridor. He had a red face, blue eyes, and a whitish-yellow beard, and he seemed morose and uncommunicative. We passed on, and soon encountered another—also blond, and also grubby and dispirited, but less taciturn. Questioned by Yohannan, who knew some Russian, the monk said he was sixty-eight years old, and was the next-to-youngest of the twelve monks then living in St. Andrew's; the oldest was eighty-eight. He unlocked the skete's church for us, revealing a huge and garish interior full of

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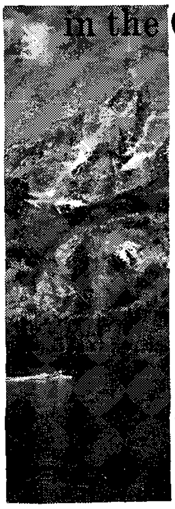

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pretentious giltwork and over-naturalistic icons in the style that we call "candy-box" and blame on Victorianism. From the outside, St. Andrew's had at least seemed impressive—if less attractive than the older Greek monasteries—but here it wasn't even that. I noticed, though, that the church's interior was well kept up, for all the general crumbling of its environs.

A White Russian in Athens had entrusted Yohannan with some red cardboard Easter eggs as presents for a couple of Russian monks he knew who lived near Karyes, and it turned out that this old monk at St. Andrew's could give us word of both of them. One, he said, had died recently, having fallen off a cliff, perhaps after too much raki, and the other lived in a kellion—a dependency of St. Andrew's—on a hillside not far away. We set out to find the place, and we succeeded—though after some hesitation, for the approach to it was deserted and unpromising. The gate in its wall, when we reached it, was fastened by a heavy chain and padlock, but some of its wooden bars were missing, making a hole through which we could enter by stooping. A path through the grass beyond led us past a big old Russian-style house, which looked empty, then to some terraces and arbors, and then toward a smaller building, next to which stood the ruins of what had been a lovely garden.

We left the path and tried to enter the smaller building, but found it locked and lifeless. It was long and relatively low, and, peering through the windows, we could see that it had perhaps a score of rooms. We surmised that these had once been the quarters of individual monks, but now they were abandoned, seemingly forever, and had been left in great disorder, with jumbles of broken crockery, fallen plaster, old tools, and torn-up books lying around. Continuing along the path, we suddenly came upon the fresh earth of a grave; its wooden cross bore the name of the dead monk. The grave looked peaceful there in the sunshine, but also makeshift, and the surrounding thickets seemed ready to close in.

The path no longer looked worthwhile, so we went back toward the larger house, and as we neared it, a Greek laborer appeared and beckoned to us. When we joined him, he informed us by gestures that he was deaf, and then led us toward a side of the house where there were some signs of life—a well-tended garden patch, with onions, beets, and lettuce pushing up from the brown earth, and four mallard ducks and a

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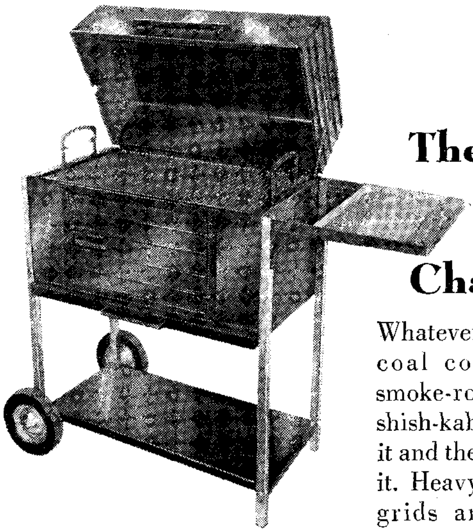

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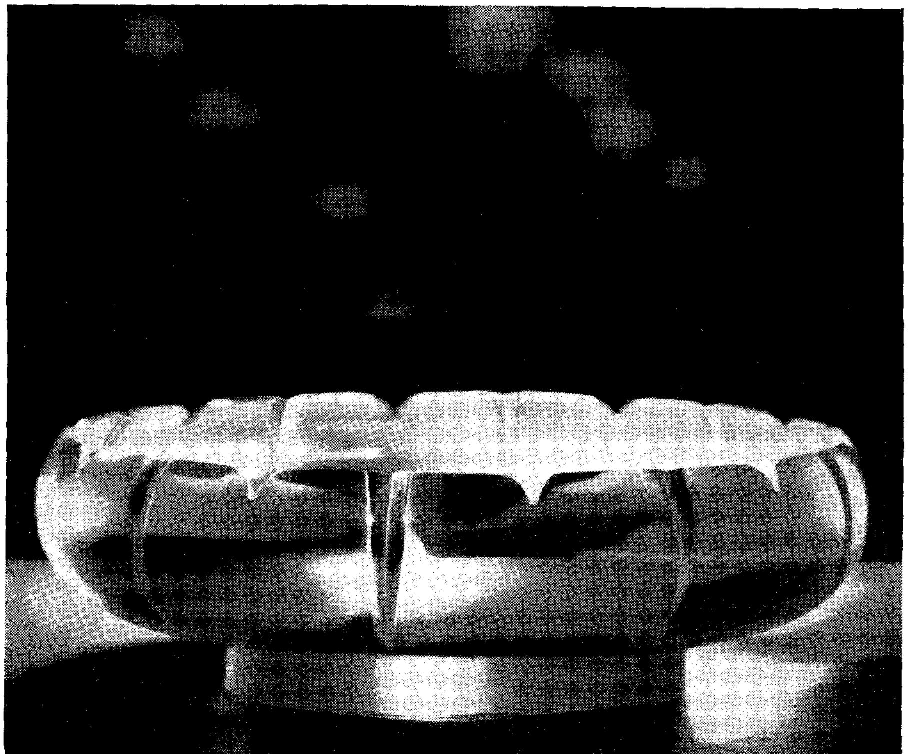

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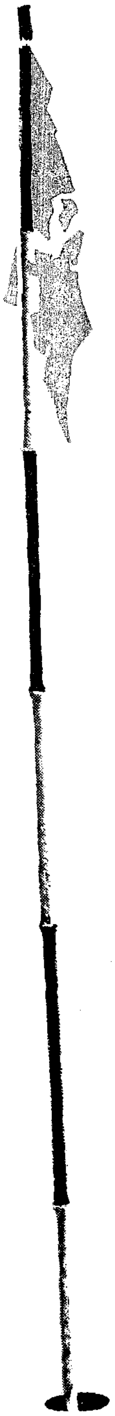

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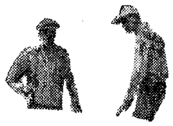

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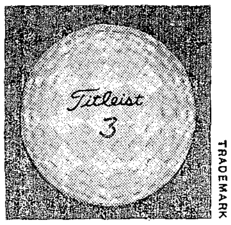

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drake, looking very familial. (One sometimes hears that no female domestic animals are allowed on Mount Athos, but in reality female poultry and cats abound.) Following the laborer, we crossed a back porch and entered a small wing of the house, and there we found the monk we were seeking. He was blue-eyed and grayish-blond, like the monks at St. Andrew's, but we judged from the general expression of pride and self-respect on his aquiline face that his morale was better than theirs. He was living in a corner of this wing—camping there, one might say—and his small domain, in a room that might once have been a pantry, was neat, if not meticulously clean; he had a bed and some chairs and books and household utensils. In his isolation, as the last survivor of what had been a community of dozens of monks, he had, as the military phrase goes, shortened his perimeter. With the help of the deaf Greek, who was apparently his handyman, he made some Turkish coffee for us on a spirit lamp. He seemed delighted with the Easter eggs and happy to have word of his friend in Athens, and he told us at length about the other monk's death. He seemed to be in a confident frame of mind, yet, in these surroundings, one could not help reflecting that he, too, would die someday, and one wondered who would tell of that.

WE left Karyes that afternoon—Monday. Our next objective was the monastery called the Great Lavra—often known simply as Lavra, meaning "narrow street"—on the northern side of the peninsula and very near its tip. We planned to reach it by a jitney caïque that was due to sail Tuesday at midday from the port of Daphne, Mount Athos's only seaport. Daphne, which is about five miles from Karyes, lies on the peninsula's southern side, so our journey to Lavra would entail rounding the often dangerously wind-lashed headland of Mount Athos itself—the Persians' nemesis. On our way to Daphne, we decided to spend the night at a monastery called Xeropotamou, which overlooks the sea not far from the port. We knew that we would have to get to Xeropotamou by sunset, when the gates of all the monasteries on the peninsula are invariably closed. The closing of the gates at sunset, which is an unbreakable ritual on Mount Athos, goes back to the days in the Middle Ages when the peninsula was raided again and again by pirates and other marauders—Turks, Arabs, Crusaders—and the only safety lay in fortifica-

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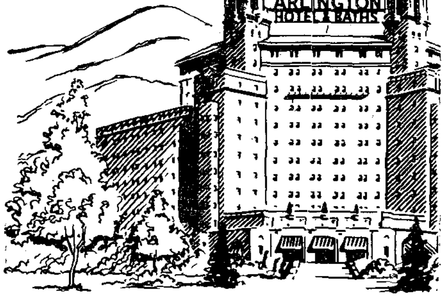

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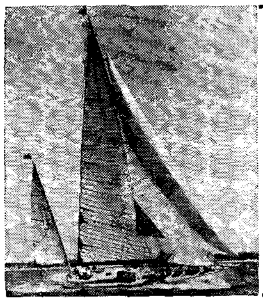

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tion. Sunset is still a crucial moment in the traveller's calculations.

We left Karyes that afternoon at four—three hours before sundown. We had engaged a mule to carry our luggage to Xeropotamou, but it didn't show up, so we carried everything ourselves. Luckily, our walk was uneventful, and we made the gate in plenty of time. The guestmaster at Xeropotamou gave us some delicious lentil soup for dinner, and even slipped us some olive oil to put in it, because, he said laughingly, we were "growing boys." A wind came up in the night, and next morning the sea had whitecaps on it, raising the question of whether the caïque would be able to complete its voyage. We meant to attempt the trip, though, so we pushed on to Daphne in midmorning.

If Karyes is the Washington of Mount Athos, Daphne is its New York, its major port, through which flows most of its traffic with ό κοσμος—the "cosmos," or outside world. The center of the town consists of a sea wall, a jetty, a stone esplanade, and a row of four whitewashed buildings—three stores and a restaurant. The esplanade looked busy, in a quiet way, with monks, laymen, and mules performing various chores; sometimes a couple of old friends—hermits, perhaps—would meet and greet each other enthusiastically, like long separated mining prospectors. Two or three caïques lay at the jetty, and we learned that in an hour or so one of them would start for Lavra, all right, but that it might turn back after its first few stops. We settled down to wait and to watch the life of Daphne. Commercially, Daphne is much like a frontier trading post; in its shops are such items as canned sardines, evaporated milk, dried figs, flashlights, bolts of cloth, liqueurs, Flit guns, bags of cement, and rolls of tin sheeting—all displayed in a practical, rather flyspecked way.

When the caïque was ready, we joined the other passengers on the jetty. Most of them were monks—going home to their monasteries for Easter, apparently, from Karyes or Daphne. Indeed, Easter was in the air, though it was still only Tuesday, and farewell shouts of "*Kalo Pascha*" ("Happy Easter") flew between caïque and shore as we pulled away. The atmosphere on the boat was friendly. The cabin was just high enough so that the passengers could half sit, half lean on it on either side, with their feet on the gunwale, and space there was at a premium. I was lucky enough to get a position on the port, or landward, side, where I

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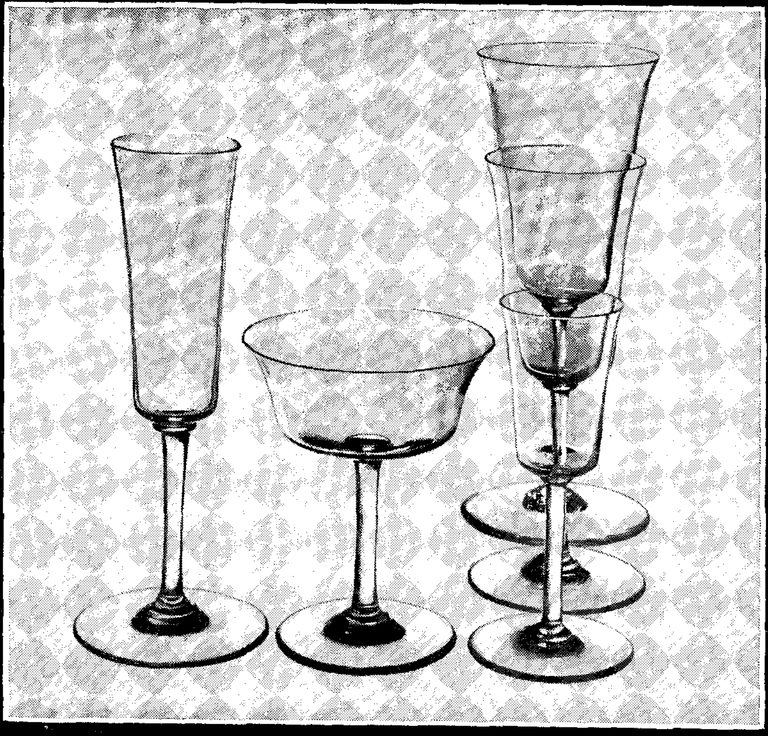

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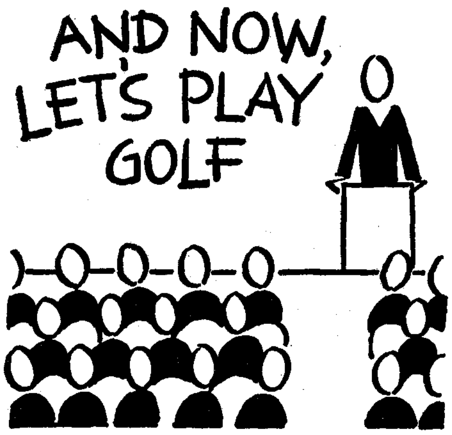

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could watch the peninsula as we went along. Cliffs mingled with green hills near the shoreline, and a trail ran among them, parallel to our course. Once or twice, I saw on it a bent monkish figure, with stick and knapsack. Along our course were four monasteries, each of them with a landing at which we stopped. All of them had the standard features of Athonite monasteries—the impregnable walls and the balconies staring into the void.

I made friends with a little old Greek monk leaning against the cabin roof beside me. He spoke a rusty English, and told me he had lived in America for a few years in the early part of the century, working for the General Electric Company in Lynn, Massachusetts. Then he had quit, returned to Greece, and headed straight for Mount Athos. His name was Timotheos, and he had blue eyes, wispy gray hair, a thin face, and an insubstantial-looking body; an altogether meek and mild man he was, and a friendly one, and he seemed extremely happy. He said that he was eighty-two, that he lived in a kellion at a skete named Kapsokalyvia, out near the tip of the peninsula, and that he and the two other monks there supported themselves by carving wooden icons and souvenirs. He had a big, heavy goat-hide bag with him, and before long he dipped into it and brought out a wooden paper cutter and a pair of wooden tongs—for fruit, possibly—which he insisted on giving to me. He would take nothing in return, appearing to enjoy the act of giving. Then, looking up at the cliffs, he said, "Mount Athos is the garden of the Virgin Mary." He seemed transported as he spoke.

As we rounded a bulge near the tip of the peninsula, many small houses came into view, plastered about on the steep, high slopes, and I learned that they were parts of sketes built in a more random plan than that of St. Andrew's; instead of occupying a single site, these sketes were disjointed, with their component buildings scattered all over the place in the neighborhood of a central church. The sun was warm, the sky was blue, and the water was clear, and I lay back on the cabin, feeling the boat throb under me, listening to the monks talk, and looking at the sketes overhead, which as time went on became more and more like swallows' nests against the cliffs.

The caïque drew in under the cliffs of a place known as Karoulia—the Pulleys—and tied up at a jetty from which steps led upward as steeply as a ladder. Dotted on the cliffs were what

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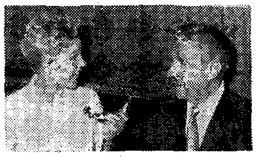

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resembled the façades of small houses, but actually served to enclose the mouths of many small caves, which could be reached only by vertical flights of steps and horizontal shelves. Karoulia, whose name comes from the pulleys that are used to raise supplies to the monks in these caves, is a favorite retreat of hermits.

After we had cast off from Karoulia, our caïque rounded a point and we met the main force of the wind. Soon the caïque was tossing wildly. "We've begun the dance," one monk said, with a grin. Nobody seemed to mind the waves, and the monks were smiling and laughing as their beards blew out in the breeze. No one minded, that is, except the captain; he gave up on reaching Lavra. He said he would turn back after the next stop, which was Kapsokalyvia, the home of my new acquaintance, Father Timotheos, and a few minutes later we entered a little cove that partly protected the jetty there. The boat tossed crazily beside the jetty, but the monks swarmed nimbly off, carrying their baggage, and we three Americans followed them—up a series of steps on the side of a cliff and then on up a steep path that, after ten or fifteen minutes, brought us to the kellion itself. This was a colony of little houses on a hillside reminiscent of the Riviera, or the Big Sur in California, so dry was its scrub and so blue the water below it. The sea spread out and out away from us—as blue as could be—until it vanished in a cool mist off toward Asia.

We now discovered that three of our fellow-passengers on the caïque—a Greek policeman, an elderly monk called Father Elias, and a student who was accompanying the latter—were bound for Lavra, too, by way of an overland route across the point of the peninsula, and we attached ourselves to them. It would take a little more than two hours of fast walking, the monk said, and we could do it before sunset if we used baggage mules, two of which happened to be available at Kapsokalyvia. It was almost five o'clock, and there seemed little chance of our making Lavra before the sunset deadline, but we were to be in good company, so we didn't worry.

While the mules were being loaded, Father Timotheos took the three of us a little way along the path to Lavra to show us his kellion—a pleasant cottage with a garden and its own tiny chapel. There we met another ancient monk, who had also worked for General Electric in Lynn; he was the elder of the

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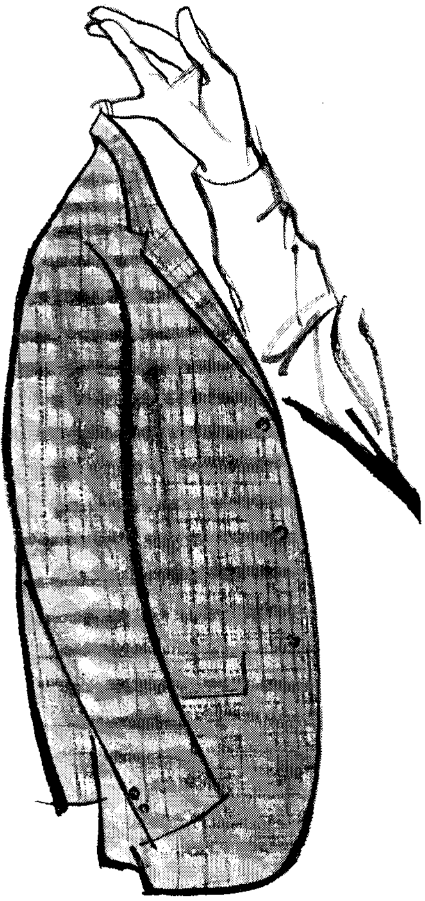

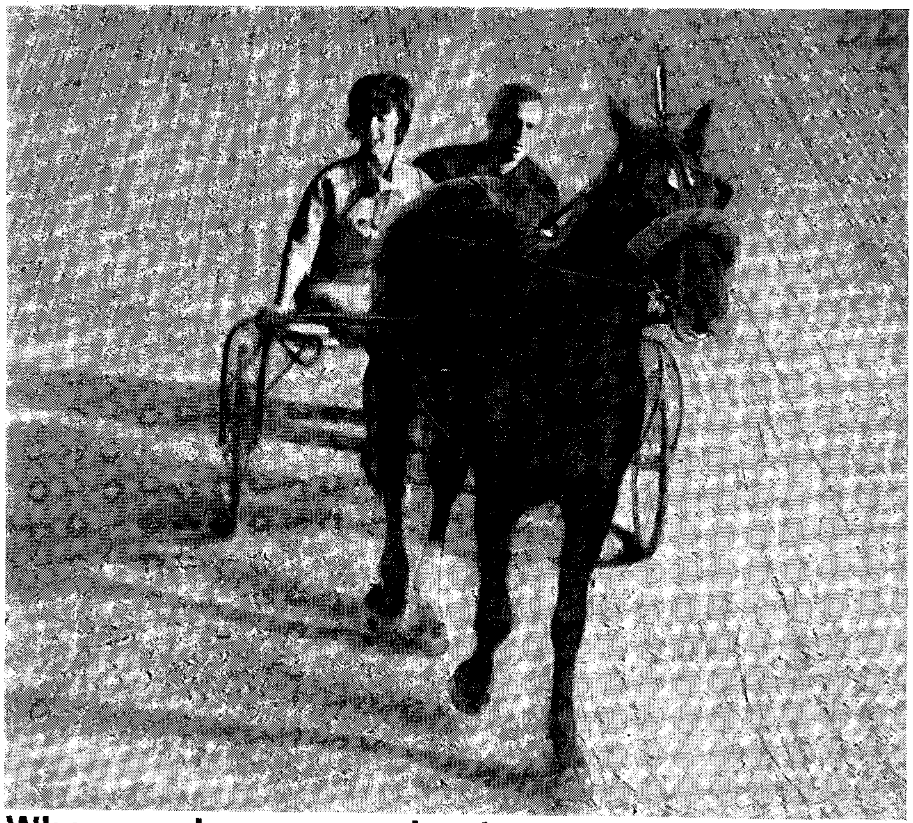

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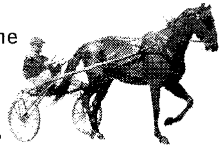

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kellion, and Timotheos was his disciple. They fed us jam and raki, and showed us some pocket icons they had carved. We each bought a couple, but it was apparently a matter of no moment to them whether we did or not; by this time I knew that Father Timotheos, at least, would be happy if we bought them and equally happy if we didn't.

We stayed only briefly at the kellion, and then scrambled back onto the Lavra path. Soon the others came along with the mules. Father Elias rode, on account of his age, and the rest of us walked ahead, with the policeman leading the way. I was in fair shape, having done a good deal of walking in the past month or two, but I was no match for the policeman, who set a fearful pace. The path went around gorges and across the faces of bluffs, and the sea was always below us, all darkening and wrinkled. The policeman kept his pistol drawn theatrically the whole time—he said there were a number of dangerous wolves at large on Mount Athos—and he hurried over the rocks as if pursued by a ravening pack. (The mules, happily, were slower, and we had to halt now and then to wait for them.) At length, we reached a pass and started downward, and soon the masonry walls of Lavra could be seen in the distance, in a setting of tall black cypresses. We were following swiftly after the policeman when, suddenly, he disappeared; he merely put on speed and left us—to keep the gate from closing, we learned later. He made it, and when darkness fell we were all safely inside.

LAVRA, where we spent two nights and a day, was like something out of the "Idylls of the King." The monks' living quarters, with many odd little balconies reached by outside stairways, were built around a courtyard almost a block long, on which stood a tower, a church, a refectory, and a number of other buildings. The court was less colorful than Vatopedi's, but it had a greater feeling of age about it. The tower, or keep, was said to date from the tenth century, and looked it. A great marble bowl in the court, for holy water, went back to that time, too. The courtyard's atmosphere was informal, with mules wandering around, cats sunning themselves here and there, and yellow jackets buzzing away.

Father Elias, who proved to be a scholar, was an excellent source of information about Lavra. Not only was it the oldest monastery on Mount Athos, he told us, having been founded in 963, but it was also the most famous. It was

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founded by a Byzantine monk—later called St. Athanasios—who was helped in his task by a succession of Byzantine emperors. There had been hermits on Mount Athos before that—possibly for centuries—but Athanasios thought the religious life there needed discipline. To impose it, he conceived the idea of the Great Lavra, to be established as an autonomy, responsible only to imperial authority. The idea evidently took hold quickly, for at least four other Athonite monasteries were founded before the end of the tenth century. Still more followed, thanks to the continued support of Byzantine rulers and courtiers, as well as help from nobles among the newly converted Slavs.

In 1453, when Constantinople fell to the Turks, it was less of a blow to Mount Athos than might be supposed, for during the next three centuries Turkish policy toward the monks was lenient. Indirectly, though, the Turkish victory had a profound effect on the monasteries, because it put an end to the court patronage they had been enjoying, and some of them, including Lavra, were in time forced to change their structure. They switched from the old, centralized rule, called "cenobitic," under which the monks lived and ate together, to an improvised one, called "idiorrhythmic," under which the monks helped pay their own expenses by keeping their own gardens, making their own wine, and so on, in return for which they were kept under less strict discipline, and were allowed, for instance, to prepare meals in their own quarters. Of the twenty Athonite monasteries today, nine are idiorrhythmic. We learned from Father Elias, however, that the idiorrhythmic system has been much criticized by church authorities as having led to a slackness among the monks that has made them ill prepared for the trials now facing them. He thought that Lavra should mark its thousandth year by returning to cenobitic rule, and that it could well afford to do so, since its profits from the sale of timber now compensate for the lost beneficence of the Byzantine emperors. During the Greek War of Independence, in the early nineteenth century, the question of whether the monasteries should be cenobitic or idiorrhythmic temporarily became academic. Then, after the Greek monks had openly helped their fellow-countrymen in the struggle, the Turkish government (which was to hold Macedonia until the First World War) put aside its centuries-old hands-off policy and sent in occupying troops, who desecrated much

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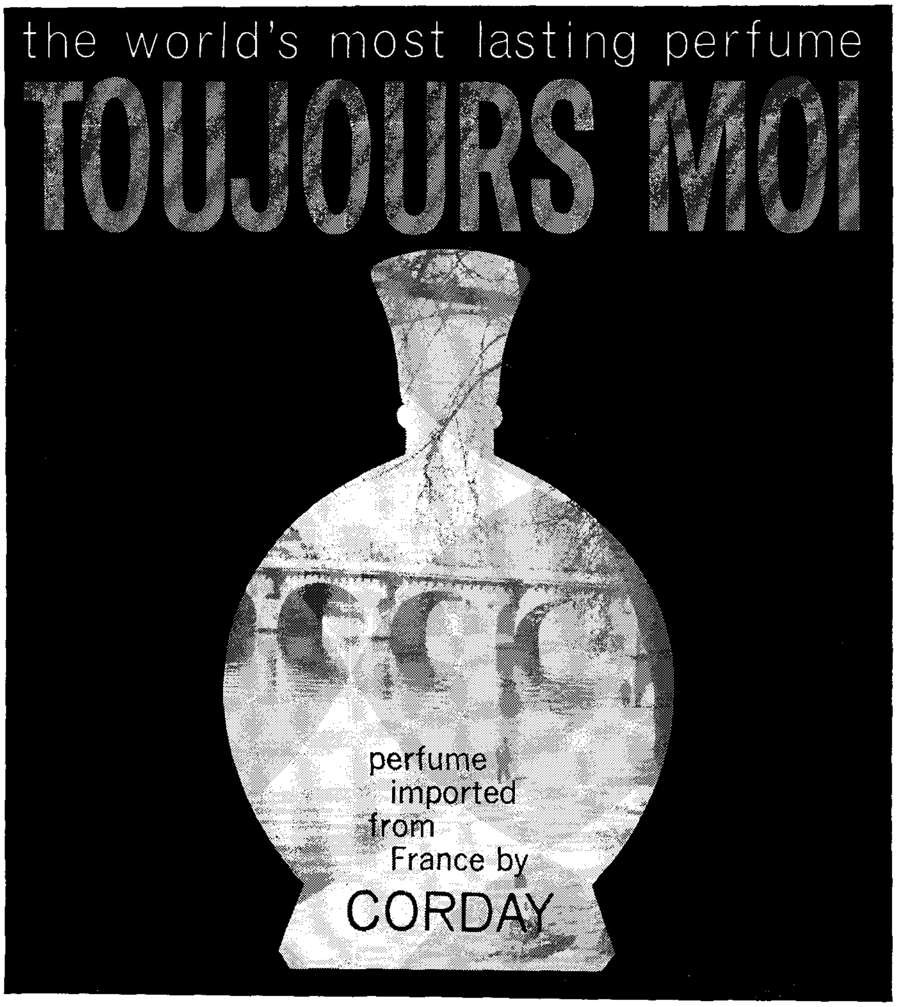
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of the monasteries' religious art—which, as Moslems, they considered idolatrous—and caused many monks to leave.

ON Thursday morning, we started out on foot for Dionysiou, which was one of the four monasteries on the southern side of the peninsula that we had seen from the caïque, and where we intended to spend Easter. We were supposed to be supplied with mules for the journey, but for the second time the beasts failed to materialize. We might have waited at Lavra for a jitney caïque to take us to Dionysiou, but we had already learned how uncertain the waters off the headland could be, so when we had given up on the mules, we shouldered our luggage and set off.

After lunching on bread and olives, which the guestmaster at Lavra had given us, we began descending toward the south side of the peninsula, and soon we reached the hermit region above Karoulia. In theory, at least, these hermits live in the manner of the early Christian saints; the best of them are said to be shy and self-effacing, and to subsist on such foods as herb soup and stale bread. Our path took us near some of the hermitages, but we saw few signs of life. One hermit's shelter was so unmistakably empty that we ventured to look inside. It was a small, nearly square cell, with rough stone walls and a roof of corrugated-iron sheets, loosely laid on; as furniture it had a couch of leafy branches in it, and a stone shelf or two—and that was all.

Now the path led sharply downward, and the sun was hot on the dry rocks. We felt that we had walked enough that day, and stopped in at the next habitation we came to—a modest establishment occupied by nine monks, whose main activity was painting icons. Money inevitably entered their lives, for they had a sizable mail-order business, selling icons even in such distant parts of the cosmos as the United States. The place was organized according to the standard Athonite system of elder and disciples, in which the elder gives spiritual guidance to the others. Among these icon painters, the system had something in common with the master-apprentice relationship of the medieval artisans, and it seemed to be operating most harmoniously, with the older monks instructing the younger in the niceties of their profession, and the whole community working and praying together.

The present elder, being well over eighty, was more or less retired, but we had a talk with the next in line, a monk

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whose beard was white and whose eyes were black and piercing. The place is known out in the cosmos, he told us, as the Iconographic House of the Monk Daniel—one Daniel having been its founder—and it has been selling icons for decades now. He mentioned some of its American clients—one of which, by a rather startling coincidence, turned out to be the church in Dubuque that Yiannias attended. At the time of our visit, the monks were making sets of Byzantine icons for Greek churches in Pennsylvania, Kansas, and Florida.

The monks' artistic bent extended to their kitchen, and luckily for us it was Holy Thursday, when certain culinary liberties are permitted on Mount Athos, in anticipation of the heavy fasting of Good Friday. We were allowed wine—good *kokinelli*, a *rosé* with the resin flavoring that the Greeks go in for—and we also had a tasty octopus soup. At the end of the meal, we were served a very fine compote, and along the way we had olives, fresh bread, and the sweet known as halvah. I can't say what herbs and spices the monks used, but the soup and the compote would have been outstanding anywhere. We dined in a jolly atmosphere, too—sitting at a long table with our hosts. That night, we slept in the parlor, where beds had been made up for us on benches.

WE reached the monastery of Dionysiou in midmorning of Good Friday, and one of the first monks we met there told us that he had been to the United States. In all, we came across seven such monks, but this one—Father Hilarion—proved to be rather special. The six other monks had been there only briefly, before the First World War, working in restaurants, on railways, or in factories, and then returning home; Father Hilarion, however, had spent a good part of his life in the States, and had become successful as a confectioner in Atlanta, Georgia. He said he had crossed the Atlantic sixteen times, and, in fact, he had decorated his cell in a way to suggest a cabin on the Queen Mary. He was a small man, alert and vigorous, with an iron-gray beard, and he was cheerful company. On one occasion, he made coffee in his cell for us, and gave us other refreshments. "Would you like some fruit?" he said. "I have some oranges and bananas here." He paused. "Yes, we have no bananas," he said. "That was a song in the U.S., you know." Then he sang a little of it. "Yes, we have no bananas," he sang. "We have no bananas today." His gray beard waggled and his Napoleonic little figure heaved as a Greek ac-

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cent and a Southern accent fought for mastery of his English.

Father Hilarion said he had entered Mount Athos in 1937. He had been married shortly before that, but his wife had died, and he had evidently felt that further worldly ties were not for him. I asked him how it happened that he had chosen Dionysiou, which is cenobitic and is reputed to be one of the strictest establishments on Mount Athos, instead of an idiorrhythmic monastery, where he would certainly have been welcome and could have lived more comfortably. "I might as well have stayed in the United States as do that," he answered. "They have everything in some of those idiorrhythmic places, but that's not what I came here for. I want to be near God." He did confess to having a sweet tooth, and said he took the jitney caïque to Daphne once or twice a month to buy candy.

Dionysiou stood on a high cliff overlooking the sea, but its windows were so dirty that they dulled the view, and thus, from the secular point of view, the place fell short of some of the other monasteries, although in monastic circles its morale was regarded as superior to theirs. In Greece, one hears the standard anticlerical charges made against the monks on Mount Athos—charges of parasitism, escapism, misogyny, unnatural vice, and so on. Each of these charges is probably applicable to some individuals, and some of the monks we met on Mount Athos seemed altogether worldly. But at Dionysiou such monks were at a minimum; most of its people gave the impression of being serious about their religion, and about keeping the fasts and vigils—some of them so diligently during Holy Week that they were plainly quite fatigued by Easter. While we were there, the monks had scant time to show us around, for if they weren't in church or attending to routine chores, they were getting a few hours of much needed sleep. There were at least two well-known theologians at Dionysiou. One was the abbot himself, a strong man with kindly eyes, a big beard, and a handshake like a vise. The other, Father Theokletos, was plainly a mystic, with a thin, pale face, a long nose, a long black beard, and deep, dark eyes. We visited Father Theokletos in his cell, which was a simple, primitive room with plaster walls that were neither truly square nor straight, and which was furnished with a board bed covered by a rug, two crude wooden tables, two chairs, a few icons, and a bookcase overflowing with books and pamphlets. It was evening when we called on him, and the room was lit by

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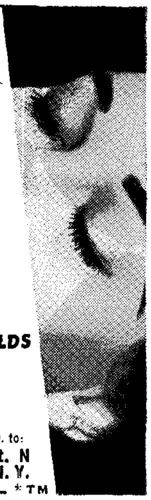

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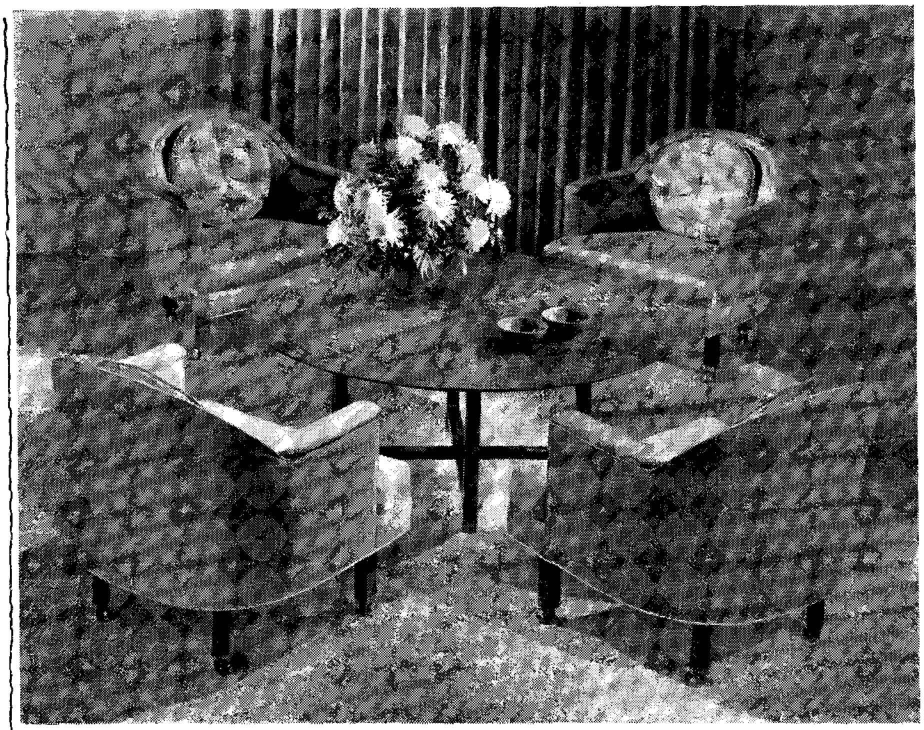
a little kerosene lamp; through the dark windows we could hear the whistling of the wind and the pounding of the waves on the rocks below.

"The perfect Christian life can be led only by those who remove themselves from the world, and fleeing to the wilderness follows naturally on that fact," the Father told us. He went on to speak highly of the hermit's life, so I asked him why, then, there should be any monasteries at all on Mount Athos. Why not just hermits? "It is true that the hermit's life is on a higher level than life in a monastery," he replied, "but it is also very hard. It takes great strength to live it—spiritual, mental, and physical strength. So monasteries are needed as training grounds and proving grounds for hermitages." He added that, ideally, a stream of monks should be flowing to the hermitages from the cenobitic monasteries, and he confessed that he himself had long wished to be a hermit, but had given the idea up after a recent unhappy experience. He had set out to reconnoitre hermitages, he said, going first to spend the night at a skete that was close to several of them. He had prayed arduously that evening for guidance, and then in the night he had had a severe recurrence of chronic ulcer trouble and had simultaneously found his positive conviction that he wished to leave the monastery somewhat changed. He had taken these two phenomena as signs that he should stay on at Dionysiou, and he now expected to end his days there.

When we arrived at Dionysiou, all the conscientious monks there, as everywhere on Mount Athos, were fasting until evening as part of their observance of the day of the Crucifixion. After sundown, they celebrated the Descent from the Cross and the Entombment. At Dionysiou, a tapestry was used to symbolize Christ's person. First, the monks carried it three times around the interior of the church in a candlelight procession, and then they carried it out into the courtyard, where they sang; I heard "*Kyrie eleison*" ("Lord, have mercy upon us") over and over again. Then they reëntered the church, and began services that lasted well on toward morning.

The next day—Saturday—Christ was in the tomb, symbolically speaking. In the afternoon, it began to rain a little, splattering in the courtyard and curtailing our exploration of the monastery's surroundings. In the evening, we had a Lenten meal in the refectory, then slept awhile, and rose shortly before midnight to attend the celebration of the Resurrection. This was the major



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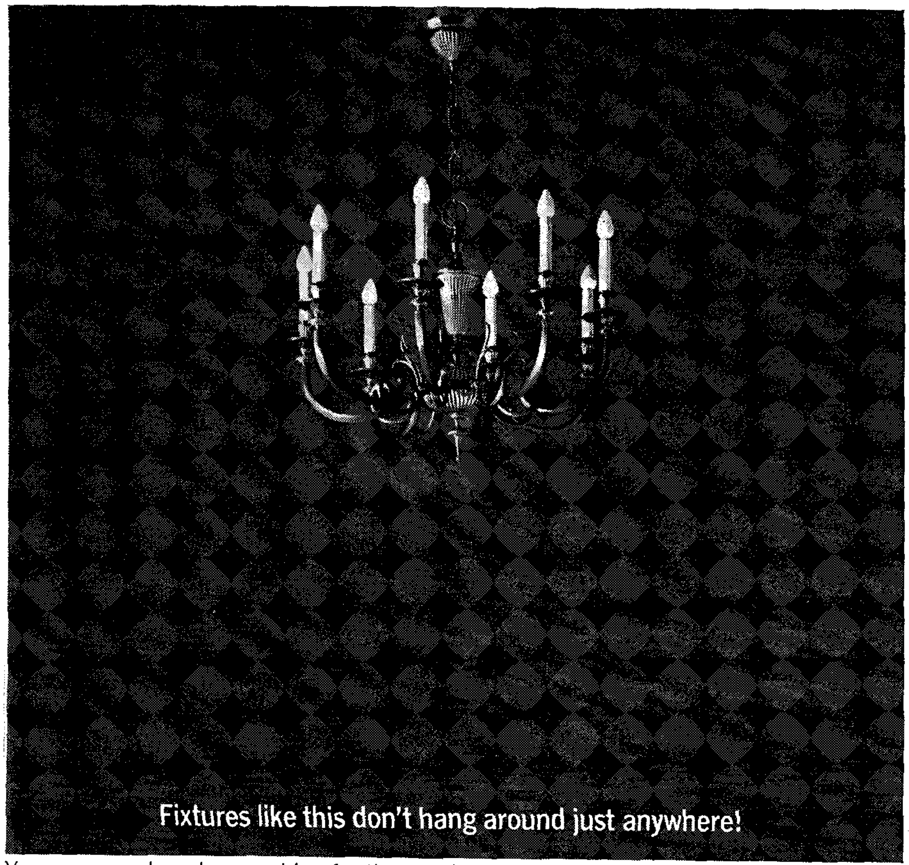

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event of the year on Mount Athos; in the Orthodox Church, Easter outranks Christmas by far. The abbot, gaily vested, opened the services in the monastery's main church, performing the ritual that is the key symbol of the Resurrection among the Orthodox—bringing light from the altar and disseminating it among the congregation. Lighting a candle at the altar, he brought it down to the altar steps, where he stood while the monks lighted other candles from it, and then others and others, until the whole church was ablaze. Meanwhile, the monks sang, and this time I could make out "*Christos anesti*" ("Christ is risen"). Presently, they marched out of the church with their candles and stood in the rainy courtyard, where they continued their singing; the candlelight picked up the reds and golds in some murals on the walls of nearby porches. Bells, both large and small, were ringing overhead, and still the monks sang. At last, they went back into the church, and now its chandeliers—of polished brass, with flaming candles in them—had been set swinging to and fro. The place was full of light and movement—a vivid tableau of "*Christos anesti.*"

My companions and I finally went back to bed, but the monks continued their services for hours; they were still at it when we rose at seven and returned to the church. Now they were singing the liturgy, but it ended soon after we arrived, and everybody went to the refectory to break the fast. There was fish to eat now, and cheese, and soup, and wine. There were also red-dyed hard-boiled eggs, which the monks broke by knocking them against each other while intoning "*Christos anesti,*" and now, for once, Easter eggs seemed to have real significance, as one thought immediately of life breaking out from the tomb. We broke some Easter eggs, too, and we feasted, and listened to Father Hilarion, who was at the lectern, reading. When the meal was over, we picked up our luggage and stepped out into the rain. We walked down the steep path to the monastery's jetty, where a caïque was waiting, and we boarded it and headed back to the cosmos. —CHRISTOPHER RAND

•

Newspaper reports in London said Picasso had always been fond of the double-sided painting—"Mort D. Harlequin" on one side and "Femme Assise Dans un Jardin" on the other.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

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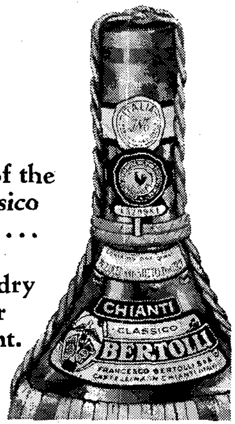

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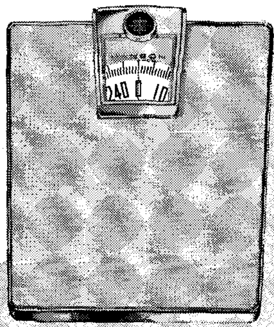

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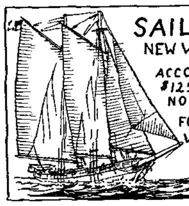

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APART from everything else, as Mr. Cross said glumly in the plane from London to Paris, it was an extraordinary thing for their daughter Monica to have done. "Sending for us as if we were her children, instead of the other way about. Whatever she has to say could be said as well at home, one supposes. Why couldn't she have run over for a weekend? It would come to only half the fare."

"I don't know any more than you do," said Mrs. Cross mechanically. The conversation was not fresh—it had been repeated several times—but she felt impelled to continue along the same old lines. "It would probably have cut into her lectures to come rushing home. She does work hard, you know. She's a worrier about her work."

"But what could be the reason for all this?" Mr. Cross demanded.

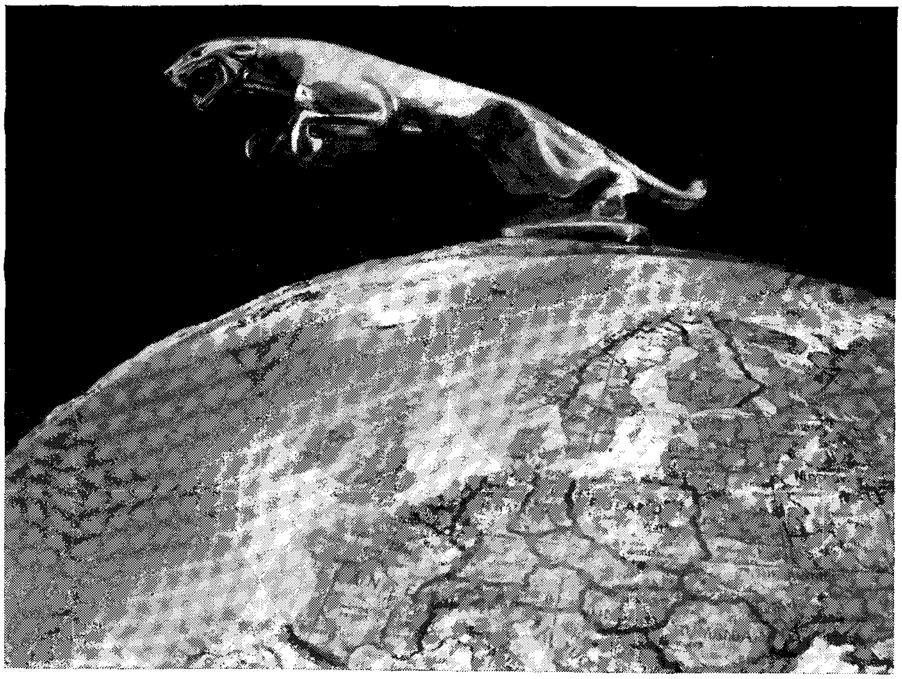
Mrs. Cross made no reply. She had an idea what the answer was, and she was sure her husband had, too. On several occasions, Monica had alarmed them by showing signs of yearning toward marriage. Now she was eighteen, and if it was *that* again, reflected Mrs. Cross, it would have to be taken seriously—girls of eighteen did marry—but Mrs. Cross did not *want* to take it seriously. She had heard that early marriage was now all the rage in America, her native land, but Monica was English. The child must grow up first.

"She can't even look after herself," said Mrs. Cross aloud. "She's always losing her purse. Remember that time at the railway station when she put her handbag on top of the luggage and simply wandered off in a daze?"

"It's her untidiness, more than anything else, that would drive a man crazy," Mr. Cross said.

IT had been agreed that Monica should not miss her lectures at the Sorbonne merely to meet her parents at the airport. Instead, she was to join them at the hotel she had selected for them. They arrived there before she did, and found a thin, whitewashed shell of a building with walls as flimsy as cardboard. Their room was cold, with the penetrating quality Paris weather often has in March. "I asked her to pick out something reasonably priced," Mr. Cross said disconsolately, "but I rather think she overdid it."

Mrs. Cross shivered and pulled her coat close around her shoulders. There was a knock on the door, and then Monica was with them in a rush, hair draggled and a run in one stock-



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ing. Nevertheless, thought her mother, she looked very pretty, luminous with happiness. She hugged and kissed her parents, squealing a little.

"You're thin," said Mr. Cross. "Do you eat breakfast these days? Now then, what's the trouble?"

"There's no trouble," Monica said. She beamed at him.

"What's it all about, darling?" asked her mother.

Monica smiled maternally. "We'll go for lunch first," she said. "Then we can talk. I know a good place."

The elder Crosses exchanged glances. They had been right. It was hardly necessary to wait for Monica to announce it, but they did.

Once they were in the restaurant and the wineglasses had been brought, she said, "I want to get married."

He was an American, she told them joyously. He was in Europe on a scholarship. He was ten years older than she was, but he didn't look it. "He looks *young*," said Monica, taking a small snapshot out of her purse and offering it.

Mrs. Cross took the photograph with a hand that shook slightly, but the picture meant nothing to her. It was just of a man—some man with a short haircut. She turned again to Monica, the false daughter.

"We'd like to be married soon, before his scholarship expires and he's got to go back." Monica looked pleadingly. "It will be all right, won't it?"

"We'd never play the heavy parents," said Mrs. Cross swiftly, to forestall her husband. "You know that. But this sounds crazy, to do things in such a hurry."

Mr. Cross spoke up loudly. "Has he any expectations?"

"You mean money?" Monica laughed on a high note. She acted as if she were towering above them, somehow. "Oh, Tony will get a job, Daddy. He says people in America don't wait around for other people to die and leave them something. Tony says young people should be on their own. They should work for a living."

To Mrs. Cross, who had often preached the same doctrine, this now seemed a fresh and dangerous idea. She pounced on a side issue. "And what about your school?"

Monica shrugged. "I've stopped caring about all that," she said.

"*I* haven't," Mrs. Cross said. "All these years—"

Mr. Cross cut in. "Where is this fellow? Is he in Paris?"

"No, he's in Seville, finishing his dissertation."

"It sounds strange to me," Mr.

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Cross said. "At his age— Has he been married before? Is he divorced?"

"He's never *wanted* to be married before," said Monica.

"It seems strange, at his age, not to have married."

"It's not at all strange," said Monica warmly.

She looked so much like a bristling, fighting mouse that Mrs. Cross said soothingly, "Yes, I can see that it needn't be." She added, "All the same—to stop your education. He shouldn't want you to do that."

"He says I can go on with it even if I *am* married. Heaps of girls in the States do. They have babies after class."

Mr. Cross said, "With all due respect, dear, I can't see you making much of a success at housekeeping. You're not fitted for it—not yet. If you were to take a course in domestic economy first, it might help. There are schools for that sort of thing—cooking and so on. You're so untidy."

"I've been practicing not being," said Monica. "You'd be surprised how I hang things up."

She said that she and Tony would go to England during the Easter holiday, that her parents would love him as soon as they got to know him, and that everything was going to be all right. She was so confident that Mrs. Cross wanted to shake her—a desire that did not abate when Monica kissed them both in the new, kindly fashion she seemed to have developed, and went off to her next class.

MONICA came back to the hotel that evening. They were all three going out to dinner with a friend of Mr. Cross's. The friend was waiting in the lobby with Mr. Cross, and Mrs. Cross was putting on her coat, when the fire smoldering inside her suddenly flared out. She said, "I know what it is! I know *exactly* why you're trying to get married, Monica. The university! You're afraid of your entrance examinations. You've always been afraid of examinations—"

Monica interrupted with a howl. Choking with sobs, she threw herself down on a bed. The noise rang through the fragile little hotel, and Mr. Cross came hurrying in to see what was wrong. Monica told him. "Mummy says I'm only trying to get out of going to Oxford. Oh, you don't understand, you don't understand!"

"Do be quiet," said Mr. Cross.

"Besides, I've got a pain," said Monica.

In the end, they made it up, washed

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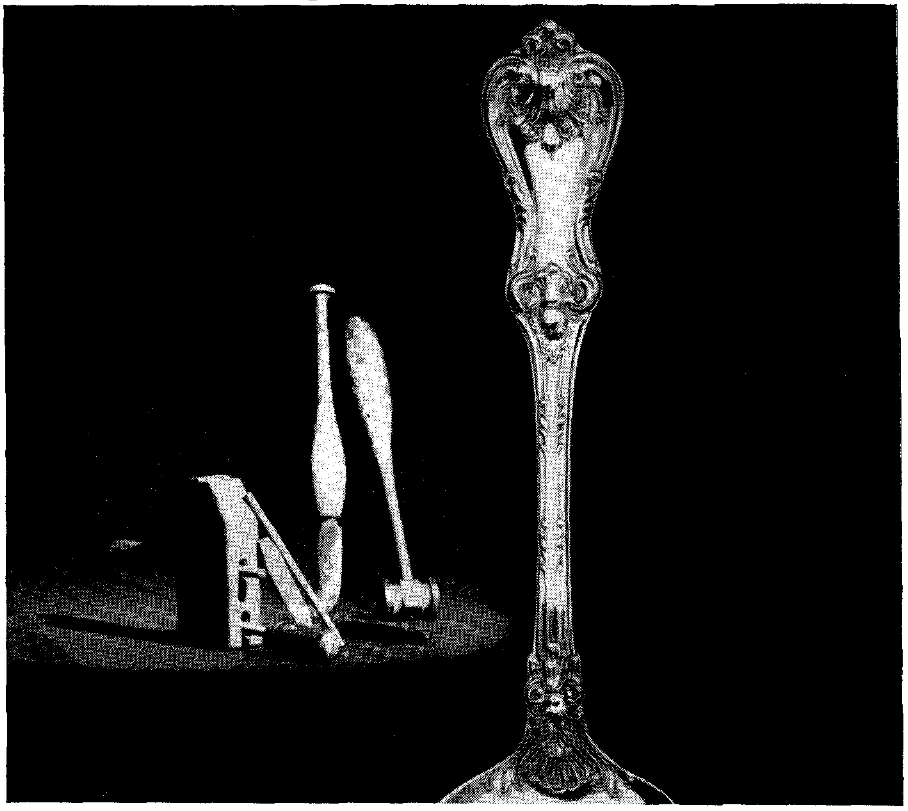

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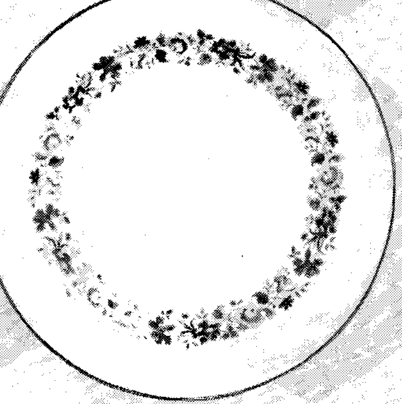

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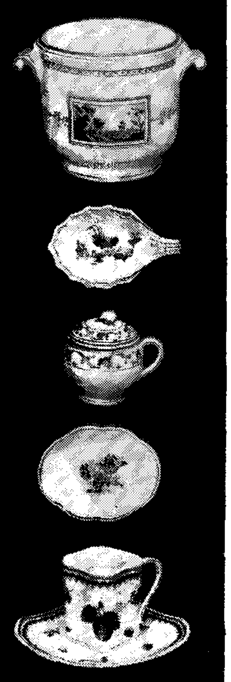

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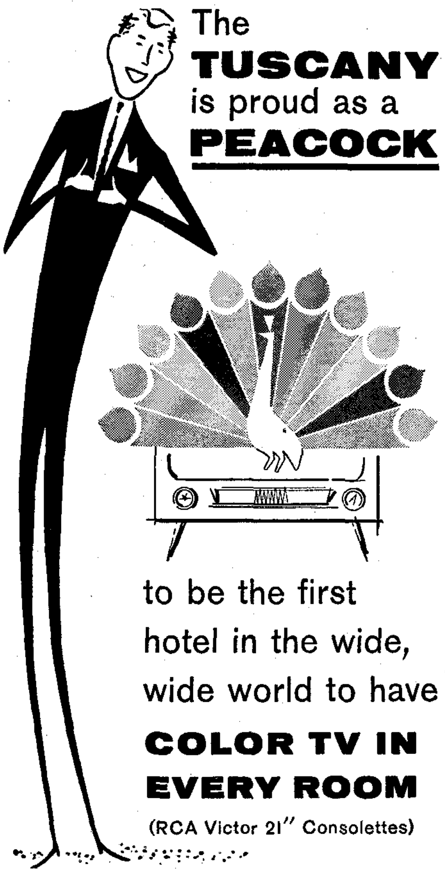

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their faces, and went out to dinner. And in the morning Mr. Cross decided to go back to England. "There's nothing more for me to do here," he told Monica, who had come to the hotel before her first lecture. "Bring your Tony home at Easter, and we can talk things over."

Monica turned to her mother. "*You* don't have to go just yet, do you? We could have fun in Paris. It's been so short."

"I expect I could manage a day or two," said Mrs. Cross.

"I did promise one of the boys in French history to go to the opera with him tonight," Monica said. "But I could break that date."

"Don't," said Mrs. Cross. "We'll start having fun tomorrow. I'd be glad to get to bed early."

"You're absolutely sure, Mummy?"

"Absolutely," said Mrs. Cross.

When her father had gone, Monica put in a call to Tony in Seville, and Mrs. Cross sat in the lobby with her while she waited for it. The hotel clerk smiled down lovingly at Monica. "It is your fiancé you are calling?" he asked, and she nodded. "I thought so. And is he a very handsome boy? I am sure he is. American, eh? Ah, how beautiful!"

The call came through, Monica rushed for the telephone booth, and the clerk turned to Mrs. Cross. "Love and youth!" he said. "They are the most beautiful things in the world, Madame."

Monica talked a long time, and came out looking smug and secretive. She said that she had reported everything to Tony, and that he had said, in French, "*Courage!*"

He sounds affected, thought Mrs. Cross.

When Monica had gone to the opera that evening, Mrs. Cross decided that she was not hungry enough for a regular meal. She took a book and went into the little café next door to the hotel. Though the afternoon had been pleasant—she and Monica had walked by the Seine—she now wished she had gone back to England, where Mr. Cross and she could have talked the whole business over sensibly. She wondered if she was behaving like a possessive mother. No—it was just that Monica was too young. Still, she wished the thought had never crossed her mind. Even more, she wished Monica had never met that man. But then, she would have met another one. Mrs. Cross ordered a ham sandwich and a cognac.

The café was small and chummy. She recognized two or three of its

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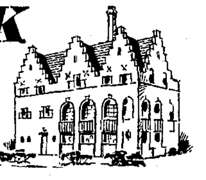

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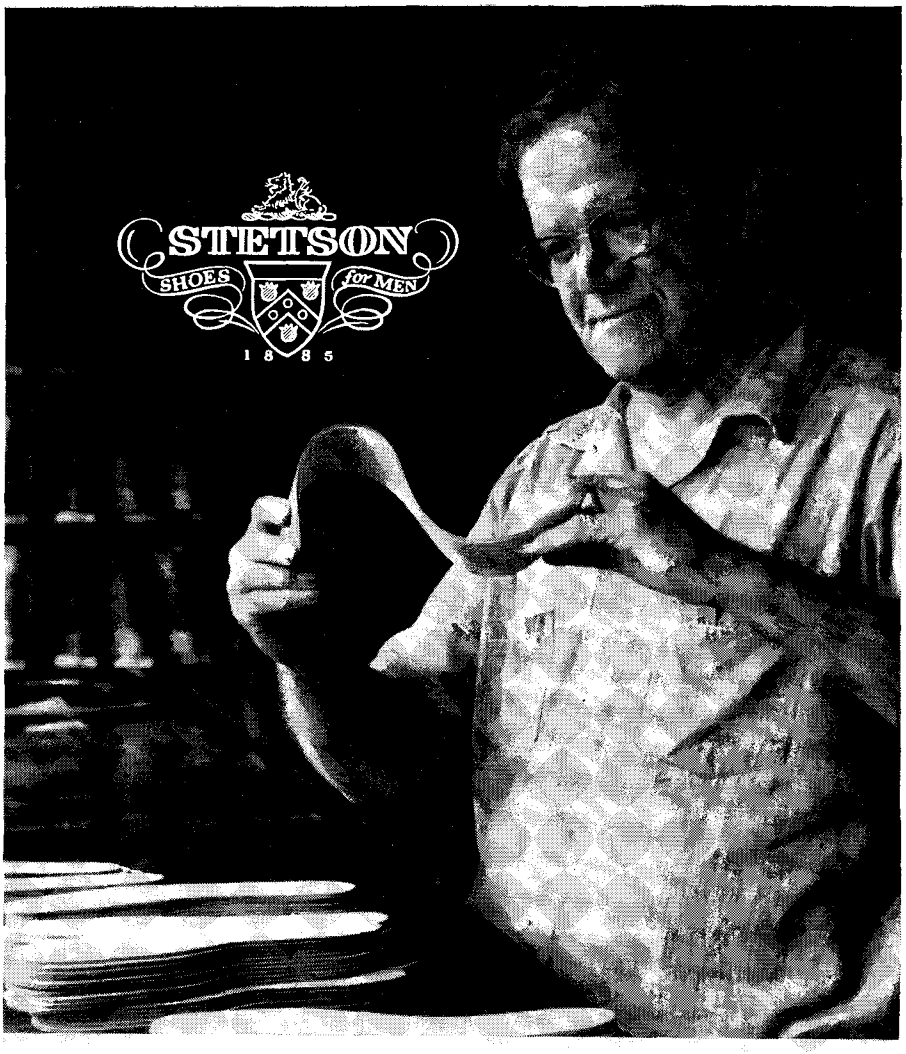
patrons as hotel employees. Her book had not been a good choice; she could not seem to interest herself in it. She stared at the first page until the sandwich had been eaten and the glass was empty. She ordered another cognac. She thought about Monica. Obviously, Monica was the marrying sort. Girls did get married. But no, Mrs. Cross told herself, Monica was not just any girl, and it wouldn't do—it was a terrible mistake. Mrs. Cross gulped cognac and wiped her nose, and stared at the book again. Behind her, two of the hotel men were talking in low tones. In the mirror across the room, she saw them glancing at her as they talked. They were probably telling each other that youth and love were beautiful. They were probably saying that she was a silly, mean old woman with a heart of stone. Everybody in the hotel knew that she had made Monica cry. Defiantly, she ordered more cognac. Then, inadvertently, she sobbed. It was embarrassing, or should have been, but nobody seemed to have heard her. Nobody looked. The men in the mirror were not watching her. Perhaps they thought it natural that she should cry into her cognac. Mrs. Cross paid the bill and went to her room. "This is pain," she told herself, in surprise. "Nobody warns you. You haven't any idea of what it's going to be like, and then it comes."

"WE want to talk to you sometime," Monica murmured. Her eyes were clear and shining. It was early in Easter week. Monica and Tony had come over from Paris the day before. Tony was standing beside her, waiting for her to show him around the neighborhood. The day was typical of April—overcast and mild, the trees softly dripping. Tony was wearing the only coat he had brought with him, a lumberjacket of brilliant plaid. Mr. Cross had been worried by the jacket on sight, though to American eyes it was ordinary enough. What worried Mrs. Cross was the beard Tony was wearing, but she hadn't, of course, said so to Monica, nor had she mentioned the odd little irritation she had felt when, after Monica said, in her precise English voice, "I shall have to become an Ameddican ci-ti-zen," Tony had given his love a quick look and laughed and laughed.

Mrs. Cross now said, "If you want to talk to both of us, you'll have to wait until Daddy gets back from town."

"I didn't mean any special time. It'll keep," said Monica.

Later, Tony asked Mrs. Cross, in a



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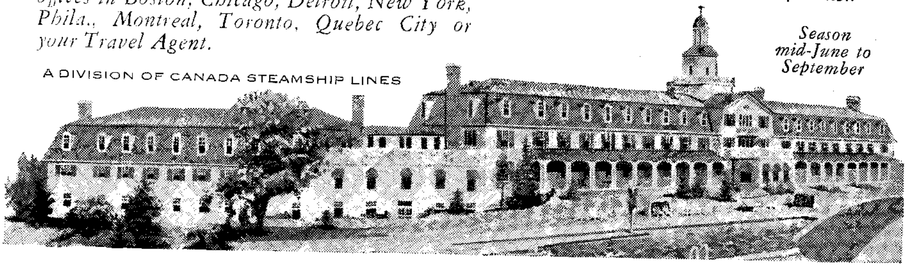

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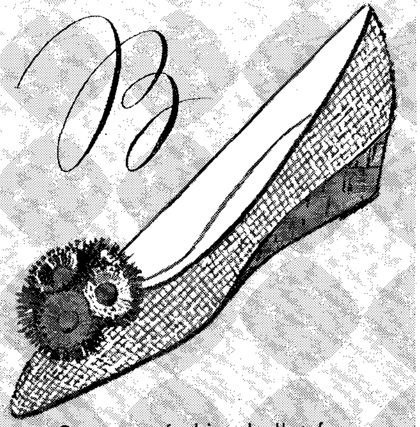

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challenging voice, "Is the weather always like this around here?"

"Oh, no, but we do have quite a lot of rain in England, you know."

"I don't like it," he said. It sounded like an accusation. All in all, Mrs. Cross admitted to herself, her feelings toward Tony were not as rapturous as Monica plainly assumed they must be.

"But I wouldn't like him at this stage of the game, whoever he was," she told herself. "Fair's fair."

Every evening of Tony's visit until the last one, Mrs. Cross waited for a summons that didn't come. Monica and Tony used the drawing room, playing records or talking about what books and food they liked. Mr. Cross worked in his study, and Mrs. Cross waited upstairs. And on the evening before Tony's departure, at eleven-thirty, she went into the study and shut the door behind her. "Have they said yet that they want to talk to you?" she asked her husband.

"No. Have they talked to you?"

"No. I want to go to bed," said Mrs. Cross. "What do you think?"

For answer, Mr. Cross got up and led the way, with firm step, to the drawing room. Monica and Tony were there. Tony jumped to his feet. "I believe you wanted to talk to us?" said Mr. Cross.

"Yes, we do," said Tony.

Mr. and Mrs. Cross took places side by side on the sofa, facing Tony and Monica, who sat in chairs they set close together. Everyone looked at Tony expectantly. He opened his mouth and shut it again. His hands flew out in a despairing gesture. Mr. Cross helped him. "You want to marry Monica, is that it?"

Tony nodded.

"Why?" asked Mr. Cross.

Tony looked startled, and repeated the word. "Why?" He answered himself. "It's natural," he said, still looking surprised.

"Are you aware that she's very untidy?" asked Mr. Cross.

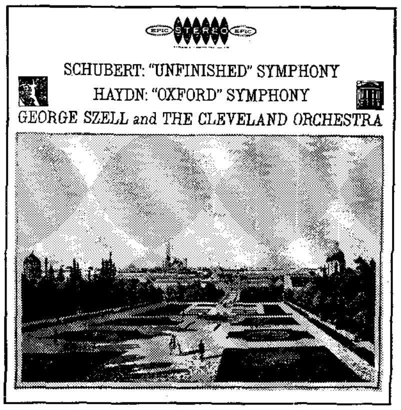
"Yes," Tony said.

"She's very young as well," Mr. Cross continued.

"Yes, that's the only— Are you against me because I'm older?"

Monica gasped at the idea of anyone's being against Tony, but Mr. Cross said, "No, we don't mind that part of it. It's a good thing, perhaps. But *she's* really not old *enough*, you know, and there's the question of her schooling."

"She could go on with her classes," Tony said. "I promise you that. I'd like to take her back to America with me at the beginning of the summer."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"As your wife, you mean? No," said Mr. Cross. "I'll tell you what we've worked out. See what you think of it. She hasn't known you very long. She can go to America and stay with my wife's sisters, and see you as much as she likes. If she's still minded to marry you when she's nineteen, and if you've got a job good enough to marry on, why, then we won't object any more. I think that's a fair arrangement."

Tony considered for a moment. Monica wiped her eyes.

"I think it's fair," Tony said at last. "Yes—if that's the best you feel you can do."

"All right," said Mr. Cross. He looked at his watch and stood up. "That's it, then. And if, by the time she's nineteen, we can't think of some other excuse, you can be married."

Mr. and Mrs. Cross started toward the door.

"Just a minute," said Tony.

They turned, and he glanced from one to the other, and Mrs. Cross recognized the expression in his face. He was imploring. He felt that things had been left unsaid—she suddenly knew it. After all, he was American. He wanted more emotion. He was begging for it, in despair.

"Do you like me?" he asked.

Oh dear, thought Mrs. Cross, oh dear! She held her breath.

Mr. Cross said, "That's hardly the point, is it?" He continued to and through the door.

In Mrs. Cross's heart, another door opened. She actually looked at Tony. "Yes," she said. —EMILY HAHN

◆

The Post Office announced yesterday a plan to help reunite evacuated, displaced and homeless persons with their families in event of enemy attack.

The plan calls for use of two forms to be filled out by persons removed from their homes and families after an attack. Supplies of the forms have been distributed to every post office for standby storage.

The first form would be used to notify family members and friends that an evacuee is safe, and to provide them with his new, or temporary location.

The second card would go to the postal service, to notify the service of the evacuee's new mailing address. Once this card has been turned in at the nearest post office, the department said, mail addressed to the Missouri, Kansas & Texas would be forwarded to him. —*Washington (D.C.) Star.*

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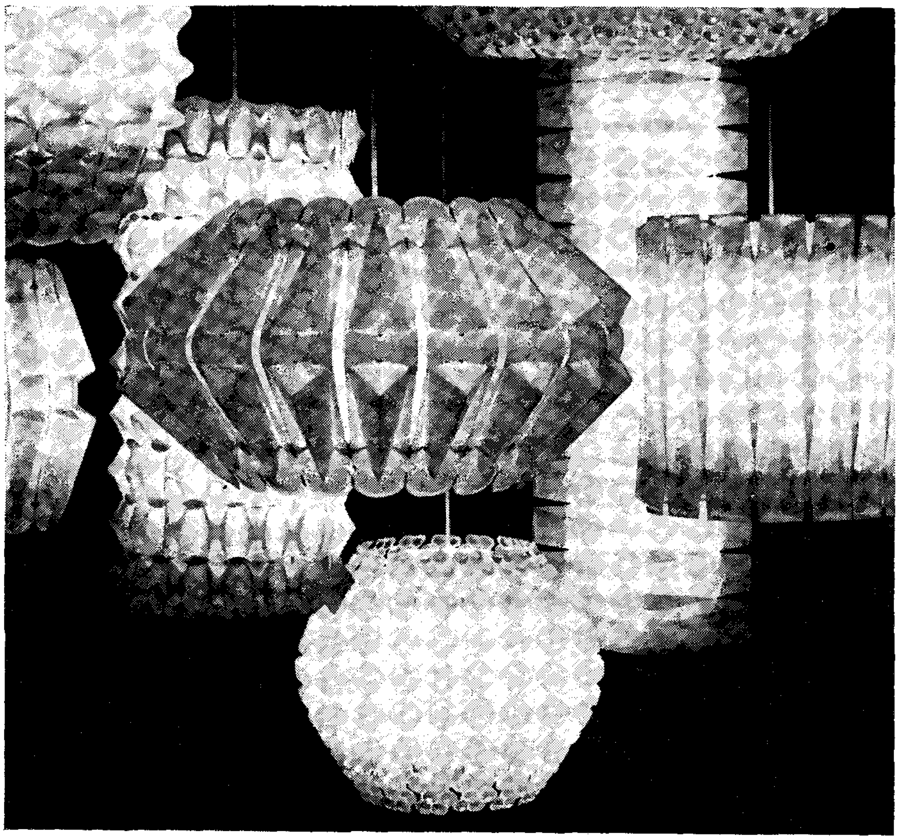

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Schedule of Events

MAY 31
Jazz Ballet Theatre (Premiere) – Cramton Hall 2:30 p.m.
Symphonic Jazz – Constitution Hall 8:30 p.m.

JUNE 1
Jazz Ballet Theatre – Cramton Hall 2:30 p.m.
Jazz at the Coliseum – Washington Coliseum 8 p.m.

JUNE 2
Jazz for a Young Audience – Constitution Hall 11 a.m.
Jazz for the Small Ensemble – Cramton Hall 3 p.m.
Jazz at the Coliseum – Washington Coliseum 8 p.m.
Jazz Ballet Theatre – Cramton Hall 8:30 p.m.

JUNE 3
Gospel at the Coliseum – Washington Coliseum 10 a.m.
Jazz at the Coliseum – Washington Coliseum 3 p.m.

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THE ART GALLERIES

The Nine Lives of Picasso

WHAT is almost certainly the most extensive artistic pub crawl in history got under way last week, when the Public Education Association launched its massive, multiple loan exhibition called "Picasso—An American Tribute." For a good many years now, Picasso has been too commanding and kaleidoscopic a figure for any one dealer or gallery to cope with; it does seem as if he has been able to parcel his work out as he wishes, and as far back as fifteen or twenty years ago it was not uncommon for two or even three Picasso exhibitions to be on view here simultaneously. In this case, there are no less than nine, which is surely a record. One, at the Gerson, is given over to his sculpture, and one, at the New Gallery, to his drawings. The others, which are devoted to paintings, are spread out—in chronological order—among Knoedler, Saidenberg, Rosenberg, Duveen, Perls, Staempfli, and Cordier & Warren.

I'll deal principally with the paintings, whose range, over all, is from a group of oils done just at the turn of the century ("Man in a Cowl," "Lola, the Artist's Sister," "Young Girl with Red Flower"), at Knoedler, to a couple dated only two years ago ("The Breakfast" and "Seated Woman in a Blue Armchair"), at Cordier & Warren. I must say at once, in what I'm afraid may turn out to be a continuous paean of praise, that the arrangement is admirable throughout, in both the portioning out of the areas to be covered, over the man's long career, and the works selected for the showings. I'd add, while I'm about it, that there is probably no other artist, living or dead, whose works could support so searching an examination. This, let me interpose hastily, is not primarily because of the intrinsic value of the works themselves. Other artists, from Titian and Michelangelo on down to Monet and Renoir, have lived about as long as Picasso. (He is eighty.) Many have been almost as productive. Some, as far as that goes, may eventually stand up better under the ravaging examination of time. What gives Picasso the immediate advantage is his astonishing versatility, his apparently unquenchable, restless inventiveness, and

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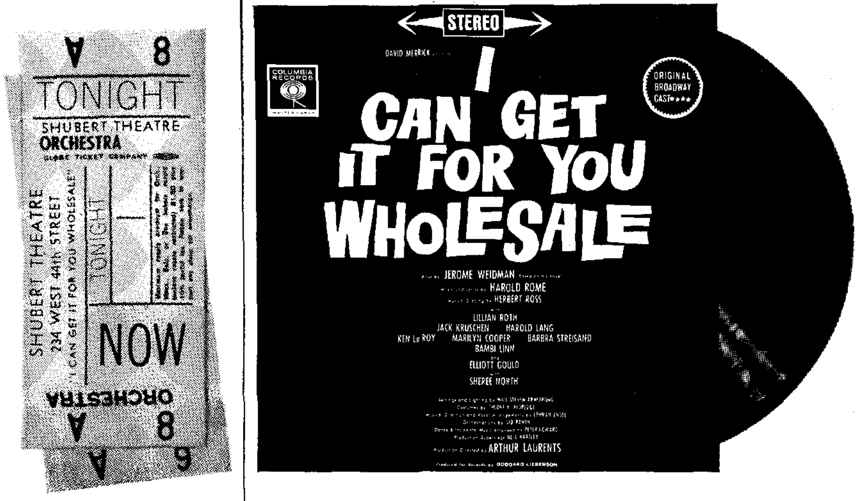
the fact is that the series of shows, arranged to spotlight his various phases, tend, happily, to emphasize and illuminate this quality, to both his and the visitor's benefit. Great as Titian was, or Monet (in his own fashion nearly as radical an innovator as Picasso), could anyone imagine making his way, without bogging down, through nine separate exhibitions of either man's work? Picasso profits, if anything, by the compound analysis.

As I've said, Knoedler leads off, with some forty paintings dated 1895 to 1909; it is followed by the Saidenberg show, labelled "Cubism: 1910-1918," and this in turn by the Rosenberg affair, covering the nineteen-twenties. There is obviously a little overlapping, stylistically if not chronologically, for Picasso's career is definitely not the sort that can be broken down decade by decade. But that's unimportant, and to my mind the Knoedler collection is the only one that suffers to any degree because of the compartmenting. This one not only covers the man's artistic beginnings (it's worth pointing out, I think, that, born in 1881, he was in his fourteenth year at the start of the Knoedler era, twenty-eight when it ended) but also spans the transition from Barcelona to Paris. This occurred just about midway in the period under survey here, and the contrasts are so great between the beginning pieces (such as the ones mentioned earlier, which range from pure academicism to tentative Impressionism) and his production at the end of the period (culminating in the practically Cubist "Portrait of Braque") that they give the collection an effect almost of incoherence.

Even this, though, has its advantages for the visitor. For the matter of that, Picasso probably *was* in a state of incoherence at the time, as he plunged from the stiff Spanish milieu into the



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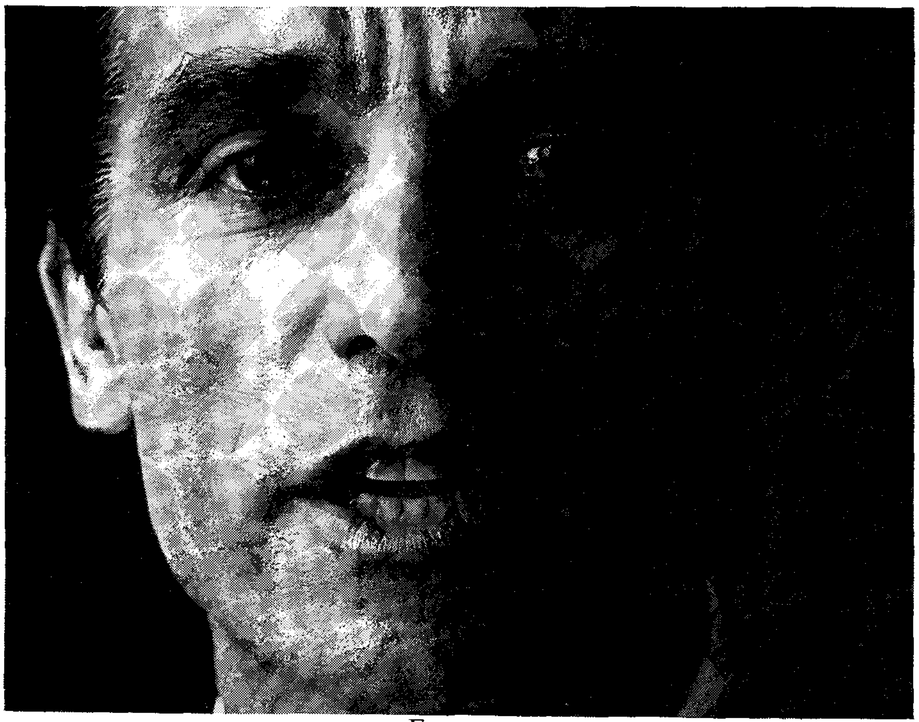

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dreamed-of world of Paris. And if Picasso was precocious, he was also remarkably assimilative. He was then, apparently, as he surely always has been since, uncommonly shameless about his influences, even his outright borrowing. It is a mark of his greatness, perhaps. But if he has tended toward arrogance in recent times (I'm thinking particularly of the variations on Delacroix's "The Women of Algiers," a dozen of which—all dated in the mid-nineteen-fifties, and all handsome, to be sure—are in the collection at Cordier & Warren), in the earlier years there is an openness about him that is disarming. One of the real charms of the Knoedler show is that it not only displays the abruptness of Picasso's venture into the contemporary French art and his castings about in its mysteries but conveys a hint of the breathless feeling he must have had when confronted with its newly discovered masters—as, one after another, Lautrec (see "At the 'Lapin Agile' "), Cézanne ("Portrait of Manuel Pallarés"), Degas ("Portrait of Fernande Olivier"), even Gauguin come under survey.

Here, as elsewhere in the combined exhibition, well-known examples like "Boy Leading a Horse" and "Woman with a Fan," both of the so-called Blue Period, are mixed with works, such as the swift, charming "Portrait of Allan Stein" and the curiously columnar "Seated Woman," that are rarely seen. But I realize that there is little point in attempting to go over this complex assemblage section by section, and at the risk of inconsecutiveness I'll attempt a more random approach. One of the pleasanter amenities of a generally well-planned affair is that the Rosenberg Gallery was selected to represent the nineteen-twenties (more strictly, 1918-27), for it was during this period that Paul Rosenberg, the gallery's founder, was not only Picasso's dealer in Paris but his close friend and champion. The choice paid off handsomely, for the Rosenberg group, which numbers close to fifty examples, is truly stunning. For one thing, the decade was a culminant one in Picasso's career. It was a time when, with the technical problems of Cubist abstraction solved for the most part, he could at last let himself go with full freedom in the method, and there are an assurance and a tonal exuberance in the work of the period that testify to his mastery. Here, too, more than elsewhere, famous examples abound—most notably such pieces as the "Still-Life with Biscuits," with its neat little trompe-l'oeil effect, "Woman with

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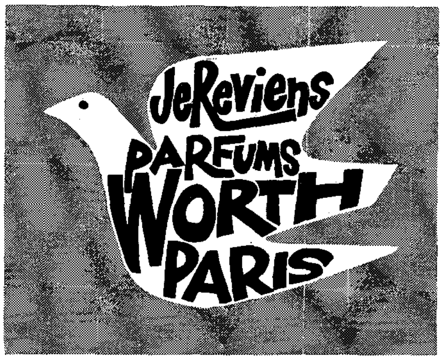

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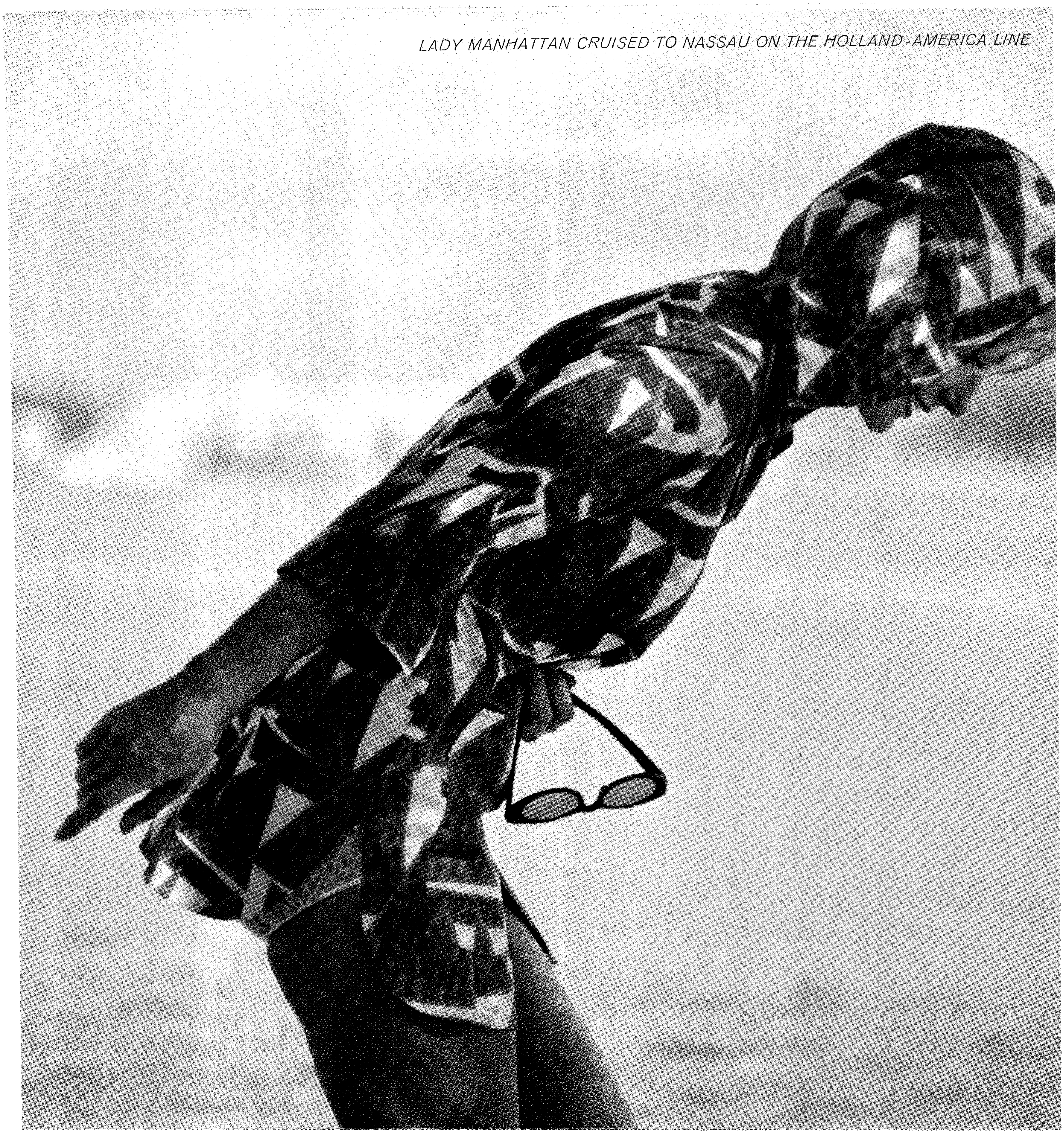

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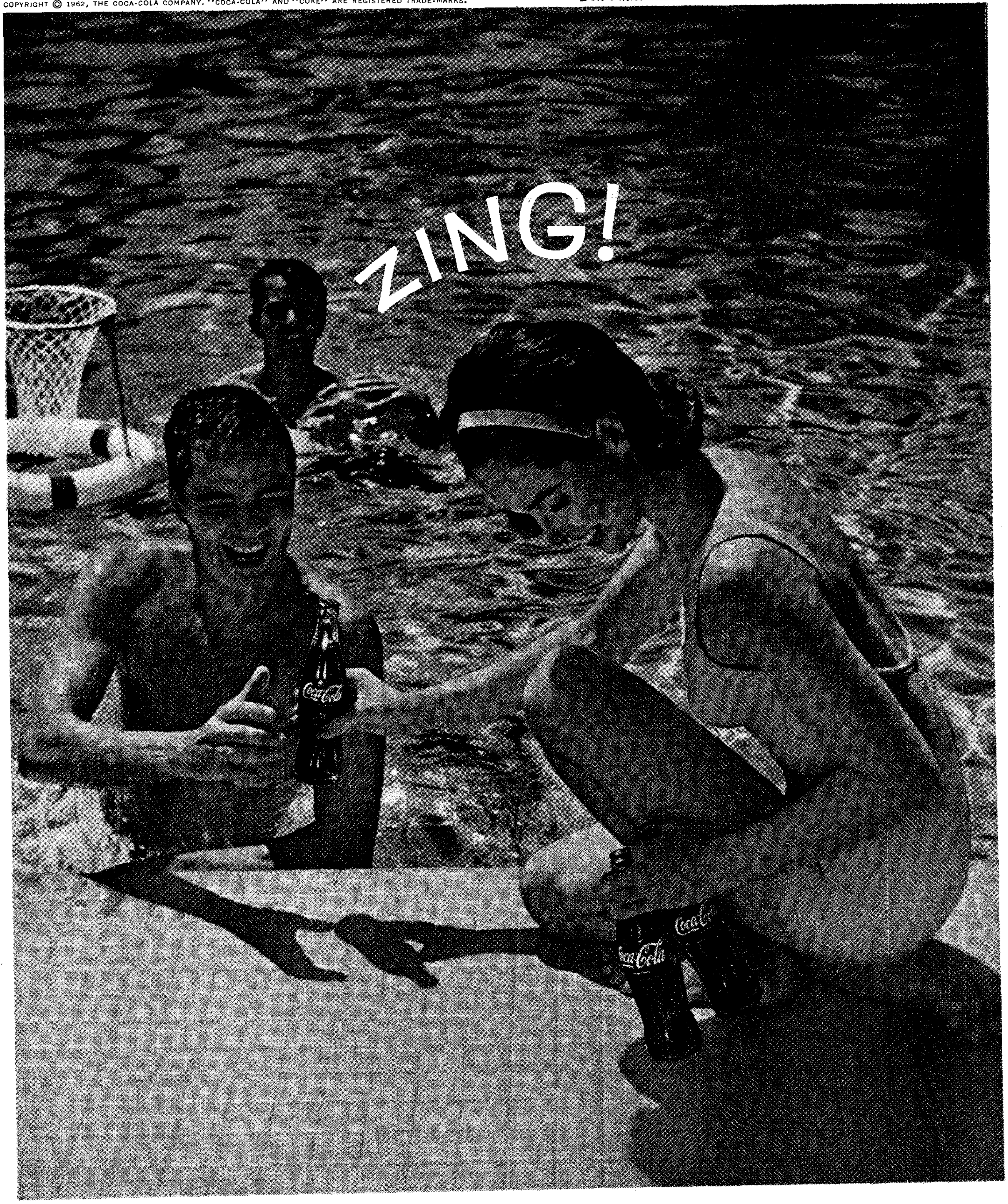

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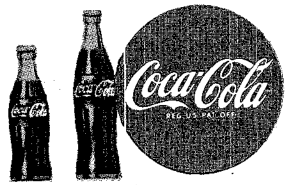

Regular or King Size

Mandolin” (suggesting, oddly, in its contours, the paintings of the more or less contemporary Classical Phase, which is celebrated at Duveen, next door), and the blazingly colorful, truly masterly, and deservedly celebrated still-life “The Red Tablecloth.” I also liked the spidery and less often seen “The Net,” likewise a still-life. But in a sense I was most taken by a half-dozen small studies, all done in Saint-Raphaël in 1919 and called “Table in Front of Open Window,” as well as by another small series, centering on the figures of a Pierrot and a Harlequin. Both groups, as it happened, had their oblique culminations, the first in the large, densely patterned “Table in Front of Open Window (Rue de Penthièvre)” and the other in the even better-known “Harlequin with Violin (‘Si Tu Veux’).”

What interested me most about these smaller inclusions was the insight they suddenly gave into an aspect of Picasso’s way of working that had never struck me before. It appears that for all his apparent impetuosity he is, and probably always has been, an inveterate “worrier” of ideas—in a sense, and on a very high plane indeed, an endless doodler—and this set me to thinking of how basically simple the framework of his subject matter has been (nudes, café still-lifes, studio interiors, clowns and carnival performers, Guernica, of course, and the Minotaur) and how tirelessly, in sketches, drawings, paintings, he has investigated the pictorial possibilities.

The collection at the Staempfli, to my mind, represents another high point in the procession, though the mood is less expansive. The time is the nineteen-forties, the era of the Occupation, and

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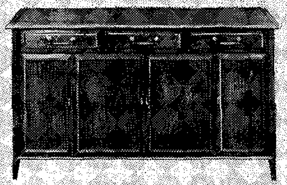

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the prevailing atmosphere is sombre and withdrawn; immured, for the most part, in his studio, the artist turns to (for him) such unusual home-grown motifs as "The Caged Owl," "Tomato Plant," and the view from a window overlooking the Seine, called "Ile de la Cité." Perhaps because of his isolation, the work—in such pieces as "Nude Dressing Her Hair" and the oddly sculptural "Woman in Green"—takes on a textural finish rare before. But then there are excellent pieces throughout the separate assemblages. "*C'est une blague!*" John Richardson, one of the organizers of the affair, reports in his catalogue introduction that Picasso said, incredulously, when the idea of the nine-faceted one-man production was broached to him. He was won over, though, and I think most visitors will be, too. —ROBERT M. COATES

•

DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTION

BRADENTON, FLORIDA,
APRIL 11, 1962

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

IN your issue of April 7th, under the heading "The Sporting Scene," you printed an article by Roger Angell about baseball spring training. It is a most entertaining and well-written article; I enjoyed it. However, it contains a grave error of fact that bothers me considerably. Mr. Angell writes, "In Bradenton, Negroes have to sit in the bleachers; only colored people with names like Hank Aaron and Elston Howard are allowed within two hundred feet of home plate." The fact of the matter is that the city of Bradenton has no segregation in any municipally owned facility—ballpark, municipal auditorium, or any other public building. I assume that Mr. Angell saw Negroes sitting in the bleachers and jumped to his incorrect conclusion. In general, Negro fans prefer the bleachers, for the very practical reason that the Milwaukee Braves' ticket prices for bleachers seats are a dollar-sixty less than their prices for box seats. I assure you that any person is free to buy any seat in the park that is for sale. As a matter of record, Bradenton was one of the first cities in Florida to integrate its public facilities, and our Negro citizens get the same consideration as any others.

Yours very truly,
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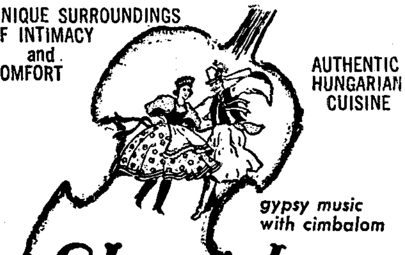

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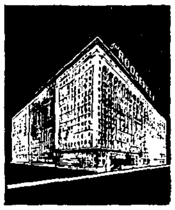

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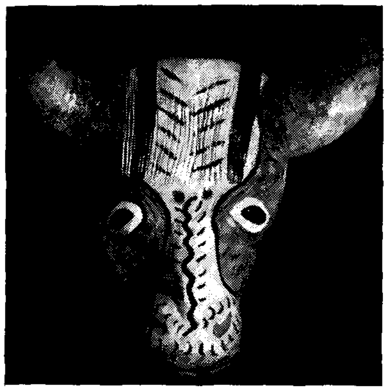
MUSICAL EVENTS

Back to Bach

WHERE the performance of Bach's Passions, his Mass in B Minor, and his other great choral works is concerned, I stick to the opinion I expressed last week; namely, that the method used, whether delicately baroque or thunderingly Victorian, is not of primary importance. The argument of the pro-Victorians is based fundamentally on the idea that Bach, in these tremendous compositions, had something pretty grand in mind, and probably would have used the big resources of a modern oratorio society if he had had access to them. Those who favor the baroque style argue that ensembles performing these compositions ought to approximate as closely as possible the vocal and instrumental ensembles that were typical of Bach's own day. The pro-Victorian argument is weak in that everybody knows that Bach did not actually write for mammoth aggregations of singers and instrumentalists. The baroque argument, while appearing superficially unassailable, actually has a few flaws in it, too. It is virtually impossible today to construct an orchestra that plays exactly the same way Bach's orchestra may be supposed to have played. Nobody knows for sure how those incredibly agile trumpet parts were managed on instruments without modern valves; modern horns certainly sound a good deal different from their counterparts in Bach's time, and so do modern strings and modern oboes. Moreover, strict authenticity would demand a performance in surroundings resembling those of the Thomaskirche, in Leipzig, which I remember, from having visited the place years ago, as being much more cramped and much more intimate than a modern concert auditorium like Carnegie Hall. Thus, whether Bach on the Thomaskirche scale is ideally adapted to Carnegie Hall is something worth pondering.

Regardless of one's preferences in this matter (and there are rather militant preferences in many quarters today), there is one thing that *is* of primary importance, and this is the clarity with which Bach's eloquent and very intricate music is played. And here the baroque-style enthusiasts have what



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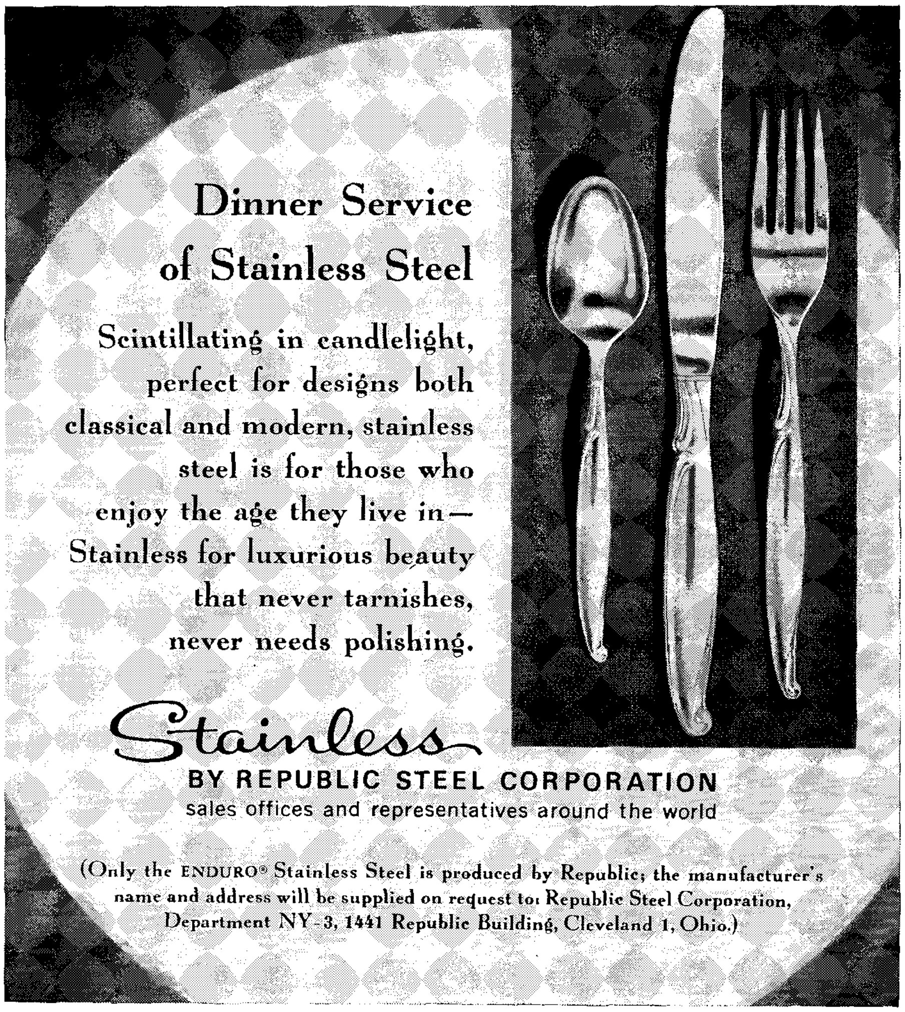

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seems to me their most telling point. It is easier to make an orchestra of fifteen and a chorus of twenty-five play and sing clearly than it is to make a full symphony orchestra and a chorus of two hundred do so. True, there have been conductors, like Toscanini and Beecham, who could accomplish the feat with the larger resources, but such conductors have always been rare. The fact is that, all things being equal (by which I mean all talents being average), a chorus numbered in the hundreds is apt to give a somewhat foggy account of itself—not, as is often thought, through lack of agility or through rhythmic imprecision but because it inevitably contains a good many singers who sing slightly off pitch and thus break up the unanimity of vibration frequencies and dull the bell-like clarity that should be present in a fine musical performance of any sort.

A fortnight ago, as I have since reported in these columns, I attended an afternoon performance under Leonard Bernstein of "The Passion of Our Lord According to St. Matthew," which represented a compromise between the two styles. I missed the baroque performance of "The Passion According to St. John" under Thomas Dunn, which took place the same evening, since I find it extremely difficult to assimilate two Passions in one day. On Tuesday evening of last week, however, I went to hear the Mass in B Minor performed in Carnegie Hall by the Philadelphia Orchestra, the Temple University Choirs, and various distinguished soloists under Eugene Ormandy. This performance was done strictly in the standard oratorio-society manner, with a chorus of two hundred and fifty and a full-strength orchestra. There is something impressive about the mere volume of sound produced by such regimental numbers, a volume that, in a great concert hall on a great occasion, seems to match the noble spirit of Bach's conception, and so it was on Tuesday. Moreover, Mr. Ormandy has one of the finest ears for accurate intonation among current conductors. (It is half the secret of the famous Philadelphia Orchestra tone that people are always talking about.) Still, the big chorus sounded muddy and suffered from thick, clumsy articulation—or seemed to do so until one examined its work more closely and discovered that the real trouble was an absence of absolute unanimity in pitch. Of course, the Mass conveyed its expected impression of grandeur—after all, it is impossible to present such works without making some of their obvious nobility mani-

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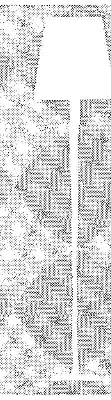

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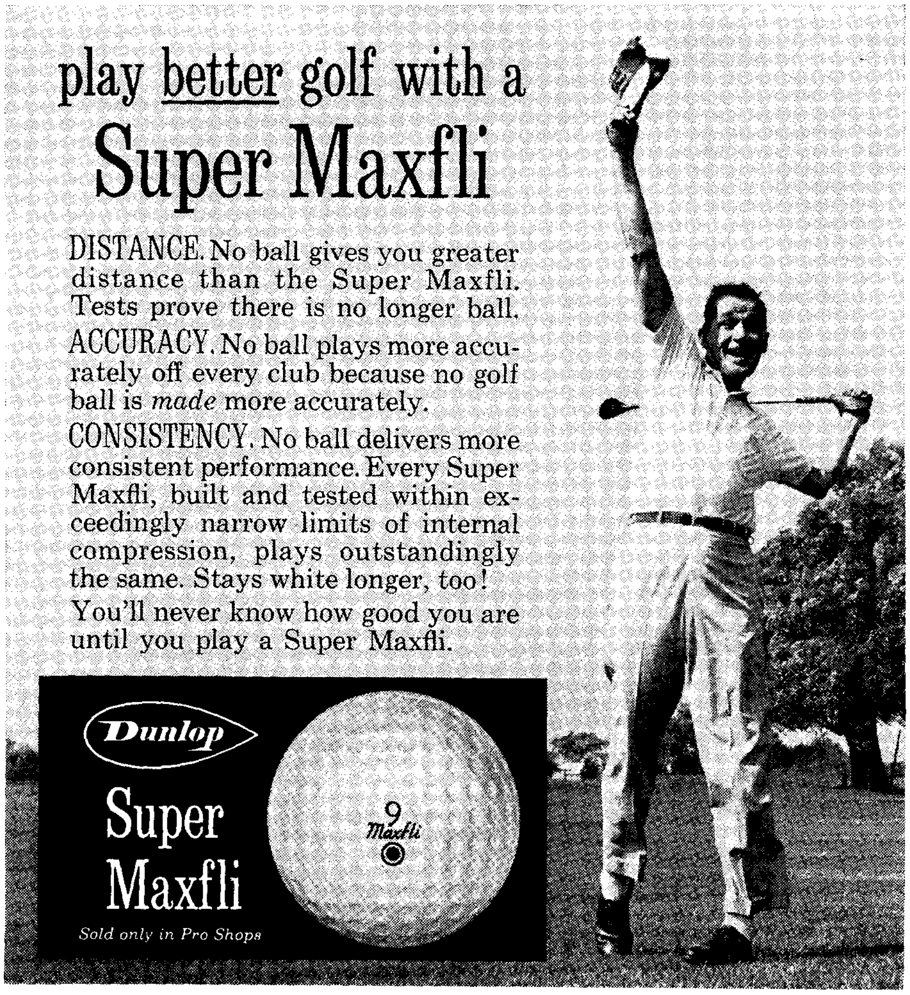
fest—but to me the performance fell short of being a memorable one.

IT seems to have been a big week for the top immortals. On Monday evening, Alfred Wallenstein and the Symphony of the Air continued their all-Beethoven series, and on Friday afternoon Leonard Bernstein and the Philharmonic devoted themselves exclusively to Beethoven, too. Both presented rather interesting programs. Mr. Wallenstein combined a sterling performance of the "Eroica" Symphony with a rendition of the not very often played Concerto in C for Piano, Violin, and Cello, Opus 56, in which Eugene Istomin, Isaac Stern, and Leonard Rose did the solo parts. As nearly everybody knows, this curious composition is one of Beethoven's extremely rare potboilers, and, being thin both in inspiration and in development, frequently sounds like a minor work by Rossini. The exemplary brilliance of the performance, however, made it well worth listening to again.

Mr. Bernstein did the Fourth Symphony, the "Emperor" Concerto, with Rudolf Serkin as soloist, and the Fantasy for Piano, Chorus, and Orchestra, Opus 80, another seldom performed work but one that is neglected for other reasons—its eccentric combination of performing forces (including a chorus with so few measures to sing that it seems hardly worth while to assemble it) and its curious semi-improvisatory and slightly meandering style, related to that of some of the last quartets. It was interesting to hear this composition, especially with the piano part in the painstaking hands of Mr. Serkin. And in the "Emperor" Concerto Mr. Serkin really enchanted his audience with one of the great performances of the season. Mr. Bernstein's contributions to the program were full of vigor but, I am afraid, lacking in magic. His support of Mr. Serkin in the concerto was very efficient, and his reading of the Fourth Symphony, though not notable for any special revelations or refinements, was at least sturdy and crisp.

TO those who just love the innocent merriment and indefatigable knee-flexing of Russian folk dancing, I recommend the performances of the Ukrainian Dance Company, currently at work at the Metropolitan Opera House. The Ukrainians are not quite as splashy and colorful as the Moiseyev troupe, but their male dancers, at least, are astonishingly adept at jumping and whirling and at the Slavic specialty of kicking from a squatting position.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT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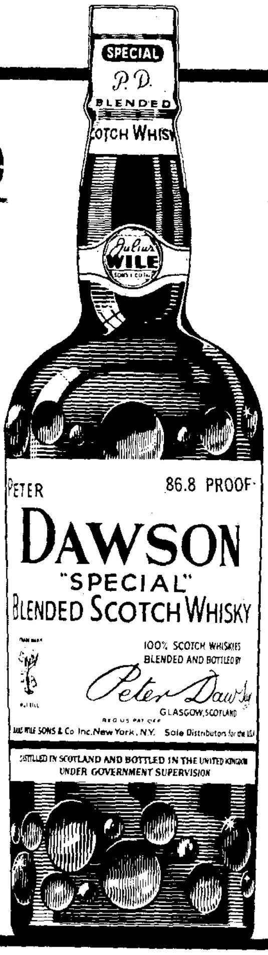
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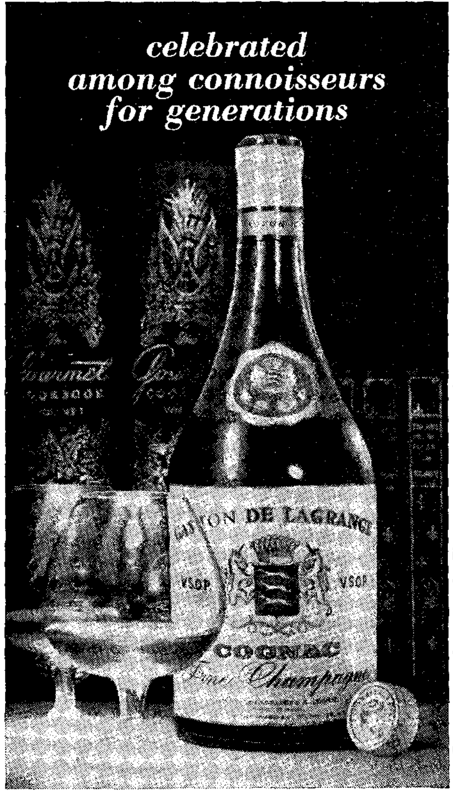

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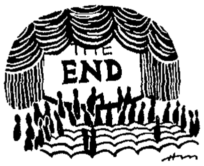
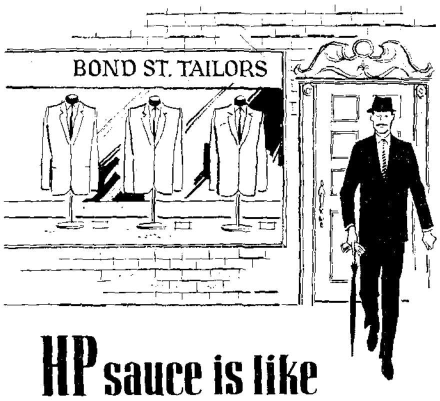
Hommage à Truffaut



I'M so taken with the beauty and novelty and wit and loving high spirits of François Truffaut's "Jules and Jim" that I scarcely know where to begin in singing its praises. M. Truffaut, who made his name with "The 400 Blows," is, at thirty, one of the grand old men of *la nouvelle vague*, and although this is only his third picture—his second, "Shoot the Piano Player," will be released here next month—he directs with stunning, thoroughly justified aplomb. The immense capital he draws on—or perhaps one should say ransacks—is a memory that appears to have been accumulated *not* so much out of life lived as out of life on film: innumerable vivid images that he has snipped from the scores of miles of movies he must have sat through from childhood on, and that are all the fresher for being, as it were, second-hand—distillations of distillations, rather than the huge, raw, indiscriminate *real* thing. While better-adjusted children were outdoors learning to cheat at games, the infant Truffaut was no doubt crouched in the dark of a neighborhood movie house observing, in a state of drugged enchantment, how actions, and even objects, become the embodiment of character. To this knowledge M. Truffaut has been able to add a naturally poetic cast of mind. Everything he beholds is instantly transformed into metaphor. He makes the commonest things—leaves, tables, dominoes, a pair of spectacles, wind ruffling the grass of a mountain meadow—shine as if with their own light; he sings playful love songs to them with his camera, and they respond by bestowing on him some secret means of deciphering what it is they signal to one another when our backs are turned, or say without words when no one is there to overhear their silences.

Written about, these uncanny effects are bound to seem sentimental; it is M. Truffaut's sure sense of comedy that prevents catastrophe. Like all comic spirits, he is, at bottom, hard as nails. The settings of "Jules and Jim" often strike us as much more nearly Arcady than France, but in every case it turns out that M. Truffaut is by no means as innocent as he pretends, and when, generously modifying Wordsworth, he conveys that to be alive in any dawn is



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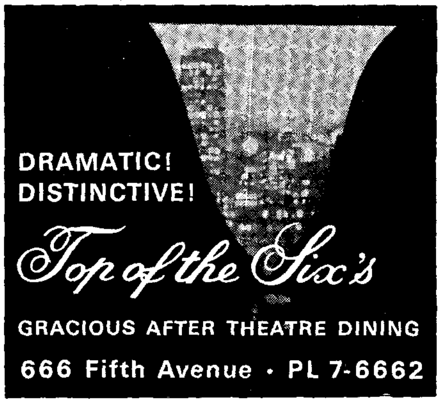

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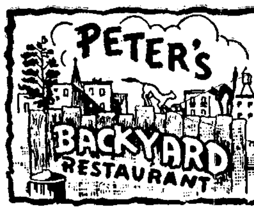

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bliss and to be young very heaven, he is not deceived as to the price that will be exacted. In a witty, deadpan way, he indicates that bliss is always in short supply, wears out fast, and is *very* expensive. The pretty girl promising joy to her two lovers is also, in a wink of time, the faded wife and mistress who, no longer able to bring one of them to heel, drowns him for having told her so. "Jules and Jim" moves inexorably from flirtation to many matings to sudden death; the droll and charming opening scenes are of student life in Paris before the First World War, and the final scene is in a mortuary sometime in the twenties, and you will have to do your best to believe me when I say that the last scene is every bit as droll and charming as the first.

Not the least extraordinary thing about "Jules and Jim" is the fact that although it seems so completely M. Truffaut's creation, he has taken it, episode by episode and frequently word for word, from a delightful novel of the same name by Henri-Pierre Roché. (I'm one of those who argue that good novels tend to make bad movies. That sneaky word "tend" is all that saves me on this occasion.) Great credit must go to M. Roché for the invention of the three leading characters—Catherine, the quintessence of greedy, attractive, unscrupulous womanhood; Jules, the gentle German student who consents to Catherine's notion that one party to a marriage should always remain faithful, and that in their marriage it should be he; and Jim, Jules' best friend, who learns to resist Catherine and so destroys himself and her. Catherine, Jules, and Jim are played to perfection by Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre; it is as if they had all perceived at once that these were the parts of a lifetime and were to be acted accordingly. I look forward to seeing them in this picture at least once or twice a year for years to come. —BRENDAN GILL

•

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[*Adv. in Advertising Age*]

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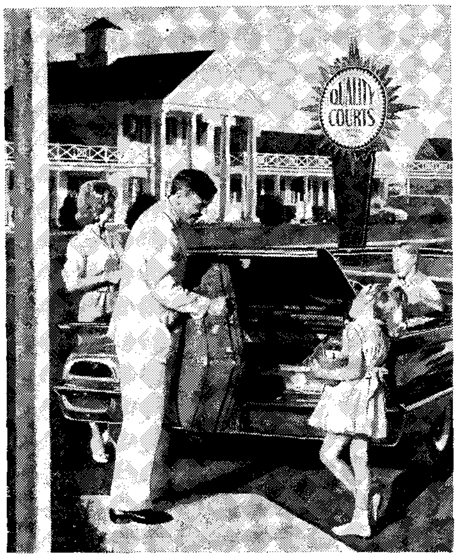
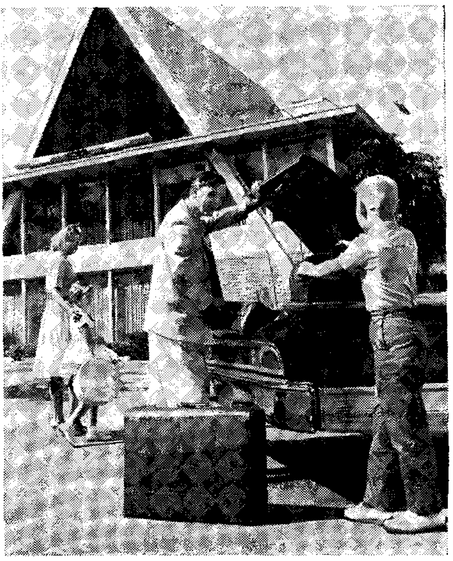


Change of place!



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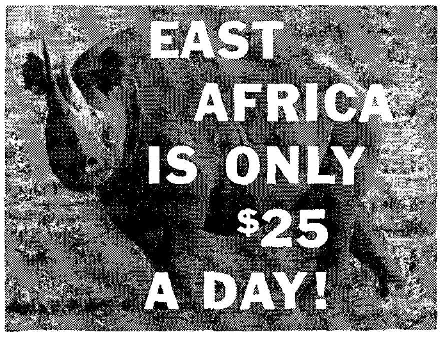

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business executives, for poor men cannot advertise nationally.

Our mode of living must reflect a degree of prosperity, for no one trusts thousands or millions of dollars to an unsuccessful agency.

So we live in good neighborhoods, frequent business and country clubs, dine in fine hotels and restaurants. Headwaiters and perhaps maitre d's come to know us and call us by name as the years pass. A few of us wear grey flannel suits, but not many, having become a little self-conscious about it.

No matter how modest our beginnings, no matter how humble we remain in the quiet of our souls, it becomes increasingly easy to forget our younger, leaner years and increasingly difficult to remember the importance of remaining impervious to our present environment.

From the moment he enters the door of his first agency, an advertising man must—if he is to be a good one—begin a lifelong battle to keep in mind how America thinks and lives.

He will have to fight constantly to avoid thinking of a "market" as some sort of disembodied mass; he will have to keep reminding himself that it is comprised of living and breathing individuals who have many different needs and desires in many different environments.

Our recognition of this problem was, at first, half instinctive. Later, when we observed that our product was becoming stuffy and arty in spots, we took definite action to make it easier for all of us to keep the common touch.

1. We kept a main office in a small city "where the people are." All of our other offices were intentionally located off the avenue.

2. We initiated special recruiting methods to bring us down-to-earth personnel.

3. All our account executives are required to clerk in stores and dealer showrooms.

4. Account men and copywriters are assigned research legwork in the field along with our research department. To this day they make dealer calls, ride bread trucks and tractors, sell door to door, conduct interviews, man booths at shows, fairs and expositions.

5. We stepped up the number of meetings (marketing and creative clinics) held weekly to make sure campaigns take a practical, direct approach.

6. Phrases like, "Keep it simple!" and "Who are we trying to impress?" or "I don't understand it—pretend you are explaining it to your mother," are uttered thousands of times at these clinics.

We know that many other agencies recognize the danger of growing away from the people and have developed their own ways to make sure they do not. We also know, however, of a few ultra-sophisticates to whom it never occurs that there are people out there—millions who have never had that first martini, much less three for lunch.

Most agencies try with every facility at their command to increase the sales and improve the reputation of their clients. If they are successful, they do it one way or another by reaching and influencing the people. These things cannot be done unless they have kept the common touch.

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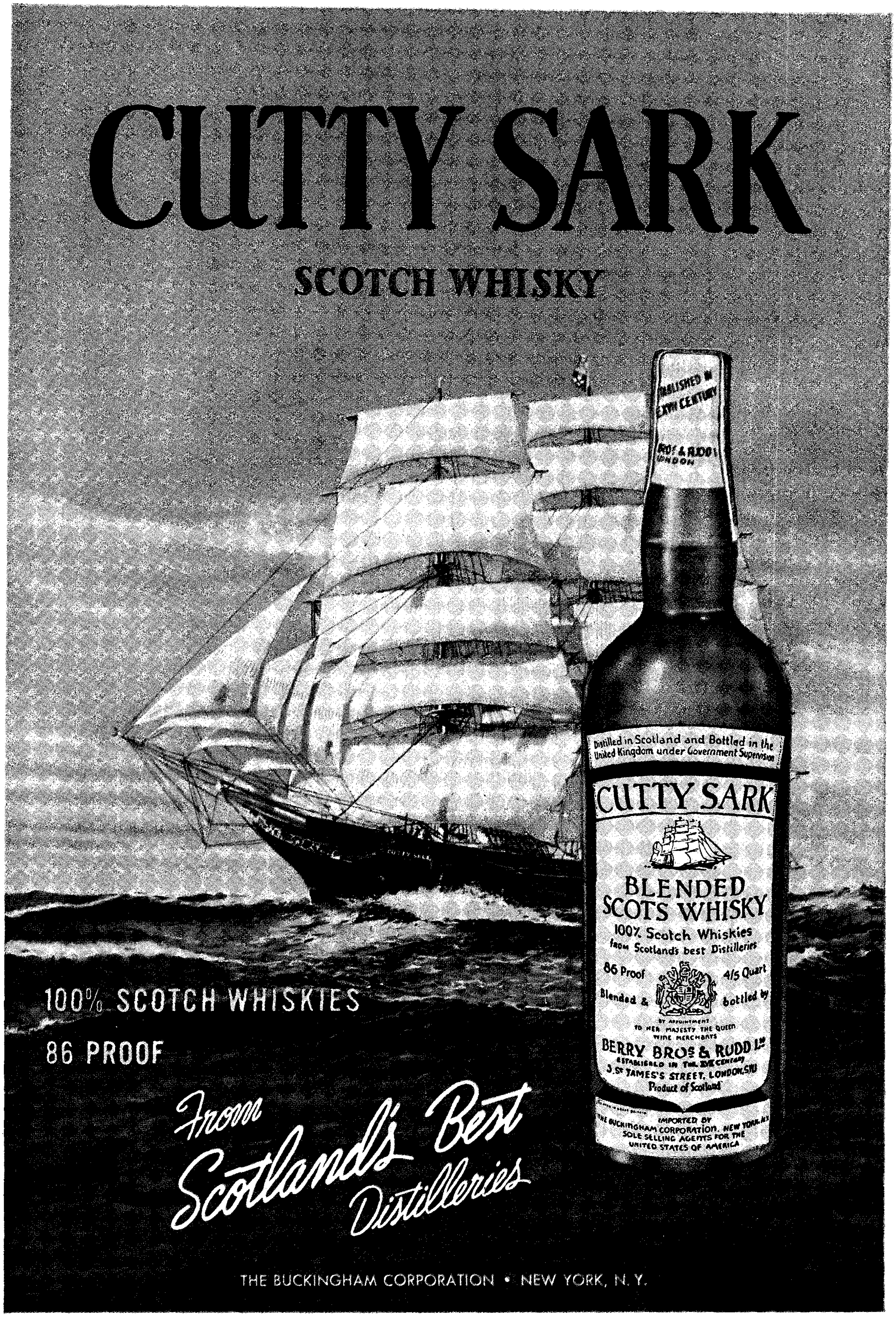
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BOOKS

Past Imperfect

"PANTALOON," an arrestingly original book by Philip Toynbee (Harper), is a four-day-long reminiscing monologue. The speaker is Richard Abberville, Earl of Bulmer, an eighty-six-year-old Englishman in a wheelchair. He is talking about himself to Olaf, a young American graduate student from the Middle West, whom he has met at a small English country hotel in 2000 A.D. Mr. Toynbee sees the United States and the United Kingdom surviving this century substantially intact, a forecast that would be heartening if he had troubled to invent the rest of this century. He hasn't. He has simply aged Abberville to gain a longer perspective on the youth of a man born in 1914. The Earl promises Olaf that this autobiography will be a fragment of an irrecoverable, imposing past, something on the order of an eyewitness account of the First Crusade, but he never gets beyond his school days. And though his ancestry is noble, his tale is a common one. To be sure, there is a magnificent family place—Ramillies, presumably only a shade less awesome than Blenheim—but the things that have happened to Dick Abberville in London, Oxford, and elsewhere have happened to boys in Greenwich, Connecticut.

Dick's parents weren't well matched, but he didn't notice that when he was little. He adored his older brother and delighted in his own position as the family's plump baby, which lasted until the arrival of a third son, who engrossed his mother's love. Then Dick became skinny, difficult, and misunderstood. He was expelled from a day school and, for punishment and therapy, packed off to a farm. At public school he became a football hero, and as a reward was allowed to visit Germany with a group of fellow-students. He returned in a Wagnerian intellectual state deflatingly described by one of his teachers as "anarcho-feudal-fascist." Unfortunately, he then lapsed from Valhalla and from English common sense as well, and played a tasteless prank, for which he was expelled from his public school. There his autobiography ends.

The old man rambles. He gets ahead of his story, referring to events that occurred long after his school days, but his meanderings aren't why he takes so long to go so short a way; he is slowed by his amazed discovery, as he talks, that he still feels too deeply about his childhood to tell it and leave it. He finds himself obsessed by rage at his mother, and he spends the better part of two days trying to come to terms with her memory, so startled by his hatred that he alternates between remembering further instances of her cruelty and attempting to reconstruct her life in a way that will extenuate her. He cannot convince himself that she was not responsible for his older brother's suicide, and he cannot forgive her. In other ways, too—contempt for his teachers, love for the woman who looked after him at the farm, a new boy's worship of the big boys at school—the keen passions of the impotent child revive in the impotent old man.

The better to convey these passions, Mr. Toynbee has written most of the monologue in verse, set off by short interludes in prose. The prose is used to dam the overflow of passion, to undercut self-pity, or, on occasion, to tell the truth when Dick's verse has lied. Just once does the prose become hallucinatory: Abberville briefly identifies himself with Rimbaud and starts to write Rimbaud's prose poem "A Season in Hell." Everywhere else, though, the prose is a sober, reliable voice. On the last page, Abberville tells Olaf that he chose "the gangling verse, the heavy contrast of corrective prose" because "I am short-winded.... I can't expatiate. . . . Where I'm happiest is in the brief and almost impatient illumination, the partial, momentary vision." I don't think this apology—if it's Mr. Toynbee's and not the Earl's—is necessary.

Toynbee's verse narrative isn't in an established literary form. It isn't a poem, for it isn't trying for the unity of vision, style, or mood we expect from even a long poem. And the attention it pays to social background is a task we associate with the novel. The verse moves with strongly marked rhythms, but sticks to no particular metre; it echoes with assonance and alliteration, which recur unpredictably, and it seems willfully to avoid rhyme. Here and there it declines into prosiness, but some passages—notably a song, almost an incantation, that Dick imagines his mother is singing to

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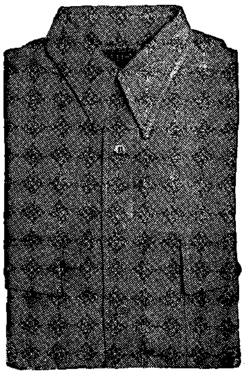

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OPEN TWELVE TO TWELVE

her third baby—ascend to the level of poetry. More important than classifying the book is the fact that Toynbee's unfamiliar form enhances his familiar (because nearly universal) theme, an unhappy childhood. His combination of verse and prose allows him to fuse urbane humor and psychological acuteness with emotion. The last is what matters here. Childhood and adolescence are packed with feeling; the young, who aren't distracted by work or business, have practically nothing to do but feel. Mr. Toynbee's book transcends the mere reporting of such feeling and portrays it live.

FOR her own particular mixture of hilarity and horror, Miss Ivy Compton-Burnett some time ago invented an original style, which she has used so undeviatingly and so successfully that we now take it for granted. Her latest novel, "The Mighty and Their Fall" (Simon & Schuster), occurs in her usual setting—a country house inhabited by a large, articulate, moderately unattractive family. The time is the eighteen-nineties. The head of the household is Ninian Middleton, a widower in his fifties. His widowed mother, Selina, lives with him, and so do his five children and Hugo, a dim bachelor, who is his adopted brother. The staff includes a well-meaning governess who is inadequate to her duties, and Miss Compton-Burnett's customary crew of inquisitive, talkative, opinionated, and not very diligent servants. Ninian disturbs the domestic tranquillity with the news of his impending second marriage, and his twenty-year-old daughter, Lavinia, hitherto an angelic Victorian maiden, attempts to break up the match by stealing a letter. It is a blow to find this young exemplar of rectitude tampering with the mail, but her father's response—an all-out assault on her already weakened self-esteem—is a harder one. So far—halfway through the novel—the Middletons have been contending about love. For the rest of the way, the prize is money, and the family's unscrupulousness is appalling. Ninian is a crook and his mother an intriguer, while Hugo, whose feebleness seems to guarantee his harmlessness, turns out to be as nasty as he is weak.

It is remarkable that these discoveries come as shocking surprises, because Miss Compton-Burnett's characters constantly reveal themselves as they talk. Besides their glittering wit, one of the traits of her conversations is that they invert ordinary ones. Her characters speak our silences in remarks that consciously exhibit their self-absorption,

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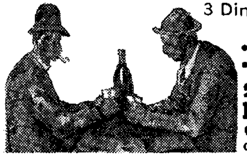


complacency, cruelty, greed, or malice. Yet no matter how freely the characters admit their villainy, we are invariably dismayed when they act worse. I suppose this is the effect of Miss Compton-Burnett's shrewd manipulation of her plots. They are as implausible as Verdi's, yet they work. Perhaps our generation is not as immune to melodrama as we imagine.

The characters' speech and the absence of props in Miss Compton-Burnett's novels—there is a minimum of furniture, flora, and even weather—suggest that she has invented a private and wholly imaginary world. I don't think she has. I think she has skeletonized a real world, and one famous for its overstuffing (fat people, false hair, monstrous furniture), in order to abstract some truths about it. She is not merely inviting us to laugh at the disproportion between the Middletons' pretensions to gentility and their dishonesty. She is also telling us that in Queen Victoria's last decade the weight of the family, the system of inheritance by primogeniture, the subordination of women, the stratification of classes, and the pervasive hypocrisy produced all over England's green and pleasant land countless upper-middle-class households that were lifelong dress rehearsals of Hell.

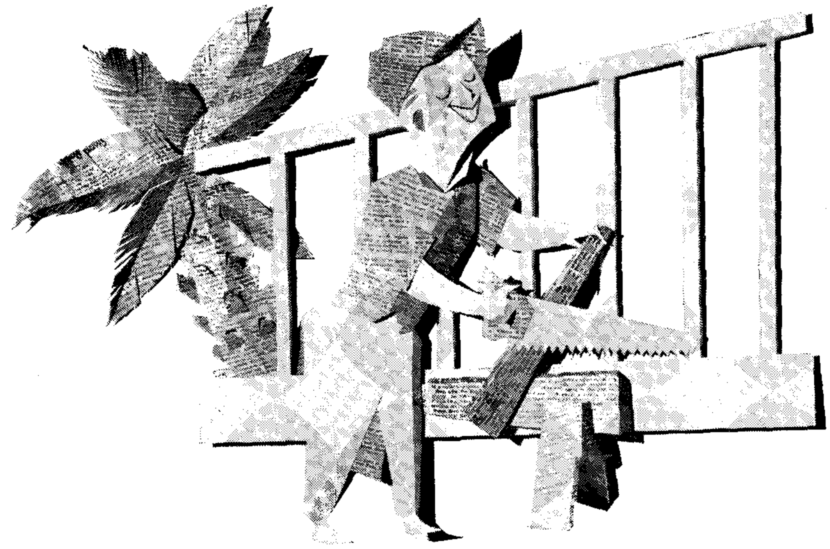
—Naomi Bliven

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Fausto's Keyhole, by Jean Arnaldi (Atheneum). The story of a young man whose one short glimpse of happiness illuminates and enriches his whole life, not because the experience he has is unusual but because he is an unusually receptive and generous-hearted creature. The scene is Rome. Fausto, a hairdresser, lives in his mother's rooming house, and he is worse off than even the poorest of her lodgers, because while they have a little privacy, he has none. He is much shorter than his father, who is a bully, and much shorter than any of his friends. He is imaginative, and, since he is bewildered and understands nothing about himself, he is defensive. The episode that is so significant in his life does not change him, but it dissipates his bewilderment about himself and gives him a focus on the world, so that by the end of the book, which is beautifully written, he knows just where he stands and who he is.

The Tightening String, by Ann Bridge (McGraw-Hill). Miss Bridge tells a lachrymose, ladylike



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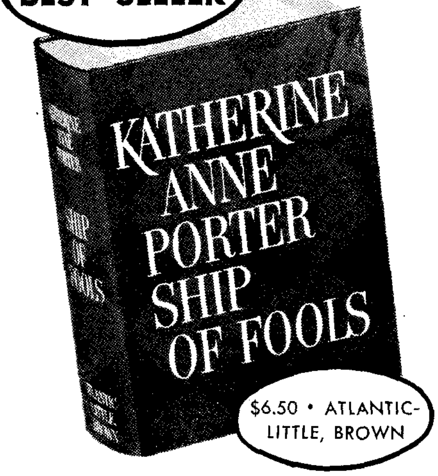

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tale about an English diplomat's wife in Hungary. The time is the early part of the Second World War, and the opportunities for descriptions of suffering are unlimited, but it is always armchair suffering, somehow.

21 STORIES, by Graham Greene (Viking). This assortment of little stories (mostly reprints) about English people makes quiet, undemanding reading. "The Basement Room," a long, sad tale about a little boy, a nice butler, and a murder, dominates the book, although it is little more than a well-turned-out short thriller.

GENERAL

STORMY PASSAGE, by W. S. Woytinsky, with an introduction by A. A. Berle (Vanguard). These memoirs, the work of a well-known economist who fought on the losing side in two Russian revolutions (1905 and October-November, 1917) and observed the death of democracy in Italy (1922) and Germany (1933), are fascinating, fresh, and vigorous. They are also remarkably hopeful, perhaps because Mr. Woytinsky, who died recently, found so much of what he had been working for as a revolutionary already achieved in the United States, where he settled in the nineteen-thirties. For whatever reason, his account of his experiences is not bitter, only vivid. For instance, he remembers Siberia, to which the Czarist government exiled him, as a thrilling landscape. And his recollections of Lenin, who tried (and failed) to make him a Bolshevik, though scarcely flattering, seem perfectly fair. Woytinsky's bent as an economist was for abstract, statistical thought; it's surprising that a person with that gift should also have been able to charm, lead, and teach workers, union leaders, and peasant soldiers as well as university students. Still more surprising—since talents are seldom so lavishly bestowed—is Woytinsky's writing skill; he knows what to put in and how to put it. He makes his life an entirely credible and superlatively readable romance. Ten dollars.

RAYMOND CHANDLER SPEAKING, edited by Dorothy Gardiner and Kathrine Sorley Walker (Houghton Mifflin). A posthumous collection of letters, plus a few fugitive pieces, in which the creator of Philip Marlowe sounds off to various friends and business associates, among them Alfred Knopf, Charles Morton, Hamish Hamilton, James Sandoe, and Erle

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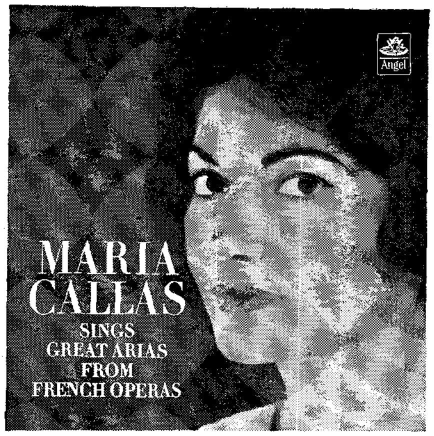

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Stanley Gardner, on such subjects as writing ("The Anglo-Saxons think first of the subject matter and second, if at all, of the quality"), publishers ("One of my few remaining ambitions is to make publishers lose money"), cats ("They have a terrific sense of humor and, unlike dogs, cannot be embarrassed or humiliated by being laughed at"), his own work ("To accept a mediocre form and make something like literature out of it is in itself rather an accomplishment"), and—perhaps most interesting—the essential comeuppance of villains in fiction ("The mystery novel must punish the criminal in one way or another, not necessarily by operation of the law courts. Contrary to popular belief, this has nothing to do with morality. It is part of the logic of the form. Without this the story is like an unresolved chord in music. It leaves a sense of irritation"). A winning glimpse of an honest and hard-minded man. Photographs.

THE GREAT PHILOSOPHERS, by Karl Jaspers, edited by Hannah Arendt and translated from the German by Ralph Manheim (Harcourt, Brace & World). An expository, biographical, and critical study of seven great thinkers, written by one of the most eminent of contemporary Existentialist philosophers. Jaspers has selected his great men for their widespread influence on thinking, rather than for their place in the history of professional philosophizing. Thus, he has ignored such indefatigable systematizers as Aristotle, Thomas Aquinas, and Hegel, and picked at least a couple of figures who are not ordinarily regarded as philosophers at all. His chosen seven are Socrates, Buddha, Confucius, Jesus, Plato, Augustine, and Kant. Each is first depicted as a man and then scrutinized as a contributor to thought, and this is done with such exemplary clarity that one need not be a student of the subject in order to comprehend the ideas that are discussed. It is true that in one instance—that of Kant and the ramifications of his "Critique of Pure Reason"—the ideas are so complex and the vocabulary so technical as to defy, at least in part, even Jaspers' powers of elucidation. But elsewhere everything is magnificently clear, and quite accessible to the general reader.

JAPAN: PORTRAIT OF PARADOX, by Quentin Crewe (Nelson). A wholly engaging, sometimes startling ac-

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count of a youngish Englishman's year-long stay in Japan. Mr. Crewe is a London journalist and magazine editor who took his wife and small child to the Orient for no better reason than that he had a year off and some money to live on. He chose Kyoto, the ancient capital of Japan, rather than the hopelessly internationalized Tokyo, for his base, learned the language of the country, and travelled about it by car from one end to the other. Mr. Crewe, in a quiet way, can be quite funny, but it is never at anyone's expense; he looked at everything in Japan—girls, inns, Buddhist monks, the landscape, politicians, and crowds—with a fresh and quizzical eye, and he set everything down without prejudice or a tourist's insularity. Photographs.

THE TRIANGLE FIRE, by Leon Stein (Lippincott). This book is a meticulous study of an industrial disaster—the fire in the shop of the Triangle Shirtwaist Company (corner of Washington Place and Greene Street), which broke out just before closing time on March 25, 1911, and killed one hundred and forty-six people, most of them young girls. New York's fire laws, building laws, and industrial-safety laws were inadequate in 1911 (Mr. Stein thinks they still are), and, poor as they were, they were not enforced. The only agency concerned about working conditions at Triangle—the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union—was too weak to help; the company's owners had broken a strike for union recognition in 1909. Mr. Stein, who is the editor of the ILGWU's magazine *Justice*, suggests that the fire alerted the public to shocking working conditions all over the city and helped the unions organize the clothing industry, but his good taste keeps him from selling the reader any silver lining. A by-product of the careful research that has gone into this excellent narrative is an interesting sketch of the hard lives and times of working girls in the days when the business of America was business.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION FROM ITS ORIGINS TO 1793, by Georges Lefebvre, translated from the French by Elizabeth Moss Evanson (Columbia). By the time of his death, in 1959, Lefebvre had become the ranking international authority on the French Revolution. His earliest scholarly works investigated local history during the revolutionary period and recorded just how its upheavals affected particular French-

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men in particular places. In writing this larger work for the general reader, Lefebvre hadn't space for the quantities of details he had unearthed, but his comprehension of what happened lends vividness to his narrative and plausibility to his judgments. He sees the events from 1789 to 1793 as a steady pressure from below creating a series of explosions—first the nobles rebelled against the king, then the bourgeoisie thrust the nobles aside, and finally the people (artisans, laborers, peasants) rejected the leadership of the classes above them. At each step in this triple process, Lefebvre describes the interactions between France and the rest of Europe. His account is a model of the proverbial French lucidity.

A RADICAL'S AMERICA, by Harvey Swados (Little, Brown). A collection of essays, most of them about labor, the labor movement, and related matters. Mr. Swados is an intellectual (or at least a college teacher) who has done manual labor out of what appears to be a mixture of concern for and curiosity about America's working men and women, and who holds impenitently critical views of American society. Some of his ideas—for instance, that men on the assembly line don't enjoy their work—are less striking than he supposes. Others are original; for example, he reverses what is usually regarded as the assimilation of the American working class by the middle class, and sees the process as the "proletarianization" of the middle class. Swados calls himself a "Socialist," and after defining some failure in American life he is apt to suggest—a little naïvely, perhaps—that social renovation can clear it up. Still, Swados' judgments aren't the source of his book's considerable value; it's his caring, his observing, his honest writing, and his peculiar personal experiences.

GOD, ALLAH, AND JU JU, by Jack Mendelsohn (Nelson). Mr. Mendelsohn, a Unitarian minister, has travelled extensively in Negro Africa, interviewed religious and political leaders, and heard a lot of frank talk. He finds that Islam is strong in its freedom from racialism, that Christianity is badly compromised by its ties to imperialism, racialism, and Apartheid, and that native religions are experiencing an active revival in syncretistic and nationalistic forms. He concludes that unless Christianity mends its ways, it is doomed in Africa, and that it may be doomed there

buy him his life

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anyway. A serious, even an important book, despite its unfortunate title.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE D.I., by Jeffrey Ashford (Harper). An English mystery, and one of the good ones. The Bilhurst police are having a really difficult time. A member of the force has been sent to prison for assault and robbery. A rich man and his three servants are missing. A little boy is found hanged, and there is no one to explain why. Detective Inspector Kerry refuses to admit that he is harassed, and he is rewarded for his stoicism, because by the end of the story all his problems are standing obediently at attention, and he has the answer to every question, and his superior officers are pleased with him.

THE WIFE WHO DIED TWICE, by Edgar Bohle (Random House). An exceptionally lively East Side, West Side, all-around-Manhattan flight-and-pursuit diversion about an industrial monarch named Holm who is falsely but almost impeccably accused of murder. Since the evidence against him is so compelling, he is easily persuaded by his daughter and her fiancé, a newspaper reporter, to stay out of sight while they attempt to get at the truth of the matter. The truth, when it is finally revealed, is perhaps a bit less plausible than it might be, but Holm's peregrinations about town as a hunted man are sufficiently exciting (Mr. Bohle seems to know every inch of the city: "He worked his way into the shop-lined corridor leading to the Time and Life Building. At the window of the camera store at the second bend in the corridor, he stopped . . .") to fully compensate for that.

•

WEIRD SHAPES ON CAPITOL HILL

[*From the transcript of hearings before the Senate Finance Committee, March 16, 1962*]

Senator GORE. Mr. Chairman, I believe the term used by the New Frontier to describe the condition with which my friend is afflicted is "pragmatism."

Senator KERR. Which friend is afflicted?

Senator GORE. I am afraid my friend from Oklahoma.

Senator KERR. Well, I go some places and they tell me to save my Confederate money, that the South will rise again, and I have regarded it as a thing devoutly to be hoped for, but one in which I never indulged any hope, and if being in that shape makes me pregnant—

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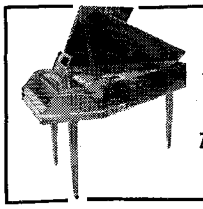

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